SPECIMENS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,

AND

AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES



VOL. II.

CHAUCER, 1400, TO BEAUMONT, 1628.



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OF

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CHAUCER.



CHAUCER.

Geoffrey Chaucer, according to his own account, was born in London, and the year 1328 is generally assigned as the date of his birth. The name is Norman, and, according to Francis Thynne, the antiquarian, is one of those, on the roll of Battle Abbey, which came in with William the Conqueror[1]. It is uncertain at which of the

[1] Vide Thynne's animadversions on Speght's edition of Chaucer, in the Rev. H. Todd's Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer, p. 18. Thynne calls in question Speght's supposition of Chaucer being the son of a vintner, which Mr. Godwin, in his Life of Chaucer, has adopted. Respecting the arms of the poet, Thynne (who was a herald) farther remarks to Speght, "you set down that some heralds are of opinion that he did not descend from any great house, whiche they gather by his armes: it is a slender conjecture; for as honourable howses and of as great antiquytye have borne as mean armes as Chaucer, and yet Chaucer's armes are not so mean eyther for colour, chardge, or particion, as some will make them." If indeed the fact of Chaucer's residence in the Temple could be proved, instead of resting on mere rumour, it would be tolerable evidence of his high birth and fortune; for only young men of that description were anciently admitted to

universities he studied. Warton and others, who allege that it was at Oxford, adduce no proof of their assertion; and the signature of Philogenet of Cambridge, which the poet himself assumes in one of his early pieces, as it was fictitious in the name, might be equally so in the place; although it leaves it rather to be conjectured that the latter university had the honour of his education.

The precise time at which he first attracted the notice of his munificent patrons, Edward III. and John of Gaunt, cannot be ascertained; but if his poem, entitled The Dreme, be rightly supposed to be an epithalamium on the nuptials of the latter prince with Blanche heiress of Lancaster, he must have enjoyed the court patronage in his thirty-first year. The same poem contains an allusion to the poet's own attachment to a lady at court, whom he afterwards married. She was maid of honour to Philippa, queen of Edward III. and a younger sister of Catherine Swinford[1], who was first the mistress, and ultimately the wife of John of Gaunt.

the inns of court But unfortunately for the claims of the Inner Temple to the honour of Chaucer's residence, Mr. Thynne declares "it most certaine to be gathered by cyrcumstances of recordes, that the lawyers were not of the Temple till the latter parte of the reygne of Edw. III. at which tyme Chaucer was a grave manne, holden in greate credyt, and employed in embassye."

[1] Catherine was the widow of Sir John Swinford, and daughter of Payne de Rouet, king at arms to the province of Guienne. It

By this connexion Chaucer acquired the powerful support of the Lancastrian family; and during his life his fortune fluctuated with theirs. Tradition has assigned to him a lodge, near the royal abode of Woodstock, by the park gate, where it is probable that he composed some of his early works; and there are passages in these which strikingly coincide with the scenery of his supposed habitation. There is also reason to presume that he accompanied his warlike monarch to France in the year 1359; and from the record of his evidence in a military court, which has been lately discovered, we find that he gave testimony to a fact which he witnessed in that kingdom in the capacity of a soldier. But the expedition of that year, which ended in the peace of Bretigné, gave little opportunity of seeing military service; and he certainly never resumed the profession of arms.

In the year 1367 he received from Edward III. a pension of twenty marks per annum, a sum which in those times might probably be equivalent to two or three hundred pounds at the present day. In the patent for this annuity he is styled by the king

appears from other evidence, however, that Chaucer's wife's name was Philippa Pykard. Mr. Tyrwhitt explains the circumstance of the sisters having different names, by supposing that the father and his eldest daughter Catherine might bear the name of De Rouet, from some estate in their possession; while the family name Pykard was retained by the younger daughter Philippa, who was Chaucer's wife.

valettus noster. The name *valettus* was given to young men of the highest quality before they were knighted, though not as a badge of service. Chaucer, however, at the date of this pension, was not a young man, being then in his thirty-ninth year. He did not acquire the title of *scutifer*, or *esquire*, till five years after, when he was appointed joint envoy to Genoa with Sir James Pronan and Sir John de Mari. It has been conjectured, that after finishing the business of this mission he paid a reverential visit to Petrarch, who was that year at Padua[1]. The

[1] Mr. Tyrwhitt is upon the whole inclined to doubt of this poetical meeting; and De Sade, who, in his Memoires pour la Vie de Petrarque, conceived he should be able to prove that it took place, did not live to fulfil his promise. The circumstance which, taken collaterally with the fact of Chaucer's appointment to go to Italy, has been considered as giving the strongest probability to the English poet's having visited Petrarch, is that Chaucer makes one of the pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales declare, that he learnt his story from the worthy clerk of Padua. The story is that of Patient Grisilde; which, in fact, originally belonged to Boccaccio, and was only translated into Latin by Petrarch. It is not easy to explain, as Mr. Tyrwhitt remarks, why Chaucer should have proclaimed his obligation to Petrarch, while he really owed it to Boccaccio. According to Mr. Godwin, it was to have an occasion of boasting of his friendship with the Italian laureat. But why does he not boast of it in his own person? He makes the clerk of Oxford declare, that he had his story from the clerk of Padua; but he does not say that he had it himself from that quarter. Mr. Godwin, however, believes that he shadows forth himself under the character of the lean scholar. This is surely improbable; when the poet in another place describes himself as round

fact, however, of an interview, so pleasing to the imagination, rests upon no certain evidence; nor are there even satisfactory proofs that he ever went on his Italian embassy.

His genius and connexions seem to have kept him in prosperity during the whole of Edward III.'s reign, and during the period of John of Gaunt's influence in the succeeding one. From Edward he had a grant of a pitcher of wine a day, in 1374, and was made comptroller of the small customs of wool and of the small customs of wine in the port of London. In the next year the king granted him the wardship of Sir Simon Staplegate's heir, for which he received £104. The following year he received some forfeited wool to the value of £71 4*s.* 6*d.* sums probably equal in effective value to twenty times their modern denomination. In the last year of Edward he was appointed joint envoy to France with Sir Guichard Dangle and Sir Richard Stan, or Sturrey, to treat of a marriage between Richard Prince of Wales and the daughter of the French king. His circumstances during this middle part of his life must have been honourable and opulent; and they enabled him, as he tells us in his Testa-

and jolly, while the poor Oxford scholar is lank and meager. If Chaucer really was corpulent, it was indeed giving but a shadow of himself to paint his figure as very lean: but why should he give himself a double existence, and describe both the jolly substance and the meager shadow?

ment of Love, to maintain a plentiful hospitality; but the picture of his fortunes was sadly reversed by the decline of John of Gaunt's influence at the court of Richard II. but more immediately by the poet's connexion with an obnoxious political party in the city. This faction, whose resistance to an arbitrary court was dignified with the name of a rebellion, was headed by John of Northampton, or Comberton, who in religious tenets was connected with the followers of Wickliffe, and in political interests with the Duke of Lancaster; a connexion which accounts for Chaucer having been implicated in the business. His pension, it is true, was renewed under Richard; and an additional allowance of twenty marks per annum was made to him, in lieu of his daily pitcher of wine. He was also continued in his office of comptroller, and allowed to execute it by deputy, at a time when there is every reason to believe that he must have been in exile. It is certain, however, that he was compelled to fly from the kingdom on account of his political connexions; and retired first to Hainault, then to France, and finally to Zealand. He returned to England, but was arrested and committed to prison. The coincidence of the time of his severest usage with that of the Duke of Gloucester's power, has led to a fair supposition that that usurper was personally a greater enemy to the poet than King Richard himself, whose disposition towards him

might have been softened by the good offices of Anne of Bohemia, a princess never mentioned by Chaucer but in terms of the warmest panegyric.

While he was abroad, his circumstances had been impoverished by his liberality to some of his fellow fugitives; and his effects at home had been cruelly embezzled by those entrusted with their management, who endeavoured, as he tells us, to make him perish for absolute want.

In 1388, while yet a prisoner, he was obliged to dispose of his two pensions, which were all the resources now left to him by his persecutors. As the price of his release from imprisonment, he was obliged to make a confession respecting the late conspiracy. It is not known what he revealed; certainly nothing to the prejudice of John of Gaunt, since that prince continued to be his friend.

To his acknowledged partizans, who had betrayed and tried to starve him during his banishment, he owed no fidelity. It is true, that extorted evidence is one of the last ransoms which a noble mind would wish to pay for liberty; but before we blame Chaucer for making any confession, we should consider how fair and easy the lessons of uncapitulating fortitude may appear on the outside of a prison, and yet how hard it may be to read them by the light of a dungeon. As far as dates can be guessed at in so obscure a transaction, his liberation took place after Richard had shaken off the domineering party of Gloucester, and had begun to act for himself.

Chaucer's political errors—and he considered his share in the late conspiracy as errors of judgment, though not of intention—had been committed while Richard was a minor, and the acknowledgment of them might seem less humiliating when made to the monarch himself, than to an usurping faction ruling in his name. He was charged too, by his loyalty, to make certain disclosures important to the peace of the kingdom; and his duty as a subject, independent of personal considerations, might well be put in competition with ties to associates already broken by their treachery[1].

While in prison, he began a prose work entitled The Testament of Love, in order to beguile the tedium of a confinement, which made every hour, he says, appear to him an hundred winters; and he seems to have published it to allay the obloquy attendant on his misfortunes, as an explanation of his past conduct. It is an allegory, in imitation of Boethius's Consolations of Philosophy; an universal favourite in the early literature of Europe. Never was an obscure affair conveyed in a more obscure apology; yet amidst the gloom of allegory and lamentation, the vanity of the poet sufficiently breaks out. It is the goddess of Love who visits him in his confinement, and accosts him as her own immor-

[1] "For my trothe and my conscience," he says in his Testament of Love, "bene witnesse to me bothe, that this knowing sothe have I saide for troathe of my leigiaunce by which I was charged on my kinges behalfe."

tal bard. He descants to her on his own misfortunes, on the politics of London, and on his devotion to the Lady Marguerite, or pearl, whom he found in a muscle shell, and who turns out at last to mean the spiritual comfort of the Church[1].

In 1389 the Duke of Lancaster returned from Spain, and he had once more a steady protector. In that year he was appointed clerk of the works at Westminster, and in the following year clerk of those at Windsor, with a salary of £36 per annum. His resignation of those offices, which it does not appear he held for more than twenty months, brings us to the sixty-fourth year of his age, when he retired to the country, most probably to Woodstock, and there composed his immortal Canterbury Tales, amidst the scenes which had inspired his youthful genius.

In 1394 a pension of £20 a year was granted to him, and in the last year of Richard's reign he had a grant of a yearly tun of wine, we may suppose in lieu of the daily pitcher, which had been stopped during his misfortunes.

Tradition assigns to our poet a residence in his old age at Donnington Castle, near Newbury, in Berkshire; to which he must have moved in 1397,

[1] Mr. Todd has given, in his Illustrations, some poems supposed to be written by Chaucer during his imprisonment; in which, in the same allegorical manner, under the praises of Spring, he appears to implore the assistance of Vere, Earl of Oxford, the principal favourite of Richard II.

if he ever possessed that mansion: but Mr. Grose, who affirms that he purchased Donnington Castle in that year, has neglected to show the documents of such a purchase. One of the most curious particulars in the latter part of his life is the patent of protection granted to Chaucer in the year 1398, which his former inaccurate biographers had placed in the second year of Richard, till Mr. Tyrwhitt corrected the mistaken date. The deed has been generally supposed to refer to the poet's creditors; as it purports, however, to protect him *contra aemulos suos*, the expression has led Mr. Godwin to question its having any relation to his debtors and creditors. It is true that rivals or competitors are not the most obvious designation for the creditors of a great poet; but still, as the law delights in fictions, and as the writ for securing a debtor exhibits at this day such figurative personages as John Doe and Richard Roe, the form of protection might in those times have been equally metaphorical; nor, as a legal metonymy, are the terms rival and competitor by any means inexpressive of that interesting relation which subsists between the dun and the fugitive; a relation which in all ages has excited the warmest emulation, and the promptest ingenuity of the human mind Within a year and a half from the date of this protection, Bolingbroke, the son of John of Gaunt, ascended the throne of England by the title of Henry IV.

It is creditable to the memory of that prince, that

however basely he abandoned so many of his father's friends, he did not suffer the poetical ornament of the age to be depressed by the revolution. Chaucer's annuity and pipe of wine were continued under the new reign, and an additional pension of forty marks a year was conferred upon him. But the poet did not long enjoy this accession to his fortune. He died in London, on the twenty-fifth of October, 1400, and was interred in the south cross aisle of Westminster Abbey. The monument to his memory was erected a century and a half after his decease, by a warm admirer of his genius, Nicholas Brigham, a gentleman of Oxford. It stands at the north end of a recess formed by four obtuse foliated arches, and is a plain altar with three quatrefoils and the same number of shields. Chaucer, in his Treatise of the Astrolabe, mentions his son Lewis, for whom it was composed in 1391, and who was at that time ten years of age. Whether Sir Thomas Chaucer, who was Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Henry IV. was another and elder son of the poet, as many of his biographers have supposed, is a point which has not been distinctly ascertained.

Mr. Tyrwhitt has successfully vindicated Chaucer from the charge brought against him by Verstegan and Skinner, of having adulterated English by vast importations of French words and phrases. If Chaucer had indeed naturalized a multitude of French words by his authority, he might be regarded as a

bold innovator, yet the language would have still been indebted to him for enriching it. But such revolutions in languages are not wrought by individuals; and the style of Chaucer will bear a fair comparison with that of his contemporaries, Gower, Wickliffe, and Mandeville. That the polite English of that period should have been highly impregnated with French is little to be wondered at, considering that English was a new language at court, where French had of late been exclusively used, and must have still been habitual. English must, indeed, have been known at court when Chaucer began his poetical career, for he would not have addressed his patrons in a language entirely plebeian; but that it had not been long esteemed of sufficient dignity for a courtly muse appears from Gower's continuing to write French verses, till the example of his great contemporary taught him to polish his native tongue[1].

The same intelligent writer, Mr. Tyrwhitt, while he

[1] Mr. Todd, in his Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer, p. 26, observes, that authors, both historical and poetical, in the century after the decease of these poets, in usually coupling their names, place Gower before Chaucer merely as a tribute to his seniority. But though Gower might be an older man than Chaucer, and possibly earlier known as a writer, yet unless it can be proved that he published English poetry before his Confessio Amantis, of which there appears to be no evidence, Chaucer must still claim precedency as the earlier English poet. The Confessio Amantis was published in the sixteenth year of Richard II.'s reign, at which time Chaucer had written all his poems except the Canterbury Tales.

vindicates Chaucer from the imputation of leaving English more full of French than he found it, considers it impossible to ascertain, with any degree of certainty, the exact changes which he produced upon the national style, as we have neither a regular series of authors preceding him, nor authentic copies of their works, nor assurance that they were held as standards by their contemporaries. In spite of this difficulty, Mr. Ellis ventures to consider Chaucer as distinguished from his predecessors by his fondness for an Italian inflexion of words, and by his imitating the characteristics of the poetry of that nation.

He has a double claim to rank as the founder of English poetry, from having been the first to make it the vehicle of spirited representations of life and native manners, and from having been the first great architect of our versification, in giving our language the ten syllable, or heroic measure, which, though it may sometimes be found among the lines of more ancient versifiers, evidently comes in only by accident. This measure occurs in the earliest poem that is attributed to him [1], The Court of Love, a title borrowed from the fantastic institutions of that name, where points of casuistry in the tender passion were debated and decided by persons of both sexes. It is a dream, in which the poet fancies himself taken to the Temple of Love, introduced to a mistress, and sworn to observe the statutes of the amatory god.

[1] Written, as some lines in the piece import, at the age of nineteen.

As the earliest work of Chaucer, it interestingly exhibits the successful effort of his youthful hand in erecting a new and stately fabric of English numbers. As a piece of fancy, it is grotesque and meager; but the lines often flow with great harmony.

His story of Troilus and Cresseide was the delight of Sir Philip Sydney; and perhaps, excepting the Canterbury Tales, was, down to the time of Queen Elizabeth, the most popular poem in the English language. It is a story of vast length and almost desolate simplicity, and abounds in all those glorious anachronisms which were then, and so long after, permitted to romantic poetry: such as making the son of King Priam read the Thebais of Statius, and the gentlemen of Troy converse about the devil, justs and tournaments, bishops, parliaments, and scholastic divinity.

The languor of the story is, however, relieved by many touches of pathetic beauty. The confession of Cresseide in the scene of felicity, when the poet compares her to the "new abashed nightingale, that stinteth first ere she beginneth sing," is a fine passage, deservedly noticed by Warton. The grief of Troilus after the departure of Cresseide is strongly portrayed in Troilus's soliloquy in his bed.

"Where is mine owne ladie, lief, and dere?
Where is her whitè brest—where is it—where?
Where been her armès, and her iyen clere,
That yesterday this timè with me were?

Now may I wepe alone with many a teare,
And graspe about I may; but in this place,
Save a pillòwe, I find nought to embrace.

The sensations of Troilus, on coming to the house of his faithless Cresseide, when, instead of finding her returned, he beholds the barred doors and shut windows, giving tokens of her absence, as well as his precipitate departure from the distracting scene, are equally well described.

Therwith whan he was ware, and gan behold
How shet[1] was every window of the place,
As frost him thought his hertè gan to cold,
For which, with changed deedly palè face,
Withouten worde, he for by gan to pace,
And, as God would, he gan so fastè ride,
That no man his continuance espied.
Than said he thus: O paleis desolate,
O house of houses, whilom best yhight,
O paleis empty and disconsolate,
O thou lantèrne of which queint[2] is the light,
O paleis whilom day, that now art night;
Wel oughtest thou to fall and I to die,
Sens[3] she is went, that wont was us to gie[4].

The two best of Chaucer's allegories, The Flower and the Leaf, and The House of Fame, have been fortunately perpetuated in our language; the former

[1] Shut. [2] Extinguished. [3] Since. [4] To make joyous.

by Dryden, the latter by Pope. The Flower and the Leaf is an exquisite piece of fairy fancy. With a moral that is just sufficient to apologize for a dream, and yet which sits so lightly on the story as not to abridge its most visionary parts, there is, in the whole scenery and objects of the poem, an air of wonder and sweetness; an easy and surprising transition that is truly magical. Pope had not so enchanting a subject in The House of Fame; yet, with deference to Warton, that critic has done Pope injustice in assimilating his imitations of Chaucer to the modern ornaments in Westminster Abbey, which impair the solemn effect of the ancient building. The many absurd and fantastic particulars in Chaucer's House of Fame will not suffer us to compare it, as a structure in poetry, with so noble a pile as Westminster Abbey in architecture. Much of Chaucer's fantastic matter has been judiciously omitted by Pope, who at the same time has clothed the best ideas of the old poem in spirited numbers and expression. Chaucer supposes himself to be snatched up to heaven by a large eagle, who addresses him in the name of St. James and the Virgin Mary, and, in order to quiet the poet's fears of being carried up to Jupiter, like another Ganymede, or turned into a star like Orion, tells him, that Jove wishes him to sing of other subjects than love and 'blind Cupido,' and has therefore ordered, that Dan Chaucer should be brought to behold the House of Fame. In Pope, the philosophy of fame comes with much more propriety from

the poet himself, than from the beak of a talkative eagle.

It was not until his green old age that Chaucer put forth, in the Canterbury Tales, the full variety of his genius, and the pathos and romance, as well as the playfulness of fiction. In the serious part of those tales he is, in general, more deeply indebted to preceding materials, than in the comic stories, which he raised upon slight hints to the air and spirit of originals. The design of the whole work is after Boccaccio's Decamerone; but exceedingly improved. The Italian novelist's ladies and gentlemen, who have retired from the city of Florence, on account of the plague, and who agree to pass their time in telling stories, have neither interest nor variety in their individual characters; the time assigned to their congress is arbitrary, and it evidently breaks up because the author's stores are exhausted. Chaucer's design, on the other hand, though it is left unfinished, has definite boundaries, and incidents to keep alive our curiosity, independent of the tales themselves. At the same time, while the action of the poem is an event too simple to divert the attention altogether from the pilgrims' stories, the pilgrimage itself is an occasion sufficiently important to draw together almost all the varieties of existing society, from the knight to the artisan, who, agreeably to the old simple manners, assemble in the same room of the hostellerie. The enumeration of those characters in the Prologue forms a scene, full,

without confusion; and the object of their journey gives a fortuitous air to the grouping of individuals, who collectively represent the age and state of society in which they live. It may be added, that if any age or state of society be more favourable than another to the uses of the poet, that in which Chaucer lived must have been peculiarly picturesque;—an age in which the differences of rank and profession were so strongly distinguished, and in which the broken masses of society gave out their deepest shadows and strongest colouring by the morning light of civilization. An unobtrusive but sufficient contrast is supported between the characters, as between the demure prioress and the genial wife of Bath, the rude and boisterous miller and the polished knight, &c. &c. Although the object of the journey is religious, it casts no gloom over the meeting; and we know that our Catholic ancestors are justly represented in a state of high good humour, on the road to such solemnities.

The sociality of the pilgrims is, on the whole, agreeably sustained; but in a journey of thirty persons, it would not have been adhering to probability to have made the harmony quite uninterrupted. Accordingly the bad humour which breaks out between the lean friar and the cherub-faced sompnour, while it accords with the hostility known to have subsisted between those two professions, gives a diverting zest to the satirical stories which the hypocrite and the libertine level at each other.

Chaucer's forte is description; much of his moral reflection is superfluous; none of his characteristic painting. His men and women are not mere ladies and gentlemen, like those who furnish apologies for Boccaccio's stories. They rise before us minutely traced, profusely varied, and strongly discriminated. Their features and casual manners seem to have an amusing congruity with their moral characters. He notices minute circumstances as if by chance; but every touch has its effect to our conception so distinctly, that we seem to live and travel with his personages throughout the journey.

What an intimate scene of English life in the fourteenth century do we enjoy in those tales, beyond what history displays by glimpses, through the stormy atmosphere of her scenes, or the antiquarian can discover by the cold light of his researches! Our ancestors are restored to us, not as phantoms from the field of battle, or the scaffold, but in the full enjoyment of their social existence. After four hundred years have closed over the mirthful features which formed the living originals of the poet's descriptions, his pages impress the fancy with the momentary credence that they are still alive; as if Time had rebuilt his ruins, and were reacting the lost scenes of existence.

THE PROLOGUE

TO THE

CANTERBURY TALES.



Whanne that April with his shourès sote[1]
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote[2],
And bathed every veine in swiche[3] licour,
Of whiche vertùe engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sotè brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppès, and the yongè sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfè cours yronne[4],
And smalè foulès maken melodie,
That slepen allè night with open eye,
So priketh hem[5] nature in hir[6] corages[7];
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken strangè strondes,
To servè[8] halweys[9] couthe[10] in sondry londes;

[1] Sweet. [2] Root. [3] Such. [4] Run. [5] Them. [6] Th
[7] Inclination. [8] To keep. [9] Holidays. [10] Known.

And specially, from every shirès ende
Of Englelond, to Canterbury they wende[1],
The holy blisful martyr for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke[2].
Befelle, that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute coràge,
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nine and twenty in a compagnie
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle[3]
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden[4] ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed attè beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was gon to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on[5],
That I was of hir felawship anon,
And madè forword erly for to rise,
To take oure way ther as I you devise.
But nathèles, while I have time and space,
Or that I forther in this talè pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to resòn,
To tellen you alle the condition
Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre;
And eke in what araie that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I firste beginne.

[1] Go. [2] Sick. [3] Fallen. [4] Would. [5] Every one.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the timè that he firste began
To riden out, he loved Chevalrie,
Trouthe and honòur, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordès werre[1],
And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre[2],
As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alisandre he was whan it was wonne.
Ful often time he hadde the bord[3] begonne[4]
Aboven allè nations in Pruce.
In Lettowe hadde he reysed[5] and in Ruce,
No cristen man so ofte of his degre.
In Gernade at the siege eke hadde he be
Of Algesir, and ridden in Belmarie.
At Leyès was he, and at Satalie,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Gretè see
At many a noble armee hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissène
In listès thries, and ay slain his fo.
This ilkè worthy knight hadde ben alsò
Sometimè with the Lord of Palatie,
Agen another hethen in Turkìe:
And evermore he hadde a sovereine pris[6].
And though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde

[1] War. [2] Farther.
[3] [4] Been placed at the head of the table. [5] Travelled. [6] Praise.

In alle his lif, unto no manere wight.
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.
But for to tellen you of his araie,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wered a gipòn[1],
Allè besmotred[2] with his habergeon[3],
For he was late ycome fro his viàge,
And wentè for to don his pilgrimage.
With him ther was his sone a yongè Squier,
A lover and a lusty bacheler,
With lockès crull[4] as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty yere of age he was I gesse.
Of his statùre he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver[5], and grete of strengthe.
And he hadde be somtime in chevachie[6],
In Flaundres, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.
Embrouded[7] was he, as it were a mede
Alle ful of fresshè flourès, white and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting[8] alle the day,
He was as fresshe, as is the moneth of May.
Short was his goune, with slevès long and wide.
Well coude he sitte on hors, and fayrè ride.
He coudè songès make, and wel endite,
Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.

[1] Wore a short cassock. [2] Smutted. [3] Coat of mail.
[4] Curled. [5] Nimble. [6] Horse skirmishing.
[7] Embroidered. [8] Playing the flute.

So hote he loved, that by nightertale[1]
He slep no more than doth the nightingale.
Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf[2] before his fader at the table.
A Yeman hadde he, and servàntes no mo
At that time, for him luste[3] to ridè so;
And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene.
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
Well coude he dresse his takel[4] yemanly:
His arwes[5] drouped not with fetheres low.
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.
A not-hed[6] hadde he, with a broune visàge.
Of wood-craft coude[7] he wel alle the usàge.
Upon his arme he bare a gaie bracèr[8],
And by his side a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other side a gaie daggère,
Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene,
A forster was he sothely as I gesse.
Ther was alsò a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hire smiling was full simple and coy;
Hire gretest othe n'as but by Seint Eloy;
And she was cleped[9] Madame Eglentine.
Ful wel she sangè the servìce devìne,

[1] Night-time. [2] Carved. [3] It pleased him. [4] Arro
[5] Arrow. [6] A round-head. [7] Knew.
[8] Armour for the arm. [9] Called.

Entuned in hire nosë ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly[1],
After the scole of Stratford attè Bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
At metè was she wel ytaughte withalle;
She lette no morsel from her lippès fall,
Ne wette hire fingres in hire saucè depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
Thattè no drope ne fell upon hire brest.
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest[2].
Hire over lippè wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppè was no ferthing sene[3]
Of gresè, whan she dronken hadde hire draught.
Ful semèly after her mete she raught[4].
And sikerly she was of grete disport,
And ful plesànt, and amiable of port,
And peined[5] hire to contrefeten[6] chere
Of court, and ben estatelich of manère,
And to ben holden digne[7] of reverence.
  But for to speken of hire consciënce,
She was so charitable and so pitoùs,
She woldè wepe if that she saw a mous
Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
Of smalè houndès hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,

[1] Neatly. [2] Her pleasure. [3] Smallest spot. [4] Rose.
[5] Took pains. [6] To imitate. [7] Worthy.

Or if men smote it with a yerdè[1] smert[2],
And all was conscience and tendre herte.
  Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was;
Hire nose tretìs[3]; hire eyen grey as glas;
Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehèd.
It was almost a spannè brode I trowe;
For hardily she was not undergrowe[4].
  Ful fetise[5] was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of smale coràll aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedès, gauded all with grene;
And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywriten a crouned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*
Another Nonne also with hire hadde she,
That was hire chapelleine, and Preestès thre.
  A Monk ther was, a fayre for the maistrìe,
An outrider, that loved venerie[6];
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Ful many a deintè hors hadde he in stable:
And whan he rode, men might his bridel here
Gingèling in a whistling wind as clere,
And eke as loude, as doth the chapell belle,
Ther as this lord was keeper of the celle.
  The reule of Seint Maure and of Seint Beneit,
Because that it was olde and somdele streit,
This ilkè monk lette oldè thingès pace,
And held after the newè worlde the trace.

[1] Stick. [2] Smartly, adv. [3] Straight. [4] Of low stature.
[5] Neat. [6] Hunting.

He yave[1] not of the text a pulled hen,
That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkĕles[2],
Is like to a fish that is waterles;
This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
This ilkè text held he not worth an oistre.
And I say his opinion was good.
What shulde he studie, and make himselven wood[3]
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
Or swinken[4] with his hondès, and laboùre,
As Austin bit[5]? how shal the world be served?
Let Austin have his swink to him reserved.
Therfore he was a prickasoure[6] a right:
Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight:
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I saw his sleves purfiled[7] at the hond
With gris[8], and that the finest of the lond.
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne;
A love-knotte in the greter end ther was.
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
His eyen stepe[9], and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a fornëis of led.

[1] Gave.

[2] Mr. Tyrwhitt supposes, that this should be righelles, i. e. out of the rules by which the monks were bound.

[3] Mad. [4] Toil. [5] Biddeth. [6] Hard rider.

[7] Wrought on the edge. [8] A fine kind of fur.

[9] Deep in the head.

His botès souple, his hors in gret estat;
Now certainly he was a fayre prelàt.
He was not pale as a forpined gost.
A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.
A Frere ther was, a wanton and a mery,
A Limitour, a ful solempnè man.
In all the ordres foure is none that can[1]
So muche of daliance and fayre langàge.
He hadde ymade ful many a mariàge
Of yongè wimmen, at his owen cost.
Until his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel beloved, and familier was he
With frankeleins over all in his contrèe,
And eke with worthy wimmen of the toun:
For he had power of confession,
As saide himselfè, more than a curàt,
For of his ordre he was licenciat.
Ful swetely herde he confession,
And plesant was his absolution.
He was an esy man to give penànce,
Ther as he wiste to han[2] a good pitànce:
For unto a poure[3] ordre for to give
Is signè that a man is well yshrive[4].
For if he gave, he dorstè[5] make avànt,
He wistè that a man was repentànt.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sorè smerte.

[1] Knew. [2] Have. [3] Poor. [4] Shriven. [5] Durst make a boast.

Therfòre in stede of weping and praières,
Men mote give silver to the pourè freres.
His tippet was ay farsed[1] ful of knives,
And pinnès, for to given fayrè wives.
And certainly he hadde a mery note.
Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote[2].
Of yeddinges[3] he bare utterly the pris.
His nekke was whitè as the flour de lis.
Therto he strong was as a champioun,
And knew wel the tavèrnes in every toun,
And every hosteler and gay tapstère,
Better than a lazar or a beggère,
For unto swiche a worthy man as he
Accordeth nought, as by his facultè,
To haven[4] with sike lazars acquaintànce.
It is not honest, it may not avànce,
As for to delen with no swiche pouràille[5],
But all with riche, and sellers of vitàille.
And over all, ther as profit shuld arise,
Curteis he was, and lowly of servìse.
Ther n' as no man no wher so vertuous.
He was the beste beggèr in all his hous:
And gave a certain fermè[6] for the grant,
Non of his bretheren came in his haunt.
For though a widewe haddè but a shoo,
(So plesant was his *in principio*)
Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went.
His pourchas[7] was wel better than his rent.

[1] Stuffed. [2] A stringed instrument. [3] Story telling.
[4] Have. [5] Poor people. [6] Farm. [7] Purchase.

And rage he coude as it hadde ben a whelp,
In lovèdayes[1], ther coude he mochel help.
For ther was he nat like a cloisterere,
With thredbare cope, as is a poure scolere,
But he was like a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semicope[2],
That round was as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
His eyen twinkeled in his hed aright,
As don the sterrès in a frosty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped Hubèrd.
A Marchant was ther with a forked berd,
In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat,
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
His botès clapsed fayre and fetisly.
His resons spake he ful solempnèly,
Souning alway the encrese of his winnìng.
He wolde the see were kept for any thing[3]
Betwixen Middelburgh and Orèwell.
Wel coud he in eschanges[4] sheldès[5] selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit besette;
Ther wistè no wight that he was in dette,

[1] Days appointed for the amicable settlement of differences.

[2] Half cloak.

[3] Kept, or guarded. The old subsidy of tonnage and poundage was given to the king 'pour la saufgarde et custodie del mer.'—*Tyrwhitt.*

[4] Exchanges. [5] Crowns.

So stedefastly didde he his governance,
With his bargeines, and with his chevisance[1]
Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But soth to sayn, I n'ot how men him calle.
A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde alsò,
That unto logike haddè long ygo.
As lenè was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe[2], and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy[3],
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was nought worldly to have an officè.
For him was lever[4] han at his beddes hed
A twenty bokes, clothed in black and red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robès riche, or fidel, or sautrìe.
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet haddè he but litel gold in cofre,
But all that he might of his frendès hente[5],
On bokès and on lerning he it spente,
And besily gan for the soulès praie
Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie[6].
Of studie toke he mostè cure and hede.
Not a word spake he morè than was nede;
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and ful of high sentènce.

[1] An agreement for borrowing money. [2] Hollow.
[3] Uppermost cloak of coarse cloth [4] He would rather have
[5] Get. [6] Study

Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.
A Sergeant of the Lawe warè[1] and wise,
That often hadde yben at the paruis[2],
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discrete he was, and of gret reverence:
He semed swiche, his wordès were so wise,
Justice he was ful often in assise,
By patent, and by pleine commissioun;
For his science, and for his high renoun,
Of fees and robès had he many on.
So grete a pourchasour was nowher non.
All was fee simple to him in effect,
His pourchasing might not ben in suspect[3].
Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semed besier than he was.
In termès hadde he cas[4] and domès alle,
That fro the time of king Will. weren falle.
Therto he coude endite, and make a thing,
Ther coudè no wight pinche[5] at his writing.
And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
He rode but homely in a medlee[6] cote[7],
Girt with a seint[8] of silk, with barrès[9] smale;
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

[1] Wary.

[2] The paruis, or portico before a church—a place frequented by lawyers. The place of the lawyers paruis in London is assigned to different places by different antiquarians.—*Tyrwhitt.*

[3] Suspicion. [4] Cases and decisions. [5] No one could find a flaw in his writings. [6] [7] Coat of mixed stuff. [8] A girdle. [9] With small stripes.

A Frankëlein[1] was in this compagnie;
White was his berd, as is the dayësiè.
Of his complexïon he was sangùin.
Wel loved he by the morwe[2] a sop in win[3].
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicurès owen sone,
That held opinion, that plein delit
Was veraily felicitè parfitè.
An housholder, and that a grete was he;
Seint Julian[4] he was in his contrèe.
His brede, his ale, was alway after on;
A better envyned[5] man was no wher non.
Withouten bake mete never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It snewed[6] in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of allè deintees that men coud of thinke,
After the sondry sesons of the yere,
So changed he his mete and his soupère.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe[7],
And many a breme, and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his coke, but if his saucè were
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant[8] in his halle alwày
Stode redy covered alle the longè day.
At sessions ther was he lord and sire.
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.

[1] A freeholder of considerable estate. [2] Morning.
[3] Wine. [4] The saint of hospitality. [5] Stored with wine.
[6] It snewed, i. e. there was great abundance. [7] Secret.
[8] Fixed ready.

An anelace[1] and a gipciere[2] all of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwè[3] milk.
A shereve hadde he ben, and a countoùr[4].
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour[5].
An Haberdasher, and a Carpenter,
A Webbe[6], a Deyer, and a Tapiser[7],
Were alle yclothed in o liverè[8],
Of a solempne and grete fraternitè.
Ful freshe and newe hir[9] gere ypiked[10] was.
Hir knivès were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del[11].
Wel semed eche of hem a fayre burgeis[12],
To sitten in a gild halle, on the deis[13].
Everich, for the wisdom that he can,
Was shapelich[14] for to ben an alderman.
For catel hadden they ynough and rent,
And eke hir wivès wolde it wel assent:
And ellès[15] certainly they were to blame.
It is ful fayre to ben ycleped madàme,
And for to gon to vigiles all before,
And have a mantel reallich[16] ybore[17].

1 Knife. 2 Purse. 3 Morning.

4 Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectures, but merely offers it as a conjecture, that the contour was foreman of the hundred court.

5 Vavasour. Of this term Mr. T. is doubtful of the meaning.
6 A weaver. 7 A maker of tapestry. 8 Livery. 9 10 Their gear was spruce. 11 Every way. 12 Burgher.

13 The deis; a part of the hall that was floored and set apart for a place of respect.—*Tyrwhitt.*

14 Fit. 15 Else. 16 Royally. 17 Supported.

A Coke they hadden with hem for the nones[1],
To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,
And poudre[2] marchant, tart and galingale[3].
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.
He coudè roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
Maken mortrewès[4], and wel bake a pie.
But gret harm was it, as it thoughtè me,
That on his shinne a mormal[5] haddè he.
For blanc manger that made he with the best.
A Shipman was ther, woned fer[6] by West:
For ought I wote, he was of Dertèmouth.
He rode upon a rouncie[7], as he couthe,
All in a goune of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las[8] hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe al broun.
And certainly he was a good felaw.
Ful many a draught of win he haddè draw
From Burdeux ward, while that the chapman slepe.
Of nicè conscience toke he no kepe.
If that he faught, and hadde the higher hand,
By water he sent hem home to every land.
But of his craft to reken wel his tides,
His stremès and his strandès him besides,

[1] For the purpose. [2] The meaning not ascertained.
[3] Sweet cyperus.
[4] A dish of rich broth, in which the meat was stamped and the substance strained.
[5] A gangrene. [6] Lived. [7] Hack-horse. [8] Lace.

His herberwe[1], his mone[2], and his lodemanage[3],
Ther was non swiche, from Hull unto Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake.
He knew wel alle the havens, as they were,
Fro Gotland, to the Cape de finistere,
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine:
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.
With us ther was a Doctour of Phisike,
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike, and of surgerie:
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patïent a ful gret del
In hourès by his magike naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen[4] the ascendent[5]
Of his imàges for his patient.
He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humoùr,
He was a veray parfite practisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote[6],
Anon he gave to the sikè man his bote[7].
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To send him draggès[8], and his lettuaries[9],
For eche of hem made other for to winne;
Hir frendship n'as not newè to beginne.

[1] Place of the Sun. [2] Moon. [3] Pilotship. [4] Make fortunate. [5] The ascendant. [6] Root. [7] Remedy. [8] Drugs. [9] Electuaries.

Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus;
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien,
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen;
Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin;
Bernard, and Gatisden, and Gilbertin.
Of his diete mesúrable was he,
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of gret nourishing, and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sanguin[1] and in perse[2] he clad was alle
Lined with taffata, and with sendalle[3].
And yet he was but esy of dispence[4]:
He kepte that he wan[5] in the pestilence.
For golde in phisike is a cordial;
Therfore he loved gold in special.
 A good Wif was ther of besidè Bathe,
But she was som del defe, and that was scathe[6].
Of cloth making she haddè swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ipres, and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was ther non,
That to the offring before hire shulde gon,
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of allè charitee.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
I dorstè swere, they weyeden[7] a pound;

[1] Blood-red colour. [2] Sky-coloured, or blueish grey.
[3] Thin silk. [4] Expense. [5] Gained, got. [6] Misfortune.
[7] Weighed.

That on the Sonday were upon hire hede.
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streite yteyed[1], and shoon ful moist and newe.
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.
She was a worthy woman all hire live,
Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,
Withouten other compagnie in youthe.
But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe[2].
And thries hadde she ben at Jerusaleme.
She haddè passed many a strangè streme.
At Rome she haddè ben, and at Boloine,
In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine.
She coudè[3] moche of wandring by the way.
Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to say.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat,
As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe.
A fote-mantel[4] about hire hippès large,
And on hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe.
In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe[5]
Of remedies of love she knew parchance,
For of that arte she coude the oldè dance.

A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a pourè Persone[6] of a toun:
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristès gospel trewely woldè preche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.

[1] Tied. [2] Now; adv. [3] Knew. [4] A riding petticoat. [5] Talk. [6] Parson.

Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient:
And swiche he was ypreved[1] often sithes[2].
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven[3] out of doute,
Unto his pourè parishens aboute,
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite[4],
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf[5],
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he the wordès caught,
And this figure he added yet therto,
That if golde rustè, what shuld iren do?
For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewèd man to rust:
And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,
To see a shitten shepherd, and clene shepe:
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
By his clenenessè, how his shepe shulde live.
He settè not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe accombred in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
To seken him a chanterie for soules,

[1] Proved. [2] Times. [3] Give.
[4] The nearest and most distant of his parishioners. [5] Gave.

Or with a brotherhede to be withold:
But dwelt at home, and keptè wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful men not dispitous,
Ne of his speché dangerous ne digne,
But in his teching discrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven, with fairènesse,
By good ensample, was his besinesse:
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were of highe, or low estat,
Him wolde he snibben[1] sharply for the nonès.
A better preest I trowe that nowher[2] non is.
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him no spiced[3] conscience,
But Cristès lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.

With him ther was a Plowman, was his brother,
That hadde ylaid of dong[4] ful many a fother[5].
A trewè swinker, and a good was he,
Living in pees[6], and parfite charitee.
God loved he bestè with alle his herte
At allè timès, were it gain or smerte[7],
And than his neighèbour right as himselve.
He woldè thresh, and therto dike, and delve,
For Cristès sake, for every pourè wight,
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.

[1] Snub, reprove. [2] No where. [3] Nice, in an affected sense.
[4] Dung. [5] Load. [6] Peace. [7] Pain.

His tithès paied he ful fayre and wel
Both of his propre swinke, and his catel.
In a tabard he rode upon a mere.
Ther was also a reve, and a millere,
A sompnour[1], and a pardoner[2] also,
A manciple[3], and myself, ther n'ere no mo.
The Miller was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones;
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram[4].
He was short shuldered brode, a thikkè gnarre[5],
Ther n'as no dore, that he n'olde heve of barre,
Or breke it at a renning[6] with his hede.
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop[7] right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowès eres.
His nosè-thirlès[8] blackè were and wide.
A swerd and bokeler bare he by his side.
His mouth as widè was as a forneis.
He was a jangler[9], and a goliardeis[10],

[1] A sompnour, an officer employed to summon delinquents in ecclesiastical courts, now called an apparitor.—*Tyrwhitt.*

[2] A pardoner, a seller of pardons or indulgences.

[3] A manciple, an officer who has the care of furnishing victuals for an inn of court.

[4] The prize. [5] A hard knot in a tree. [6] A running. [7] Top. [8] Nostrils. [9] Prater. [10] Buffoon.

And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries.
And yet he had a thomb[1] of gold parde[2].
A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
A baggèpipe wel coude he blowe and soune,
And therwithall he brought us out of toune.
  A gentil Manciple[3] was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours[4] mighten take ensemple
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille.
For whether that he paide, or toke by taille,
Algate he waited so in his achate[5],
That he was ay before in good estate.
Now is not that of God a ful fayre grace,
That swiche a lewèd mannès wit shal pace
The wisdom of an hepe of lered men?
  Of maisters had he mo than thries ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious:
Of which ther was a dosein in that hous,
Worthy to ben stewardes of rent and lond
Of any lord that is in Englelond,
To maken him live by his propre good,
In honour detteles[6], but if he were wood,
Or live as scarsly, as him list desire;
And able for to helpen all a shire
In any cas that mighte fallen or happe:
And yet this manciple sette hir aller cappe[7].

[1] [2] He was as honest as other millers, though he had, according to the proverb, like every miller, a thumb of gold.

[3] Vide note [3] on the preceding page. [4] Purchasers.

[5] Purchase. [6] Free from debt. [7] Made a fool of them all.

The Revè was a slendre colerike man,
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can.
His here was by his erès round yshorne.
His top was docked like a preest beforne.
Ful longè were his leggès, and ful lene,
Ylike a staff, ther was no calf ysene.
Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne:
Ther was non auditour coude on him winne.
Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the rain,
The yelding[1] of his seed, and of his grain.
His lordès shepe, his nete[2], and his deirie,
His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,
Were holly in this revès[3] governing,
And by his covenant yave he rekening,
Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age;
Ther coude no man bring him in arerage.
Ther n'as baillif, ne herde, ne other hine,
That he ne knew his sleight and his covine[4]:
They were adradde of him, as of the deth.
His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth,
With grenè trees yshadewed was his place.
He coudè better than his lord pourchace.
Ful riche he was ystored privily.
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
To yeve and lene him of his owen good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote and hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mistere[5].
He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.

[1] Yielding. [2] Cows. [3] Steward. [4] Secret contrivances. [5] Trade, occupation.

This revè sate upon a right good stot[1],
That was all pomelee[2] grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of perse upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.
Of Norfolk was this reve, of which I tell,
Beside a toun, men clepen Baldeswell.
Tucked he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And ever he rode the hinderest of the route.
  A Sompnour was ther with us in that place,
That had a fire-red cherubinnès[3] face,
For sausèfleme[4] he was, with eyen narwe[5].
As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
With scalled browès blake, and pilled berd:
Of his visage children were sore aferd.
Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
Ne oinèment that woldè clense or bite,
That him might helpen of his whelkès[6] white,
Ne of the knobbès sitting on his chekes.
Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood.
Than wolde he speke, and crie as he were wood.
And whan that he wel dronken had the win,
Than wold he speken no word but Latìn.
A fewè termès coude he, two or three,
That he had lerned out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herd it all the day.
And eke ye knowen wel, how that a jay

[1] Horse, beast. [2] Dappled. [3] Cherub's face.
[4] Red pimpled face. [5] Narrow, close. [6] Spots.

Can clepen watte, as wel as can the pope.
But who so wolde in other thing him grope,
Than hadde he spent all his philosophie,
Ay, *Questio quid juris*, wolde he crie.
He was a gentil harlot[1] and a kind;
A better felaw shulde a man not find.
He woldè suffre for a quart of wine,
A good felàw to have his concubine
A twelve month, and excuse him at the full.
Ful prively a finch eke coude he pull.
And if he found owhere a good felàwe,
He woldè techen him to have non awe
In swiche a cas of the archedekenes curse;
But if a mannès soule were in his purse;
For in his purse he shulde ypunished be.
Purse is the archèdekens helle, said he.
But wel I wote, he lied right in dede:
Of cursing ought eche gilty man him drede.
For curse wol sle right as assoiling saveth,
And also ware him of a *significavit*.
In danger hadde he at his owen gise
The yongè girlès of the diocise,
And knew hir conseil, and was of hir rede[2].
A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
As gret as it were for an alèstake[3]:
A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.

[1] The name harlot was anciently given to men as well as women, and without any bad signification.

[2] Advised. [3] An alehouse sign.

With him ther rode a gentil Pardonere[1]
Of Rouncevall[2], his frend and his compere,
That streit was comen from the court of Romè.
Ful loude he sang, Come hither, lovè, to me.
This sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun[3],
Was never trompe of half so gret a soun.
This pardoner had here as yelwe[4] as wax,
But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax:
By unces[5] heng his lokkès that he hadde,
And therwith he his shulders overspradde.
Ful thinne it lay, by culpons[6] on and on,
But hode, for jolite, ne wered he non,
For it was trussed up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode al of the newè get,
Dishevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.
Swiche glaring eyen hadde he, as an hare.
A vernicle hadde he sewed upon his cappe.
His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe,
Bret-ful[7] of pardon come from Rome al hote.
A vois he hadde, as smale as hath a gote.
No berd hadde he, ne never non shulde have,
As smothe it was as it were newè shave;
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.
But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,
Ne was ther swiche an other pardonere.
For in his male[8] he hadde a pilwebere[9],

[1] Vide a former note.
[2] Supposed by Stevens to be Runceval Hall, in Oxford.
[3] Sang the bass. [4] Yellow. [5] Ounces. [6] Shreds
[7] Brimful. [8] Budget. [9] Covering of a pillow.

Which, as he saidè, was oure ladies veil:
He saide, he hadde a gobbet[1] of the seyl[2]
Thatte seint Peter had, whan that he went
Upon the see, til' Jesu Crist him hent[3].
He had a crois of laton[4] ful of stones,
And in a glas he haddè piggès bones.
But with these relikes, whannè that he fond
A pourè persone dwelling up on lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneie
Than that the persone gat in monethes tweie.
And thus with fained flattering and japes[5],
He made the persone, and the peple, his apes[6].
  But trewely to tellen attè last,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast.
Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,
But alderbest[7] he sang an offertorie[8]:
For wel he wistè, whan that song was songe,
He mustè preche, and wel afile[9] his tonge,
To winnè silver, as he right wel coude:
Therfore he sang the merrier and loude.

[1] Morsel. [2] Sail. [3] Assisted, took.
[4] A mixed metal of the colour of brass. [5] Tricks. [6] Dupes.
[7] Best. [8] Part of the mass. [9] Polish.

JOHN GOWER.

LITTLE is known of Gower's personal history. "The proud tradition in the Marquis of Stafford's family," says Mr. Todd[1], "has been, and still is, that he was of Stitenham; and who would not consider the dignity of his genealogy augmented, by enrolling among its worthies the moral Gower?"

His effigies in the church of St. Mary Overies is often inaccurately described, as having a garland of ivy and roses on the head. It is, in fact, a chaplet of roses, such, as Thynne says, was anciently worn by knights; a circumstance which is favourable to the suspicion, that has been suggested, of his having been of the rank of knighthood. If Thynne's assertion, respecting the time of the lawyers first entering the Temple, be correct, it will be difficult to reconcile it with the tradition of Gower's having been a student there in his youth.

By Chaucer's manner of addressing Gower, the latter appears to have been the elder. He was attached to Thomas of Woodstock, as Chaucer was to John of Gaunt. The two poets appear to have been at one time cordial friends, but ultimately to

[1] In Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer by the Rev. H. Todd.

have quarrelled. Gower tells us himself that he was blind in his old age. From his will, it appears that he was living in 1408. His bequests to several churches and hospitals, and his legacy to his wife of 100*l*., of all his valuable goods, and of the rents arising from his manors of Southwell in the county of Nottingham, and of Multon in the county of Suffolk, undeniably prove that he was rich.

One of his three great works, the Speculum Meditantis, a poem in French, is erroneously described by Mr. Godwin and others as treating of conjugal fidelity. In an account of its contents, in a MS. in Trinity College Cambridge, we are told that its principal subject is the repentance of a sinner. The Vox Clamantis, in Latin, relates to the insurrection of the commons, in the reign of Richard II. The Confessio Amantis, in English, is a dialogue between a lover and his confessor, who is a priest of Venus, and who explains, by apposite stories and philosophical illustrations, all the evil affections of the heart, which impede, or counteract the progress and success of the tender passion.

His writings exhibit all the crude erudition and science of his age; a knowledge sufficient to have been the fuel of genius, if Gower had possessed its fire.

THE TALE

OF

THE COFFERS OR CASKETS, &c.

IN THE FIFTH BOOK OF

THE CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

In a Cronique thus I rede:
Aboute a king, as must nede,
Ther was of knyghtès and squiers
Gret route, and eke of officers:
Some of long time him hadden served,
And thoughten that they haue deserved
Avancèment, and gon withoute:
And some also ben of the route,
That comen but a while agon,
And they avanced were anon.
These oldè men upon this thing,
So as they durst, ageyne the king
Among hemself[1] compleignen ofte:
But there is nothing said so softe,
That it ne comith out at laste:
The king it wiste, and als so faste,

[1] Themselves.

As he which was of high prudènce:
He shope therfore an evidence
Of hem[1] that pleignen in the cas,
To knowe in whose defalte it was;
And all within his owne entent,
That non ma wistè what it ment.
Anon he let two cofres make
Of one semblance, and of one make,
So lich[2], that no lif thilke throwe,
That one may fro that other knowe:
They were into his chamber brought,
But no man wot why they be wrought,
And natheles the king hath bede
That they be set in privy stede,
As he that was of wisdom slih;
Whan he therto his time sih[3],
All privěly, that none it wiste,
His ownè hondes that one chiste
Of fin gold, and of fin perie[4],
The which out of his tresorie
Was take, anon he fild full;
That other cofre of straw and mull[5]
With stones meynd[6] he fild also:
Thus be they full bothè two.
So that erliche[7] upon a day
He had within, where he lay,
Ther should be tofore his bed
A bord up set and fairè spred:

[1] Them. [2] Like. [3] Saw. [4] Jewels, or precious stones.
[5] Rubbish. [6] Mingled. [7] Early.

And than he let the cofres fette[1]
Upon the bord, and did hem sette.
He knewe the names well of tho[2],
The whiche agein him grutched so,
Both of his chambre and of his halle,
Anon and sent for hem alle;
And seidè to hem in this wise.
  There shall no man his hap despise:
I wot well ye have longe served,
And God wot what ye have deserved;
But if it is along on me
Of that ye unavanced be,
Or elles if it belong on yow,
The sothè shall be proved now:
To stoppè with your evil word,
Lo! here two cofres on the bord;
Chese which you list of bothè two;
And witeth well that one of tho
Is with tresor so full begon,
That if ye happè therupon
Ye shall be richè men for ever:
Now chese[3], and take which you is lever,
But be well ware ere that ye take,
For of that one I undertake
Ther is no maner good therein,
Wherof ye mighten profit winne.
Now goth[4] together of one assent,
And taketh your avisement;

[1] Fetched. [2] Those. [3] Choose. [4] Go.

For, but I you this day avance,
It stant upon your ownè chance,
Al only in defalte of grace;
So shall be shewed in this place
Upon you all well afyn[1],
That no defaltè shal be myn.
They knelen all, and with one vois
The king they thonken of this chois:
And after that they up arise,
And gon aside, and hem avise,
And at lastè they acorde
(Wherof her[2] talè to recorde
To what issue they be falle)
A knyght shall spekè for hem alle:
He kneleth doun unto the king,
And seith that they upon this thing,
Or for to winne, or for to lese[3],
Ben all avised for to chese.
Tho[4] toke this knyght a yerd[5] on honde,
And goth there as the cofres stonde,
And with assent of everychone[6]
He leith his yerde upon one,
And seith[7] the king how thilke same
They chese in reguerdon[8] by name,
And preith him that they might it have.
The king, which wolde his honor save,
Whan he had heard the common vois,
Hath granted hem her owne chois,

[1] At last. [2] Their. [3] Lose. [4] Then. [5] A rod.
[6] Every one. [7] Sayeth to the king. [8] As their reward.

And toke hem therupon the keie;
But for he woldè it were seie[1]
What good they have as they suppose,
He bad anon the cofre unclose,
Which was fulfild with straw and stones:
Thus be they served all at ones.
This king than, in the samè stede,
Anon that other cofre undede,
Where as they sihen gret richesse,
Wel morè than they couthen gesse.
Lo! seith the king, now may ye se
That ther is no defalte in me;
Forthy[2] my self I wol aquite,
And bereth ye your ownè wite[3]
Of that[4] fortune hath you refused.
Thus was this wise king excused:
And they lefte off her evil speche,
And mercy of her king beseche.



OF THE GRATIFICATION WHICH THE LOVER'S PASSION RECEIVES FROM THE SENSE OF HEARING.

IN THE SIXTH BOOK.

Right as myn eyè, with his loke,
Is to myn herte a lusty cooke
Of lovès foodè delicate;
Right so myn eare in his estate,

[1] Seen. [2] Therefore. [3] Blame. [4] i. e. that which.

Wher as myn eyë may nought serve,
Can wel myn hertès thonk[1] deservë;
And feden him, fro day to day,
With such deynties as he may.
  For thus it is that, over all
Wher as I come in speciall,
I may heare of my lady price[2]:
I heare one say that she is wise;
Another saith that she is good;
And, some men sain, of worthy blood
That she is come; and is also
So fair that no wher is none so:
And some men praise hir goodly chere.
Thus every thing that I may heare,
Which souneth to my lady goode,
Is to myn eare a lusty foode.
  And eke myn eare hath, over this,
A deyntie feste whan so is
That I may heare hirselvè speke;
For than anon my fast I breke
On suchè wordes as she saith,
That ful of trouth and ful of faith
They ben, and of so good disport,
That to myn earè great comfort
They don, as they that ben delices
For all the meates, and all the spices,
That any Lombard couthè make,
Ne be so lusty for to take,
Ne so far forth restauratif,
(I say as for myn ownè lif,)

[1] Thank. [2] Praise.

As ben the wordès of hir mouth.
For as the windès of the South
Ben most of allè debonaire;
So, whan her list to spekè faire,
The vertue of hir goodly speche
Is verily myn hertès leche.
And if it so befalle among,
That she carol upon a song,
Whan I it hear, I am so fedd,
That I am fro miself so ledd
As though I were in Paradis;
For, certes, as to myn avìs,
Whan I heare of her voice the steven,
Me thinketh it is a blisse of heven.
And eke in other wise also,
Full oftè time it falleth so,
Myn ëarè with a good pitànce
Is fedd of reding of romance
Of Ydoine and of Amadas,
That whilom weren in my cas;
And eke of other many a scorè,
That loveden[1] long ere I was bore[2].
For whan I of her loves rede,
Myn ëarè with the tale I fede,
And with the lust of her histoire
Somtime I draw into memoire,
How sorrow may not ever last;
And so hope cometh in at last.

[1] Loved. [2] Born.

JOHN LYDGATE

Was born at a place of that name in Suffolk, about the year 1370. His translation (taken through the medium of Laurence's version) of Boccaccio's Fall of Princes, was begun while Henry VI. was in France, where that king never was, but when he went to be crowned at Paris, in 1432. Lydgate was then above threescore. He was a monk of the Benedictine order, at St. Edmund's Bury, and in 1423 was elected prior of Hatfield Brodhook, but the following year had licence to return to his convent again. His condition, one would imagine, should have supplied him with the necessaries of life, yet he more than once complains to his patron, Humphry, Duke of Gloucester, of his wants; and he shews distinctly in one passage, that he did not dislike a little more wine than his convent allowed him. He was full thirty years of age when Chaucer died, whom he calls his master, and who probably was so in a literal sense. His Fall of Princes is rather a paraphrase than a translation of his original. He disclaims the idea of writing "a stile briefe and compendious." A great story he compares to a great oak, which is not to be attacked with a single stroke, but by "*a long processe.*"

Gray has pointed out beauties in this writer which had eluded the research, or the taste, of former critics.

" I pretend not," says Gray,* " to set him on a level with Chaucer, but he certainly comes the nearest to him of any contemporary writer I am acquainted with. His choice of expression and the smoothness of his verse, far surpass both Gower and Occleve. He wanted not art in raising the more tender emotions of the mind." Of these he gives several examples. The finest of these, perhaps, is the following passage, descriptive of maternal agony and tenderness.

CANACE, CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY HER FATHER ÆOLUS, SENDS TO HER GUILTY BROTHER MACAREUS THE LAST TESTIMONY OF HER UNHAPPY PASSION.

BOOK I. FOLIO 39.

Out of her swoone when she did abbraide,
Knowing no mean but death in her distrèsse,
To her brothèr full piteouslie she said,
" Cause of my sorrowe, roote of my heavinesse,
That whilom were the sourse of my gladnèsse,
When both our joyes by wille were so disposed,
Under one key our hearts to be enclosed.——
* * * * * * *
This is mine end, I may it not astarte;
O brother mine, there is no more to saye;
Lowly beseeching with mine wholè heart
For to remember specially, I praye,
If it befall my littel sonne to dye,
That thou mayst after some mynd on us have,
Suffer us both be buried in one grave.

I hold him strictly twene my armès twein,
Thou and Natùre laidè on me this charge;
He, guiltlesse, mustè with me suffer paine,
And, sìth thou art at freedom and at large,
Let kindnesse ourè love not so discharge,
But have a minde, wherever that thou be,
Once on a day upon my child and me.

On thee and me dependeth the trespàce
Touching our guilt and our great offence,
But, welaway! most àngelik of face
Our childè, young in his pure innocence,
Shall agayn right suffer death's violence,
Tender of limbes, God wote, full guiltèlesse
The goodly faire, that lieth here speechlèss.

A mouth he has, but wordis hath he none;
Cannot complaine alas! for none outràge:
Nor grutcheth not, but lies here all alone
Still as a lambe, most meke of his visàge.
What heart of stèle could do to him damàge,
Or suffer him dye, beholding the manère
And looke benigne of his twein ëyen clere.—
* * * * * * *
Writing her letter, awhapped all in drede,
In her right hand her pen ygan to quake,
And a sharp sword to make her heartè blede,
In her left hand her father hath her take,
And most her sorrowe was for her childes sake,

Upon whose facè in her barme sleepȳnge
Full many a tere she wept in cōmplăynīng.
After all this so as she stoode and quoke,
Her child beholding mid of her peines smart,
Without abode the sharpè sword she tooke,
And rove herselfè even to the hearte;
Her child fell down, which mightè not astert,
Having no help to succour him nor save,
But in her blood theselfe began to bathe.

SCOTTISH POETRY.

The origin of the Lowland Scottish language has been a fruitful subject of controversy. Like the English, it is of Gothic materials; and, at a certain distance of time from the Norman conquest, is found to contain, as well as its sister dialect of the South, a considerable mixture of French. According to one theory, those Gothic elements of Scotch existed in the Lowlands, anterior to the Anglo-Saxon settlements in England, among the Picts, a Scandinavian race: the subsequent mixture of French words arose from the French connexions of Scotland, and the settlement of Normans among her people; and thus, by the Pictish and Saxon dialects meeting, and an infusion of French being afterwards superadded, the Scottish language arose, independent of modern English, though necessarily similar, from the similarity of its materials. According to another theory, the Picts were not Goths, but Cambro-British, a Celtic race, like the Western Scots who subdued and blended with the Picts, under Kenneth Mac Alpine. Of the same Celtic race were also the Britons of Strathclyde, and the antient people of Galloway. In Galloway, though the Saxons overran that peninsula, they are affirmed to have left but little of their blood,

and little of their language. In the ninth century, Galloway was new peopled by the Irish Cruithne, and at the end of the eleventh century was universally inhabited by a Gaelic people. At this latter period, the common language of all Scotland, with the exception of Lothian, and a corner of Caithness, was the Gaelic; and in the twelfth century commenced the progress of the English language into Scotland Proper[1]: so that Scotch is only migrated English.

In support of the opposite system, an assertor, better known than trusted, namely Pinkerton, has maintained, that "there is not a shadow of proof, that the "Gaelic language was ever at all spoken in the Low-"lands of Scotland." Yet the author of Caledonia has given not mere shadows of proof, but very strong grounds for concluding that, in the first place, to the north of the Forth and Clyde, with the exception of Scandinavian settlements admitted to have been made in Orkney, Caithness, a stripe of Sutherland, and partially in the Hebrides, a Gothic dialect was unknown in antient Scotland. Amidst the arguments to this effect deduced from the topography of (the supposed Gothic) Pictland, in which, Mr. Chalmers affirms, that not a Saxon name is to be found older than the twelfth century; and amidst the evidences accumu-

[1] Lothian, now containing the Scottish metropolis, was, after several fluctuations of possession, annexed to the territory of Scotland in 1020; but even in the time of David I. is spoken of not as a part of Scotland. David addresses his faithful subjects of all Scotland, and of Lothian.

lated from the laws, religion, antiquities, and manners of North Britain, one recorded fact appears sufficiently striking. When the assembled clergy of Scotland met Malcolm Caenmore and Queen Margaret, the Saxon princess was unable to understand their language. Her husband, who had learnt English, was obliged to be their interpreter. All the clergy of Pictland, we are told, were at that time Irish; but among a people with a Gaelic king, and a Gaelic clergy, is it conceivable that the Gaelic language should not have been commonly spoken?

With regard to Galloway, or south-western Scotland, the paucity of Saxon names in that peninsula (keeping apart pure or modern English ones) are pronounced by Mr. G. Chalmers, to shew the establishments of the Saxons to have been few and temporary, and their language to have been thinly scattered, in comparison with the Celtic. As we turn to the south-east of Scotland, it is inferred from topography, that the Saxons of Lothian never permanently settled to the westward of the Avon; while the numerous Celtic names which reach as far as the Tweed, evince that the Gaelic language not only prevailed in Proper Scotland, but overflowed her boundaries, and like her arms, made inroads on the Saxon soil.

Mr. Ellis, in discussing this subject, seems to have been startled by the difficulty of supposing the language of England to have superseded the native Gaelic in Scotland, solely in consequence of Saxon

migrations to the north, in the reign of Malcolm Caenmore. Malcolm undoubtedly married a Saxon princess, who brought to Scotland her relations and domestics. Many Saxons also fled into Scotland from the violences of the Norman conquest. Malcolm gave them an asylum, and during his incursions into Cumberland and Northumberland, carried off so many young captives, that English persons were to be seen in every house and village of his dominions, in the reign of David I. But, on the death of Malcolm, the Saxon followers, both of Edgar Atheling and Margaret, were driven away by the enmity of the Gaelic people. Those expelled Saxons must have been the gentry, while the captives, since they were seen in a subsequent age, must have been retained, as being servile, or vileyns. The fact of the expulsion of Margaret and Edgar Atheling's followers, is recorded in the Saxon Chronicle. It speaks pretty clearly for the general Gaelicism of the Scotch at that period; and it also prepares us for what is afterwards so fully illustrated by the author of Caledonia, viz. that it was the new dynasty of Scottish kings, after Malcolm Caenmore, that gave a more diffusive course to the peopling of proper Scotland, by Saxon, by Anglo-Norman, and by Flemish colonists. In the successive charters of Edgar, Alexander, and David I. we scarcely see any other witnesses than Saxons, who enjoyed under those monarchs all power, and acquired vast possessions in every district of Scotland, settling with their followers in entire hamlets.

If this English origin of Scotch be correct, it sufficiently accounts for the Scottish poets, in the fifteenth century, speaking of Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, as their masters and models of style, and extolling them as the improvers of a language to which they prefix the word "our," as if it belonged in common to Scots and English, and even sometimes denominating their own language English.

Yet, in whatever light we are to regard Lowland Scotch, whether merely as northern English, or as having a mingled Gothic origin from the Pictish and Anglo-Saxon, its claims to poetical antiquity are respectable. The extreme antiquity of the elegy on Alexander III. on which Mr. Ellis rests so much importance, is indeed disputed; but Sir Tristram exhibits an original romance, composed on the north of the Tweed, at a time when there is no proof that southern English contained any work of that species of fiction, that was not translated from the French. In the fourteenth century, Barbour celebrated the greatest royal hero of his country (Bruce), in a versified romance, that is not uninteresting. The next age is prolific in the names of distinguished Scottish "*Makers*." Henry the minstrel, said to have been blind from his birth, rehearsed the exploits of Wallace in strains of fierce though vulgar fire. James I. of Scotland; Henrysoun, the author of Robene and Makyne, the first known pastoral, and one of the best, in a dialect rich with the favours of the pastoral muse; Douglas, the translator of Virgil; Dunbar,

Mersar, and others, gave a poetical lustre to Scotland, in the fifteenth century, and fill up a space in the annals of British poetry, after the date of Chaucer and Lydgate, that is otherwise nearly barren. James the first had an elegant and tender vein, and the ludicrous pieces ascribed to him possess considerable comic humour. Douglas's descriptions of natural scenery are extolled by T. Warton, who has given ample and interpreted specimens of them, in his History of English Poetry. He was certainly a fond painter of nature; but his imagery is redundant and tediously profuse. His chief original work is the elaborate and quaint allegory of King Hart[1]. It is full of alliteration, a trick which the Scottish poets might have learnt to avoid from the "rose of rhetours" (as they call him) Chaucer; but in which they rival the anapæstics of Langland.

Dunbar is a poet of a higher order. His tale of the Friars of Berwick is quite in the spirit of Chaucer. His Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins through Hell, though it would be absurd to compare it with the beauty and refinement of the celebrated Ode on the Passions, has yet an animated picturesqueness not unlike that of Collins. The effect of both pieces shows how much more potent allegorical figures become, by being made to fleet suddenly before the

[1] In which the human heart is personified as a Sovereign in his castle, guarded by the five Senses, made captive by Dame Pleasaunce, a neighbouring potentate, but finally brought back from thraldom by Age and Experience.

imagination, than by being detained in its view by prolonged description. Dunbar conjures up the personified Sins, as Collins does the Passions, to rise, to strike, and disappear. They "come like shadows, so depart."

In the works of those northern makers of the fifteenth century [1], there is a gay spirit, and an indication of jovial manners, which forms a contrast to the covenanting national character of subsequent times. The frequent coarseness of this poetical gaiety, it would indeed be more easy than agreeable to prove by quotations; and, if we could forget how very gross the humour of Chaucer sometimes is, we might, on a general comparison of the Scotch with the English poets, extol the comparative delicacy of English taste; for Skelton himself, though more burlesque than Sir David Lyndsay in style, is less outrageously indecorous in matter. At a period when James IV. was breaking lances in the lists of chivalry, and when the court, and court poets of Scotland, might be supposed to have possessed ideas of decency, if not of refinement, Dunbar at that period addresses the queen, on the occasion of having danced in her majesty's chamber, with jokes which a beggar wench of the present day would probably consider as an offence to her delicacy.

Sir David Lyndsay was a courtier, a foreign am-

[1] The writings of some of those Scottish poets belong to the sixteenth century; but from the date of their births they are placed under the fifteenth.

bassador, and the intimate companion of a prince; for he attended James V. from the first to the last day of that monarch's life. From his rank in society, we might suppose, that he had purposely laid aside the style of a gentleman, and clothed the satirical moralities, which he levelled against popery, in language suited to the taste of the vulgar; if it were easy to conceive the taste of the vulgar to have been, at that period, grosser than that of their superiors. Yet while Lyndsay's satire, in tearing up the depravities of a corrupted church, seems to be polluted with the scandal on which it preys, it is impossible to peruse his writings without confessing the importance of his character to the country in which he lived, and to the cause which he was born to serve. In his tale of Squire Meldrum we lose sight of the reformer. It is a little romance, very amusing as a draught of Scottish chivalrous manners, apparently drawn from the life, and blending a sportive and familiar, with an heroic and amatory interest. Nor is its broad, careless diction, perhaps, an unfavourable relief to the romantic spirit of the adventures which it portrays.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

James I. of Scotland was born in the year 1393, and became heir apparent to the Scottish crown by the death of his brother, Prince David. Taken prisoner at sea by the English, at ten years of age, he received some compensation for his cruel detention by an excellent education. It appears that he accompanied Henry V. into France, and there distinguished himself by his skill and bravery. On his return to his native country he endeavoured, during too short a reign, to strengthen the rights of the crown and people against a tyrannical aristocracy. He was the first who convoked commissioners from the shires, in place of the numerous lesser barons, and he endeavoured to create a house of commons in Scotland, by separating the representatives of the people from the peers; but his nobility foresaw the effects of his scheme, and too successfully resisted it. After clearing the lowlands of Scotland from feudal oppression, he visited the highlands, and crushed several refractory chieftains. Some instances of his justice are recorded, which rather resemble the cruelty of the times in which he lived, than his own personal character; but in such times justice herself wears a horrible aspect. One Mac-

donald, a petty chieftain of the north, displeased with a widow on his estate for threatening to appeal to the king, had ordered her feet to be shod with iron plates nailed to the soles; and then insultingly told her that she was thus armed against the rough roads. The widow, however, found means to send her story to James, who seized the savage, with twelve of his associates, whom he shod with iron, in a similar manner, and having exposed them for several days in Edinburgh, gave them over to the executioner.

While a prisoner in Windsor Castle, James had seen and admired the beautiful Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset. Few royal attachments have been so romantic and so happy. His poem entitled the Quair [1], in which he pathetically laments his captivity, was devoted to the celebration of this lady; whom he obtained at last in marriage, together with his liberty, as Henry conceived that his union with the grandaughter of the Duke of Lancaster might bind the Scottish monarch to the interests of England.

James perished by assassination, in the 44th year of his age, leaving behind him the example of a patriot king, and of a man of genius universally accomplished.

[1] Quair is the old Scotch word for a book.

THE KING THUS DESCRIBES THE APPEARANCE OF HIS MISTRESS, WHEN HE FIRST SAW HER FROM A WINDOW OF HIS PRISON AT WINDSOR.

FROM CANTO II. OF THE QUAIR.

X.

THE longè dayès and the nightès eke,
I would bewail my fortune in this wise,
For which, again [1] distress comfort to seek,
My custom was, on mornès, for to rise
Early as day: O happy exercise!
By thee come I to joy out of tormènt;
But now to purpose of my first intent.

XI.

Bewailing in my chamber, thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy,
For-tired of my thought, and woe begone;
And to the window gan I walk in hye [2],
To see the world and folk that went forby;
As for the time (though I of mirthis food
Might have no more) to look it did me good.

XII.

Now was there made fast by the touris wall
A garden fair; and in the corners set
An herbere [3] green; with wandis long and small

[1] Against. [2] Haste. [3] Herbary, or garden of simples.

Railed about and so with trees set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That life was none (a) walking there forby
That might within scarce any wight espy.

XIV.

And on the smallè greenè twistis sat
The little sweetè nightingale, and sung,
So loud and clear the hymnis consecrate
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among [1],
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song; and on the couple next
Of their sweet harmony, and lo the text.

XV.

Worshippe, O ye that lovers bene, this may!
For of your bliss the calends are begun:
And sing with us, "away! winter away!
Come summer come, the sweet seasòn and sun;
Awake for shame that have your heavens won;
And amorously lift up your headès all
Thank love that list you to his mercy call."
*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *
And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
Whereas I saw walking under the tower,
Full secretly new comyn to her pleyne [2],
The fairest and the frest youngè flower
That ever I saw (methought) before that hour:

[1] Promiscuously. [2] Sport.

For which sudden abate [1] anon astert [2]
The blood of all my body to my heart.

* * * * * * * *

XVII.

Of her array the form gif [3] I shall write,
Toward her golden hair, and rich attire,
In fret wise couched with pearlis white,
And greatè balas [4] lemyng [5] as the fire;
With many an emerant and faire sapphire,
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumys parted red and white and blue.

XXIX.

About her neck, white as the fyr amaille [6],
A goodly chain of small orfevyrie [7],
Whereby there hang a ruby without fail
Like to a heart yshapen verily,
That as a spark of lowe [8] so wantonly
Seemèd burnyng upon her whitè throat;
Now gif there was good parly God it wote.

XXX.

And for to walk that freshè mayè's morrow,
An hook she had upon her tissue white,
That goodlier had not been seen toforrow [9],

[1] An unexpected accident. [2] Started back. [3] If. [4] Rubies. [5] Burning. [6] Mr. Ellis conjectures that this is an error, for *fair email*, i. e. enamel. [7] Goldsmith's work. [8] Fire. [9] Hereto-

As I suppose, and girt she was a lyte[1]
Thus halfling[2] loose for haste; to such delight
It was to see her youth in goodlihead,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.

XXXI.

In her was youth, beauty with humble port,
Bounty, richess, and womanly feature:
(God better wote than my pen can report)
Wisdom largèss, estate and cunning sure,
In word in deed, in shape and countenance,
That nature might no more her childe avance.



ROBERT HENRYSON.

1425—1495.

Nothing is known of the life of Henryson, but that he was a schoolmaster at Dumferling. Lord Hailes supposes his office to have been preceptor of youth in the Benedictine convent of that place. Besides a continuation of Chaucer's Troilus and Cresseide, he wrote a number of fables, of which MS. copies are preserved in the Scotch Advocates Library.

[1] A little. [2] Half.

ROBENE AND MAKYNE,

A BALLAD.

I.

ROBENE sat on gud grene hill[1],
Keipand a flok of fie[2]:
Mirry Makyne said him till[3],
Robene thou rew on me[4]:
I haif thè luvit, lowd and still[5],
This yieris two or thrè[6];
My dule in dern bot gif thou dill[7],
Doubtless bot dreid I die[8].

II.

He. Robene answerit, be the rude[1],
Nathing of lufe I knaw[2];
Bot keipis my scheip undir yone wud[3],
Lo quhair they raik on raw[4].

I. [1] Robene sat on a good green hill.—[2] Keeping a flock of cattle.—[3] Merry Makyne said to him.—[4] Robene, take pity on me.—[5] I have loved thee openly and secretly.—[6] These years two or three.—[7] My sorrow, in secret, unless thou share.—[8] Undoubtedly I shall die.

II. [1] Robene answered, by the rood.—[2] Nothing of love I know.—[3] But keep my sheep under yon wood.—[4] Lo where they range in a row.

Quhat has marrit thè in thy mude[5],
Makyne to me thow schaw[6]?
Or what is luve, or to be lu'ed[7],
Fain wald I leir that law[8].

III.

She. At luvis leir gif thow will leir[1],
Take thair an A, B, C[2],
Be kind, courtas, and fair of feir[3],
Wyse, hardy, and frè[4].
Sè that no danger do thè deir[5],
Quhat dule in dern thow drie[6],
Preiss thè with pane at all poweir[7],
Be patient, and previe[8].

IV.

He. Robene answerit her agane[1],
I wait not quhat is luve[2],
But I haif marvell, in certaine[3],
Quhat makis thè this wanrufe[4].

5 What has marred thee in thy mood.—6 Makyne, show thou to me.—7 Or what is love or to be loved.—8 Fain would I learn that law (of love).

III. 1 At the lore of love if thou wilt learn.—2 Take there an A, B, C.—3 Be kind, courteous, and fair of aspect or feature.—4 Wise, hardy, and free.—5 See that no danger daunt thee.—6 Whatever sorrow in secret thou sufferest.—7 Exert thyself with pains to thy utmost power.—8 Be patient and privy.

IV. 1 Robene answered her again.—2 I wot not what is love.—3 But I (have) wonder, certainly.—4 What makes thee thus melancholy.

The weddir is fair, and I am fane[5],
My scheip gois haill aboif[6],
An we wald play us in this plane[7]
They wald us baith reproif[8].

V.

She. Robene take tent unto my tale[1],
And wirk all as I reid[2],
And thow sall haif my hairt all haile[3]
Eik and my maidenheid.
Sen God sendis bute for baill[4],
And for murning remeid[5],
I dern with thè, but gif I daill[6],
Doubtless I am bot deid[7].

VI.

He. Makyne, to morne this ilka tyde[1],
And ye will meit me heir[2];
Peradventure my scheip may gang besyde[3],
Quhill we haif liggit full neir[4],

[5] The weather is fair, and I am glad.—[6] My sheep go healthful above (or in the uplands).—[7] If we should play in this plain.—[8] They would reprove us both.

V. [1] Robene, take heed unto my tale.—[2] And do all as I advise.—[3] And thou shalt have my heart entirely.—[4] Since God sends good for evil.—[5] And for mourning consolation.—[6] I am now in secret with thee, but if I separate.—[7] Doubtless I shall die (broken hearted).

VI. [1] Makyne, to-morrow this very time.—[2] If ye will meet me here.—[3] Perhaps my sheep may go aside.—[4] Until we have lain

Bot maugre haif I, an' I byde,
Fra they begin to steir,
Quhat lyis on hairt I will nocht hyd,
Makyne then mak gud cheir.

VII.

She. Robene thou reivis me roif* and rest[1],
I luve but thè allone[2],
He. Makyne adew! the sone gois west[3],
The day is neirhand gone[4].
She. Robene, in dule I am so drest[5],
That luve will be my bone[6].
He. Ga luve, Makyne, quhair evir thou list[7],
For leman I lue none[8].

VIII.

She. Robene, I stand in sic a style[1],
I sicht, and that full sair[2].
He. Makyne, I haif bene heir this quhile[3],
At hame God gif I wair[4].

VII. [1] Robene, thou robbest my quiet and rest.—[2] I love but thee alone.—[3] Makyne, adieu, the sun goes west.—[4] The day is nearly gone.—[5] Robene, in sorrow I am so beset.—[6] That love will be my bane.—[7] Go love, Makyne, where thou wilt.—[8] For sweetheart I love none.

VIII. [1] Robene, I am in such a state.—[2] I sigh, and that full sore.—[3] Makyne, I have been here some time.—[4] At home God grant I were.

* Pinkerton absurdly makes this word *roiss*; it is *roif* in the Bannatyne MS.

She. My hinny Robene, talk ane quhyle[5];
Gif thou wilt do na mair[6].
He. Makyne, sum uther man begyle[7];
For hamewart I will fair[8].

IX.

Robene on his wayis went[1],
As licht as leif of trè[2]:
Makyne murnit in her intent[3],
And trow'd him nevir to sè[4].
Robene brayd attour the bent[5],
Than Makyne cryit on hie[6],
Now ma thow sing, for I am schent[7],
Quhat alis lufe with me[8].

X.

Makyne went hame withouttin faill[1],
Full werry aftir couth weip[2],
Than Robene in a full fair daill,*
Assemblit all his scheip.

5 My sweet Robene, talk a while.—6 If thou wilt do no more.—7 Makyne, some other man beguile.—8 For homeward I will fare.

IX. 1 Robene on his way went.—2 As light as leaf of tree.—3 Makyne mourned in her thoughts.—4 And thought him never to see.—5 Robene went over the hill.—6 Then Makyne cryed on high.—7 Now you may sing, I am destroyed.—8 What ails, love, with me?

X. 1 Makyne went home without fail.—2 Full† after she would weep.

* The lines "Than Robene in a full fair daill," may either mean that he assembled his sheep in a fair full number, or in a fair piece of low ground; the former is the most probable meaning.

† The word *werry* I am unable to explain.

Be that sum parte of Makyne's ail[3],
Ourthrow his hairt cowd creip[4],
He followit hir fast thair till assaill[5],
And till hir tuke gude keep[6].

XI.

He. Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne[1],
A word for ony thing[2];
For all my luve it shall be thine[3],
Withouttin departing[4].
All thy hairt for till have myne[5],
Is all my cuvating[6],
My scheip, to morne, quhyle houris nyne[7]
Will need of no kepin'g[8].

XII.

For of my pane thow made it play[1],
And all in vain I spend,*
As thow hes done, sa sall I say[2],
Murne on, I think to mend[3].

[3] By that (time) some of Makyne's sorrow.—[4] Crept through his heart.—[5] He followed fast to lay hold of her.—[6] And held good watch of her.

XI. [1] Abide, abide, thou fair Makyne.—[2] A word for any thing's (sake).—[3] For all my love shall be thine.—[4] Without departing.—[5] To have thy heart all mine.—[6] Is all that I covet.—[7] My sheep, to-morrow, till nine.—[8] Will need no keeping.

XII. [1] For you made game of my pain.—[2] I shall say like you.—[3] Mourn on, I think to do better (than be in love).

* *Spend,* if it be not a corruption of the text, is apparently the imperfect of a verb; but I cannot find in any glossary, or even in Dr. Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, the verb to which it may be traced so as to make sense. I suppose the meaning is "there was a time when I vainly made love to thee."

XV.

He. Makyne the howp of all my heill[1],
My hairt on thè is sett[2];
And evir mair to thè be leill[3],
Quhile I may leif, but lett[4].
Never to faill, as utheris faill[5],
Quhat grace that evir I get[6].
She. Robene, with thè I will not deill[7],
Adew! for thus we mett[8].

XVI.

Makyne went hame blythe aneuche[1],
Attoure the holtis hair[2];
Robene murnit, and Makyne leuch[3],
Scho sang, he sichit sair[4].
And so left him baith wo and wreuch[5],
In dolour and in cair[6],
Kepand his hird under a heuch[7],
Amang the holtis hair[8].

XV. [1] Makyne, the hope of all my health.—[2] My heart is on thee set.—[3] And (I) shall ever more be true to thee.—[4] While I may live, without ceasing.—[5] Never to fail as others fail.—[6] Whatever favour I obtain.—[7] Robene, with thee I will not deal.—[8] Adieu! for thus we met.

XVI. [1] Makyne went home blythe enough.—[2] Over the hoary woodlands*.—[3] Robene mourned, and Makyne laughed.—[4] She sang, he sighed sore.—[5] And so left him woeful and overcome.—[6] In dolour and care.—[7] Keeping his herd under a cliff.—[8] Among the hoary hillocks†.

* *Vide* Jamieson's Dictionary, *voc. hair.*

† The words *holtis hair* have been differently explained.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

1465—1520.

The little that is known of Dunbar has been gleaned from the complaints in his own poetry, and from the abuse of his contemporary Kennedy, which is chiefly directed against his poverty. From the colophon of one of his poems, dated at Oxford, it has been suggested, as a conjecture, that he studied at that university. By his own account he travelled through France and England as a noviciate of the Franciscan order; and, in that capacity, confesses that he was guilty of sins, probably professional frauds, from the stain of which the holy water could not cleanse him. On his return to Scotland he commemorated the nuptials of James IV. with Margaret Tudor, in his poem of the Thistle and Rose, but we find that James turned a deaf ear to his remonstrances for a benefice, and that the queen exerted her influence in his behalf ineffectually. Yet, from the verses on his dancing in the queen's chamber, it appears that he was received at court on familiar terms.

THE DAUNCE OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS THROUGH HELL.

I.

OF Februar the fiftene nycht[1],
Richt lang befoir the dayis licht[2],
I lay intill[3] a trance;
And then I saw baith[4] Hevin and Hell;
Methocht amang the fiendis[5] fell,
Mahoun gart cry ane dance[6].
Of shrewis that were never shrevin[7],
Against the feast of Fasternis evin[8],
To mak their observànce[9]:
He bad gallands ga graith a gyis[10],
And cast up gamountis in the skies[11],
The last came out of France.

II.

Let's see, quoth he, now quha begins[1],
With that the fowll sevin deidly sins[2],

I. [1] The fifteenth night.—[2] Before the day light.—[3] I lay in a trance.—[4] And then I saw both heaven and hell.—[5] Methought among the fell fiends.—[6] The devil made proclaim a dance.—[7] Of sinners that were never shriven.—[8] Against the feast of Fastern's even.—[9] To make their observance.—[10] He bade (his) gallants go prepare a masque.—[11] And cast up dances in the skies.

II. [1] Let's see, quoth he, now who begins.—[2] With that the foul seven deadly sins.

Begowth to leip at anis[3].
And first of all in dance was Pryd,
With hair wyl'd bak, bonet on side[4],
Like to mak vaistie wainis[5];
And round about him, as a quheill[6],
Hang all in rumpilis to the heill[7],
His kethat for the nanis[8].
Mony proud trompour with him trippit[9],
Throw skaldan fyre ay as they skippit[10],
They girnd with hyddous granis[11].

III.

Heillie harlottis in hawtane wyis[1],
Come in with mony sindrie gyis[2],
Bot yet leuch never Mahòun[3],
Quhill priestis cum with bair schevin nekks[4],
Then all the feynds lewche and made gekks[5],
Black-Belly and Bawsy-Brown[6].

IV.

Then Ire cam in with sturt and strife[1],
His hand was ay upon his knyfe,

3 Began to leap at once.—4 With hair combed back (and) bonnet to one side.—5 Likely to make wasteful wants.—6 Like a wheel.—7 Hung all in rumples to the heel.—8 His cassock for the nonce.—9 Many a proud impostor with him tripped.—10 Through scalding fire as they skipt.—11 They grinned with hideous groans.

III. 1 Holy harlots in haughty guise.—2 Came in with many sundry masks.—3 But yet Satan never laughed.—4 While priests came with their bare shaven necks.—5 Then all the fiends laughed and made signs of derision.—6 Names of fiends.

IV. 1 Then Ire came with trouble and strife.

He brandeist lyk a beir;
Bostaris, braggaris, and burganeris[2],
After him passit into pairis[3],
All bodin in feir of weir[4].
In jakkis stryppis and bonnettis of steil[5],
Thair leggis were chenyiet to the heill[6],
Frawart was thair affeir[7].
Sum upon uder with brands beft[8],
Some jaggit uthers to the heft[9]
With knyves that scherp coud scheir[10].

V.

Next in the dance followit Invy[1],
Fild full of feid and fellony[2],
Hid malice and dispyte,
For privy haterit that tratour trymlet[3];
Him followit mony freik dissymlit[4],
With fenyiet wordis quhyte[5].
And flattereris into menis faces[6],
And backbyteris of sundry races[7]

[2] Boasters, braggarts, and bullies.—[3] After him passed in pairs.—[4] All arrayed in feature of war.—[5] In coats of armour and bonnets of steel.—[6] Their legs were chained to the heel.—*(Probably it means covered with iron net-work.)*.—[7] Froward was their aspect.—[8] Some struck upon others with brands.—[9] Some stuck others to the hilt.—[10] With knives that sharply could mangle.

V. [1] Followed Envy.—[2] Filled full of quarrel and felony.—[3] For privy hatred that traitor trembled.—[4] Him followed many a dissembling renegado.—[5] With feigned words fair or white—[6] And flatterers to men's faces.—[7] And backbiters of sundry races.

To ley that had delyte[8],
With rownaris of false lesingis[9];
Allace, that courtis of noble kingis[10]
Of thame can nevir be quyte[11].

VI.

Next him in dance cam Cuvatyce[1],
Rute of all evill and grund of vyce[2],
That nevir cowd be content,
Catyvis, wrechis, and ockeraris[3],
Hud-pykis, hurdars, and gadderaris[4],
All with that warlo went[5].
Out of thair throttis they shot on udder[6]
Het moltin gold, methocht, a fudder[7],
As fyre flaucht maist fervènt[8];
Ay as they tumit thame of schot[9],
Feynds fild them well up to the thrott
With gold of all kind prent[10].

VII.

Syne Sweirness at the second bidding[1]
Com lyk a sow out of a midding[2],

[8] To lie that had delight.—[9] With spreaders of false lies.—[10] Alas that courts of noble kings.—[11] Of them can never be rid.

VI. [1] Covetousness.—[2] Root of all evil and ground of vice.—[3] Catives, wretches, and usurers.—[4] Misers, hoarders, and gatherers.—[5] All with that worldling went.—[6] Out of their throats they shot on (each) other.—[7] Hot molten gold, methought, a vast quantity.—[8] Like fire flakes most fervid.—[9] Ay as they emptied themselves of shot.—[10] With gold of all kind of coin.

VII. [1] Then Sloth at a second bidding.—[2] Came like a sow from a dunghill.

Full slepy wes his grunyie[3].
Mony sweir bumbard belly-huddroun[4],
Mony slute daw and slepy duddroun[5],
Him servit ay with sounyie[6].
He drew thame furth intill a chenyie[7],
And Belial with a brydill rennyie[8],
Ever lascht thame on the lunyie[9].
In dance they war so slaw of feit[10]
They gaif them in the fyre a heit[11],
And maid theme quicker of counyie[12].

VIII.

Than Lichery, that lathly corss[1],
Berand lyk a bagit horse[2],
And Idleness did him leid[3]
Thair wes with him an ugly sort[4]
And mony stinkand fowll tramòrt,
That had in sin bene deid[5].
Quhen they wer enterit in the daunce[6],
Thay wer full strange of countenance,
Lyk Turkas burnand reid[7].

* * * * * * * *

[3] Full sleepy was his grunt.—[4] Many a lazy glutton.—[5] Many a drowsy sleepy sluggard.—[6] Him served with care.—[7] He drew them forth in a chain.—[8] And Belial with a bridle rein.—[9] Ever lashed them on the back.—[10] In dance they were so slow of feet.—[11] They gave them in the fire a heat.—[12] And made them quicker of apprehension.

VIII. [1] Then Lechery, that loathsome body.—[2] Rearing like a stallion.—[3] And Idleness did him lead.—[4] There was with him an ugly sort.—[5] That had been dead in sin.—[6] When they were entered in the dance —[7] Like pincers burning red.

IX.

Than the fowll monstir Glutteny,
Of wame unsasiable and gredy [1],
To dance syn did him dress [2];
Him followit mony a fowll drunckhàrt [3]
With can and collep, cop and quart [4],
In surfeit and excess.
Full mony a waistless wally drag [5]
With waimis unwieldable did furth drag [6],
In creisch that did incress [7];
Drynk, ay they cryit, with mony a gaip,
The feynds gaif thame het leid to laip [8],
Their lovery wes na less [9].

X.

Na menstrals playit to thame but dowt [1],
For glémen thair wer haldin out [2],
By day and eke by nicht [3],
Except a menstrall that slew a man [4];
Sa till his heretage he wan [5]
And enterit by brief of richt [6].

IX. [1] Of womb insatiable and greedy.—[2] To dance then addressed himself.—[3] Him followed many a foul drunkard.—[4] Different names of drinking vessels.—[5] Full many a wasteless sot.—[6] With bellies unwieldable did drag forth.—[7] In grease that did increase.—[8] The fiends gave them hot lead to lap.—[9] Their love of drinking was not the less.

X. [1] No minstrels without doubt.—[2] For gleemen there were kept out.—[3] By day and by night.—[4] Except a minstrel that slew a man.—[5] So till he won his inheritance.—[6] And entered by letter of right.

XII.

Than cryd Mahoun for a heleand padyane[1],
Syn ran a feynd to fetch Mac Fadyane[2],
Far northwart in a nuke[3],
Be he the Correnoth had done schout[4],
Ersche-men so gadderit him about[5]
In hell grit rume they tuke:
Thae termegantis, with tag and tatter,
Full lowd in Ersche begowd to clatter,
And rowp like revin and ruke[6].
The devil sa devit was with thair yell[7],
That in the depest pot of hell
He smurit thame with smuke[8].

XII. [1] Then cried Satan for a highland pageant.—[2] The name of some highland laird.—[3] Far northward in a nook.—[4] By the time that he had raised the Correnoth or cry of help.—[5] Highlanders so gathered about him.—[6] And croaked like ravens and rooks.—[7] The devil was so deafened with their yell.—[8] He smothered them with smoke.

SIR DAVID LYNDSAY.

BORN 1490.

David Lyndsay, according to the conjecture of his latest editor[1], was born in 1490. He was educated at St. Andrew's, and leaving that university, probably about the age of nineteen, became the page and companion of James V., during the prince's childhood, not his tutor, as has been sometimes inaccurately stated. When the young king burst from the faction which had oppressed himself and his people, Lyndsay published his Dream, a poem on the miseries which Scotland had suffered during the minority. In 1530, the king appointed him Lyon at Arms, and a grant of knighthood, as usual, accompanied the office. In that capacity he went several times abroad, and was one of those who were sent to demand a princess of the imperial line for the Scottish sovereign. James having however changed his mind to a connexion with France, and having at length fixed his choice on the Princess Magdelene, Lyndsay was sent to attend upon her to Scotland; but her death happening, six weeks after her arrival, occasioned another poem from our author, entitled

[1] Mr. G. Chalmers.

the "Deploracion." On the arrival of Mary of Guise, to supply her place, he superintended the ceremony of her triumphant entry into Edinburgh; and, blending the fancy of a poet with the godliness of a reformer, he so constructed the pageant, that a lady like an angel, who came out of an artificial cloud, exhorted her majesty to serve God, obey her husband, and keep her body pure, according to God's commandments.

On the 14th of December 1542, Lyndsay witnessed the decease of James V., at his palace of Falkland, after a connexion between them, which had subsisted since the earliest days of the prince. If the death of James (as some of his biographers have asserted) occasioned our poet's banishment from court, it is certain that his retirement was not of long continuance; since he was sent, in 1543, by the Regent of Scotland, as Lyon King, to the Emperor of Germany. Before this period, the principles of the reformed religion had begun to take a general root in the minds of his countrymen; and Lyndsay, who had already written a drama in the style of the old moralities, with a view to ridicule the corruptions of the Popish clergy, returned from the continent to devote his pen and his personal influence to the cause of the new faith. In the parliaments which met at Edinburgh and Linlithgow, in 1544—45 and 46, he represented the county of Coupar in Fife; and in 1547, he is recorded among

the champions of the reformation, who counselled the ordination of John Knox.

The death of Cardinal Beaton drew from him a poem on the subject, entitled, a Tragedy, (the term tragedy was not then confined to the drama) in which he has been charged with drawing together all the worst things that could be said of the murdered prelate. It is incumbent, however, on those who blame him for so doing, to prove that those worst things were not atrocious. Beaton's principal failing was a disposition to burn with fire those who opposed his ambition, or who differed from his creed; and, if Lyndsay was malignant in exposing one tyrant, what a libeller must Tacitus be accounted?

His last embassy was to Denmark, in order to negotiate for a free trade with Scotland, and to solicit ships to protect the Scottish coasts against the English. It was not till after returning from this business that he published Squyre Meldrum, the last, and the liveliest of his works. The time of his death is uncertain.

DESCRIPTION OF SQUYRE MELDRUM.

He was bot[1] twintie yeiris[2] of age,
Quhen[3] he began his vassalage:
Proportionat weill, of mid statùre:
Feirie[4] and wicht[5] and micht endure
Ovirset[6] with travell both nicht and day,
Richt hardie baith in ernist and play:
Blyith in countenance, richt fair of face,
And stude[7] weill ay in his ladies grace:
For he was wondir amiabill,
And in all deidis honourabill;
And ay his honour did advance,
In Ingland first and syne[8] in France;
And thare his manheid did assail
Under the kingis greit admirall,
Quhen the greit navy of Scotland
Passit to the sea againis Ingland.

His Gallantry to an Irish Damsel.

And as thay passit be Ireland coist[9]
The admirall gart land his oist[10];
And set Craigfergus into fyre,
And saifit nouther barne nor byre[11]:

[1] But.—[2] Years.—[3] When.—[4] Courageous.—[5] Active.—[6] Could endure excessive fatigue.—[7] Stood.—[8] Then.—[9] Coast.—[10] Host, army.—[11] Cowhouse.

It was greit pitie for to heir[1],
Of the pepill[2] the bail-full cheir;
And how the landfolk were spulyeit[3],
Fair women under fute were fuilyeit[4].

But this young Squyer bauld and wicht
Savit all women quhair[5] he micht;
All priestis and freyeris he did save;
Till at the last he did persave[6]
Behind ane gardin amiabill[7],
Ane woman's voce[8] richt lamentabill;
And on that voce he followit fast,
Till he did see her at the last,
Spuilyeit[9], nakit[10] as scho[11] was born;
Twa men of weir[12] were hir beforne[13],
Quhilk[14] were richt cruel men and kene,
Partand[15] the spuilyie thame between.
Ane fairer woman nor sho wes[16]
He had not sene in onie[17] place.
Befoir[18] him on hir kneis scho fell,
Sayand, "for him that heryeit[19] hell,
Help me sweit sir, I am ane maid;"
Than softlie to the men he said,
I pray yow give againe hir sark[20],
And tak to yow all uther wark.

[1] Hear.—[2] People.—[3] Spoilt.—[4] Abused.—[5] Where.—[6] Perceive.—[7] Beautiful.—[8] Voice.—[9] Spoiled.—[10] Naked.—[11] She.—[12] War.—[13] Before.—[14] Who.—[15] Parting.—[16] Than she was.—[17] Any.—[18] Before.—[19] Means for him, viz. Christ, who conquered or plundered hell.—[20] Shift.

Hir kirtill was of scarlot reid[1],
Of gold ane garland of hir heid,
Decorit[2] with enameyline:
Belt and brochis of silver fyne.
Of yellow taftais[3] wes hir sark,
Begaryit all with browderit wark,
Richt craftilie with gold and silk.
Than, said the ladie, quhyte[4] as milk,
Except my sark nothing I crave,
Let thame go hence with all the lave.
Quod they to hir be Janet Fillane
Of this ye get nathing agane.
Than, said the squyer courteslie,
Gude friendis I pray you hartfullie,
Gif ye be worthie men of weir,
Restoir[5] to hir agane hir geir;
Or be greit God that all has wrocht[6],
That spuilyie sall be full dere bocht[7].
Quod[8] they to him we thé defy,
And drew their swordis haistily,
And straik at him with sa greit ire,
That from his harness flew the fyre:
With duntis[9] sa derfly[10] on him dang[11],
That he was never in sic ane thrang[12]:
Bot he him manfullie defendit,
And with ane bolt on thame he bendit.

[1] Red.—[2] Adorned.—[3] Mr. Chalmers omits explaining this word in his glossary to Lyndsay.—[4] White.—[5] Restore.—[6] Wrought.—[7] Bought.—[8] Quoth.—[9] Strokes.—[10] Strongly.—[11] Drove.—[12] Throng, trouble.

* * * * * * * *

And when he saw thay wer baith slane,
He to that ladie past agane:
Quhare scho stude nakit on the bent[1],
And said, tak your abulzement[2].
And scho him thankit full humillie,
And put hir claithis on speedilie.
Than kissit he that ladie fair,
And tuik[3] his leif of hir but mair[4].
Be that the taburne and trumpet blew,
And every man to shipbord drew.

* * * * * * *

Meldrum's Duel with the English Champion Talbart . . . . .

Then clariouns and trumpets blew,
And weiriours[5] many hither drew;
On eviry side come[6] mony man
To behald wha the battel wan.
The field was in the meadow green,
Quhare everie man micht weil be seen:
The heraldis put tham sa in order,
That na man past within the border,
Nor preissit[7] to com within the green,
Bot heraldis and the campiouns keen;
The order and the circumstance
Wer lang to put in remembrance.

[1] Grass, or field.—[2] Dress, cloathing.—[3] Took his leave.—[4] Without more ado.—[5] Warriors.—[6] Came.—[7] Press'd.

Quhen thir twa nobill men of weir
Wer weill accounterit in their geir,
And in thair handis strong burdounis[1],
Than trumpettis blew and clariounis,
And heraldis cryit hie on hicht,
Now let thame go—God shaw[2] the richt.
Than trumpettis blew triumphantly,
And thay twa campiouns eagerlie,
They spurrit their hors with spier on breist,
Pertly to prief[3] their pith they preist[4].
That round rink-room[5] was at utterance,
Bot Talbart's hors with ane mischance
He outterit[6], and to run was laith[7];
Quharof Talbart was wonder wraith[8].
The Squyer furth his rink[9] he ran,
Commendit weill with every man,
And him discharget of his speir
Honestlie, like ane man of weir.
The trenchour[10] of the Squyreis speir
Stak still into Sir Talbart's geir;
Than everie man into that steid[11]
Did all beleve that he was dede.
The Squyer lap richt haistillie
From his coursour[12] deliverlie,
And to Sir Talbart made support,
And humillie[13] did him comfort.

[1] Spears.—[2] Shew.—[3] Prove.—[4] Tried.—[5] Course-room.—[6] Swerved from the course.—[7] Loth.—[8] Wroth.—[9] Course.—[10] Head of the spear.—[11] In that situation.—[12] Courser.—[13] Humbly.

When Talbart saw into his schield
Ane otter in ane silver field,
This race, said he, I sair may rew,
For I see weill my dreame was true;
Methocht yon otter gart[1] me bleid,
And buir[2] me backwart from my sted;
But heir I vow to God soverane,
That I sall never just[3] agane.
And sweitlie to the Squiyre said,
Thou knawis[4] the cunning[5] that we made,
Quhilk[6] of us twa suld tyne[7] the field,
He suld baith hors and armour yield
Till him[8] that wan, quhairfore I will
My hors and harness geve thé till.
Then said the Squyer, courteouslie,
Brother, I thank you hartfullie;
Of you, forsooth, nothing I crave,
For I have gotten that I would have.

Squyre Meldrum, after many foreign Exploits, comes Home and has the following Love-adventure.

Out throw the land then sprang the fame,
That Squyer Meldrum was come hame.
Quhen they heard tell how he debaitit[9],
With every man he was sa treitet[10],
That quhen he travellit throw the land,
They bankettit[11] him fra hand to hand

[1] Made.—[2] Bore.—[3] Joust.—[4] Thou knowest.—[5] Agreement or understanding.—[6] Which.—[7] Lose.—[8] To him.—[9] Fought.—[10] Entertained.—[11] Feasted.

With greit solace, till, at the last,
Out throw Stratherne the Squyer past.
And as it did approach the nicht,
Of ane castell he gat ane sicht,
Beside ane montane in ane vale,
And then eftir his greit travaill[1]
He purposit him to repoise[2]
Quhare ilk man did of him rejois.
Of this triumphant pleasand place
Ane lustie lady[3] was maistrés,
Quhais[4] lord was dead schort time befoir,
Quhairthrow her dolour wes the moir:
Bot yit scho tuik some comforting,
To heir the plesant dulce talking
Of this young Squiyer, of his chance,
And how it fortunit him in France.
This Squyer and the ladie gent[5]
Did wesche, and then to supper went:
During that nicht there wes nocht ellis[6]
But for to heir of his novellis[7].
Enéas, quhen he fled from Troy,
Did not Quene Dido greiter joy:
The wonderis that he did rehers,
Were langsum for to put in vers,
Of quhilk this lady did rejois:
They drank and syne[8] went to repois.
He found his chalmer[9] well arrayit
With dornik[10] work on bord displayit:

[1] Toil.—[2] Repose.—[3] Handsome, pleasant.—[4] Whose.—[5] Neat, pretty.—[6] Else.—[7] News.—[8] Then.—[9] Chamber.—[10] Napery.

Of venison he had his waill[1],
Gude aquavitae, wyne, and aill,
With nobill confeittis, bran, and geill[2],
And swa the Squyer fuir[3] richt weill.
Sa to heir mair of his narration,
The ladie cam to his collation,
Sayand he was richt welcum hame.
Grand-mercie, then, quod he, Madame!
They past the time with ches and tabill,
For he to everie game was abill.
Than unto bed drew everie wicht;
To chalmer went this ladie bricht;
The quilk this Squyer did convoy,
Syne till his bed he went with joy.
That nicht he sleepit[4] never ane wink,
But still did on the ladie think.
Cupido, with his fyrie dart,
Did piers him sa throwout the hart,
Sa all that nicht he did but murnit—
Sum tyme sat up, and sum tyme turnit—
Sichand[5], with mony gant and grane,
To fair Venus makand his mane,
Sayand[6], fair ladie, what may this mene,
I was ane free man lait[7] yestreen,
And now ane captive bound and thrall,
For ane that I think flowr of all.
I pray God sen scho knew my mynd,
How for hir saik I am sa pynd:

[1] Choice.—[2] Jelly.—[3] Fared.—[4] Slept.—[5] Sighing.—[6] Saying.—[7] Late.

Wald God I had been yit in France,
Or I had hapnit sic mischance;
To be subject or serviture
Till ane quhilk takes of me na cure.
This ladie ludgit[1] nearhand by,
And hard the Squyer prively,
With dreidful hart makand his mane,
With monie careful gant and grane[2];
Hir hart fulfillit with pitie,
Thocht scho wald haif of him mercie,
And said, howbeit I suld be slane,
He sall have lufe for lufe agayne:
Wald God I micht, with my honour,
Have him to be my paramour.
This was the mirrie tyme of May,
Quhen this fair ladie, freshe and gay,
Start up to take the hailsum[3] air,
With pantouns[4] on hir feit ane pair,
Airlie into ane cleir morning,
Befoir fair Phoebus' uprysing:
Kirtill alone, withoutin clok,
And sa the Squyers door unlok.
She slippit in or evir he wist,
And feynitlie[5] past till ane kist,
And with hir keys oppenit the lokkis,
And made[6] hir to take furth ane boxe,
Bot that was not hir errand thare:
With that this lustie young Squyar

[1] Lodged.—[2] Groan.—[3] Wholesome.—[4] Slippers.—[5] Feigningly.—[6] Pretended.

Saw this ladie so pleasantlie
Com to his chalmer quyetlie,
In kirtill of fyne damais brown,
Hir golden tresses hingand[1] doun ;
Hir pappis were hard, round, and quhyte,
Quhome to behold was greit deleit ;
Lyke the quhyte lillie was her lyre[2] ;
Hir hair wes like the reid gold weir ;
Hir scharckis quhyte, withouten hois[3],
Quhareat the Squyar did rejois,
And said, then, now vailye quod vailye[4],
Upon the ladie thow mak ane sailye.
Hir courtlyke kirtill was unlaist,
And sone into his armis hir braist.
*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *

[1] Hanging.—[2] Throat.—[3] Hose, stockings.—[4] Happen what may.

SIR THOMAS WYATT,

CALLED the elder, to distinguish him from his son, who suffered in the reign of Q. Mary, was born at Allington Castle, in Kent, in 1503, and was educated at Cambridge. He married early in life, and was still earlier distinguished at the court of Henry VIII. with whom his interest and favour were so great as to be proverbial. His person was majestic and beautiful, his visage (according to Surrey's interesting description), was "stern and mild:" he sung and played the lute with remarkable sweetness, spoke foreign languages with grace and fluency, and possessed an inexhaustible fund of wit. At the death of Wolsey he could not be more than 19; yet he is said to have contributed to that minister's downfall by a humorous story, and to have promoted the reformation by a seasonable jest. At the coronation of Anne Boleyn he officiated for his father as ewerer, and possibly witnessed the ceremony not with the most festive emotions, as there is reason to suspect that he was secretly attached to the royal bride. When the tragic end of that princess was approaching, one of the calumnies circulated against her was, that Sir Thomas Wyatt had confessed having had an illicit intimacy with her. The scandal was certainly false; but that it arose from a tender partiality really believed to exist be-

tween them, seems to be no overstrained conjecture. His poetical mistress's name is Anna: and in one of his sonnets he complains of being obliged to desist from the pursuit of a beloved object, on account of its being the king's. The perusal of his poetry was one of the unfortunate queen's last consolations in prison. A tradition of Wyatt's attachment to her was long preserved in his family. She retained his sister to the last about her person; and, as she was about to lay her head on the block, gave her weeping attendant a small prayer-book, as a token of remembrance, with a smile of which the sweetness was not effaced by the horrors of approaching death. Wyatt's favour at court, however, continued undiminished; and notwithstanding a quarrel with the Duke of Suffolk, which occasioned his being committed to the Tower, he was, immediately on his liberation, appointed to a command under the Duke of Norfolk, in the army that was to act against the rebels. He was also knighted, and, in the following year, made high sheriff of Kent.

When the Emperor Charles the Fifth, after the death of Anne Boleyn, apparently forgetting the disgrace of his aunt in the sacrifice of her successor, shewed a more conciliatory disposition towards England, Wyatt was, in 1537, selected to go as ambassador to the Spanish court. His situation there was rendered exceedingly difficult, by the mutual insincerity of the negotiating powers, and by his religion, which exposed him to prejudice, and even at one

time to danger from the Inquisition. He had to invest Henry's bullying remonstrances with the graces of moderate diplomacy, and to keep terms with a bigotted court while he questioned the Pope's supremacy. In spite of those obstacles, the dignity and discernment of Wyatt gave him such weight in negotiation, that he succeeded in expelling from Spain his master's most dreaded enemy, Cardinal Pole, who was so ill received at Madrid that the haughty legate quitted it with indignation. The records of his different embassies exhibit not only personal activity in following the Emperor Charles to his most important interviews with Francis, but sagacity in foreseeing consequences, and in giving advice to his own sovereign. Neither the dark policy, nor the immoveable countenance of Charles, eluded his penetration. When the Emperor, on the death of Lady Jane Seymour, offered the King of England the Duchess of Milan in marriage, Henry's avidity caught at the offer of her Duchy, and Heynes and Bonner were sent out to Spain as special commissioners on the business; but it fell off, as Wyatt had predicted, from the Spanish monarch's insincerity.

Bonner, who had done no good to the English mission, and who had felt himself lowered at the Spanish court by the superior ascendancy of Wyatt, on his return home sought to indemnify himself for the mortification, by calumniating his late colleague. In order to answer those calumnies, Wyatt was

obliged to obtain his recal from Spain; and Bonner's charges, on being investigated, fell to the ground. But the Emperor's journey through France having raised another crisis of expectation, Wyatt was sent out once more to watch the motions of Charles, and to fathom his designs. At Blois he had an interview with Francis, and another with the Emperor, whose friendship for the king of France he pronounced, from all that he observed, to be insincere. "He is constrained (said the English ambassador) to come to a shew of friendship, meaning to make him a mockery when he has done." When events are made familiar to us by history, we are perhaps disposed to undervalue the wisdom that foretold them; but thus much is clear, that if Charles's rival had been as wise as Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Emperor would not have made a mockery of Francis. Wyatt's advice to his own sovereign at this period, was to support the Duke of Cleves, and to ingratiate himself with the German protestant princes. His zeal was praised; but the advice, though sanctioned by Cromwell, was not followed by Henry. Warned probably, at last, of the approaching downfal of Cromwell, he obtained his final recal from Spain. On his return, Bonner had sufficient interest to get him committed to the Tower, where he was harshly treated and unfairly tried, but was nevertheless most honourably acquitted; and Henry, satisfied of his innocence, made him considerable donations of

land. Leland informs us, that about this time he had the command of a ship of war. The sea service was not then, as it is now, a distinct profession.

Much of his time, however, after his return to England, must be supposed, from his writings, to have been spent at his paternal seat of Allington, in study and rural amusements. From that pleasant retreat he was summoned, in the autumn of 1542, by order of the king, to meet the Spanish ambassador, who had landed at Falmouth, and to conduct him from thence to London. In his zeal to perform this duty he accidentally overheated himself with riding, and was seized, at Sherborne, with a malignant fever, which carried him off, after a few days illness, in his thirty-ninth year.

ODE.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE UNKINDNESS OF HIS LOVE.

My lute, adieu! perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun;
For when this song is sung and past,
My lute be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon:
Should we then sing, or sigh, or moan,
No, no, my lute! for I have done.

The rock doth not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection;
So that I am past remedy;
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts, thorough loves shot.
By whom, unkind, thou hast them won;
Think not he hath his vow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That mak'st but game of earnest payne.
Trow not alone under the sun,
Unquit the cause thy lovers plaine,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lye withred and old,
In winter nights that are so cold,
Playning in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told:
Care then who list! for I have done.

And then may chaunce thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon;
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want, as I have done.

Now cease, my lute! this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that I begun;
Now is this song both sung and past:
My lute! be still, for I have done.



FROM HIS SONGS AND EPIGRAMS.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE COULD LOVE.

A FACE that should content me wondrous well,
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold
With gladsome cheer, all grief for to expell;
With sober looks so would I that it should
Speak without words, such words as none can tell;
The tress also should be of crisped gold.
With wit and these, might chance I might be tied,
And knit again the knot that should not slide.

OF HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN.

FROM THE SAME.

Tagus farewell! that westward with thy streams
Turns up the grains of gold already tried;
With spur and sail, for I go seek the Thames,
Gainward the sun that sheweth her wealthy pride;
And to the town which Brutus sought by dreams,
Like bended moon, doth lend her lusty side.
My king, my country, alone for whom I live,
Of mighty love for this the wings me give.

FROM HIS ODES.

AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM.

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath lov'd thee so long?
In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?
That hath given thee my heart,
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart,
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee;
Helas thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life, ye know since whan,
The suit, the service, none tell can;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,

The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not!—Oh! forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss,
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approv'd,
The which so long hath thee so lov'd,
Whose steadfast faith yet never mov'd,
Forget not this!



HE LAMENTETH THAT HE HAD EVER CAUSE TO DOUBT HIS LADY'S FAITH.

Deem as ye list upon good cause,
I may or think of this or that;
But what or why myself best knows,
Whereby I think and fear not.
But thereunto I may well think
The doubtful sentence of this clause;
I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.

For if I thought it were not so,
Though it were so, it griev'd me not;
Unto my thought it were as thô
I hearkened though I hear not.

At that I see I cannot wink,
Nor from my thought so let it go:
I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.

Lo! how my thought might make me free,
Of that perchance it needs not:
Perchance none doubt the dread I see;
I shrink at that I bear not.
But in my heart this word shall sink,
Until the proof may better be;
I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.

If it be not, shew no cause why
I should so think, then care not;
For I shall so myself apply
To be that I appear not.
That is, as one that shall not shrink
To be your own until I die;
And if that be not as I think,
Likewise to think it is not.

HENRY HOWARD,

EARL OF SURREY.

WALPOLE, Ellis, and Warton, gravely inform us that Lord Surrey contributed to the victory of Flodden, a victory which was gained before Lord Surrey was born. The mistakes of such writers may teach charity to criticism. Dr. Nott, who has cleared away much fable and anachronism from the noble poet's biography, supposes that he was born in or about the year 1516, and that he was educated at Cambridge, of which university he was afterwards elected high steward. At the early age of sixteen he was contracted in marriage to the Lady Frances Vere, daughter to John Earl of Oxford. The Duke of Richmond was afterwards affianced to Surrey's sister. It was customary, in those times, to delay, frequently for years, the consummations of such juvenile matches; and the writer of Lord Surrey's life, already mentioned, gives reasons for supposing that the poet's residence at Windsor, and his intimate friendship with Richmond, so tenderly recorded in his verses, took place, not in their absolute childhood, as has been generally imagined, but immediately after their being contracted to their re-

spective brides. If this was the case, the poet's allusion to

> The secret groves which oft we made resound
> Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies love,

may be charitably understood as only recording the aspirations of their conjugal impatience.

Surrey's marriage was consummated in 1535. In the subsequent year he sat, with his father, as Earl Marshal, on the trial of his kinswoman Anne Boleyn. Of the impression which that event made upon his mind, there is no trace to be found either in his poetry, or in tradition. His grief for the amiable Richmond, whom he lost soon after, is more satisfactorily testified. It is about this period that the fiction of Nash, unfaithfully misapplied as reality by Anthony Wood[1], and from him copied, by mistake, by Walpole and Warton, sends the poet on his romantic tour to Italy, as the knight errant of the fair Geraldine. There is no proof, however, that Surrey was ever in Italy. At the period of his imagined errantry his repeated appearance at the court of England can be ascertained; and Geraldine, if she was a daughter of the Earl of Kildare, was then only a child of seven years old[2].

[1] Nash's History of Jack Wilton.—[2] If concurring proofs did not so strongly point out his poetical mistress Geraldine to be the daughter of the Earl of Kildare, we might well suspect, from the date of Surrey's attachment, that the object of his praises must have been some other person. Geraldine, when he declared

That Surrey entertained romantic sentiments for the fair Geraldine, seems, however, to admit of little doubt; and that too at a period of her youth which makes his homage rather surprising. The fashion of the age sanctioned such courtships, under the liberal interpretation of their being platonic. Both Sir P. Sidney and the Chevalier Bayard avowed attachments of this exalted nature to married ladies, whose reputations were never sullied, even when the mistress wept openly at parting from her admirer. Of the nature of Surrey's attachment we may conjecture what we please, but can have no certain test even in his verses, which might convey either much more or much less than he felt; and how shall we search in the graves of men for the shades and limits of passions that elude our living observation?

Towards the close of 1540 Surrey embarked in public business. A rupture with France being anticipated, he was sent over to that kingdom, with Lord Russel and the Earl of Southampton, to see that every thing was in a proper state of defence within the English pale. He had previously been

his devotion to her, was only thirteen years of age. She was taken, in her childhood, under the protection of the court, and attended the Princess Mary. At the age of fifteen she married Sir Anthony Wood, a man of sixty, and after his death accepted the Earl of Lincoln. From Surrey's verses we find that she slighted his addresses, after having for some time encouraged them; and from his conduct it appears, that he hurried into war and public business in order to forget her indifference.

knighted; and had jousted in honour of Anne of Cleves, upon her marriage with Henry. The commission did not detain him long in France. He returned to England before Christmas, having acquitted himself entirely to the king's satisfaction. In the next year, 1541, we may suppose him to have been occupied in his literary pursuits—perhaps in his translation of Virgil. England was then at peace both at home and abroad, and in no other subsequent year of Surrey's life could his active service have allowed him leisure. In 1542 he received the order of the garter, and followed his father in the expedition of that year into Scotland, where he acquired his first military experience. Amidst these early distinctions it is somewhat mortifying to find him, about this period, twice committed to the Fleet prison; on one occasion on account of a private quarrel, on another for eating meat in Lent, and for breaking the windows of the citizens of London with stones from his cross bow. This was a strange misdemeanour indeed, for a hero and a man of letters. His apology, perhaps as curious as the fact itself, turns the action only into quixotic absurdity. His motive, he said, was religious. He saw the citizens sunk in papal corruption of manners, and he wished to break in upon their guilty secrecy by a sudden chastisement, that should remind them of divine retribution.

The war with France called him into more honourable activity. In the first campaign he joined the

army under Sir John Wallop, at the siege of Landrecy; and in the second and larger expedition he went as marshal of the army of which his father commanded the vanguard. The siege of Montreuil was allotted to the Duke of Norfolk and his gallant son; but their operations were impeded by the want of money, ammunition, and artillery, supplies most probably detained from reaching them by the influence of the Earl of Hertford, who had long regarded both Surrey and his father with a jealous eye. In these disastrous circumstances Surrey seconded the duke's efforts with zeal and ability. On one expedition he was out two days and two nights, spread destruction among the resources of the enemy, and returned to the camp with a load of supplies, and without the loss of a single man. In a bold attempt to storm the town he succeeded so far as to make a lodgement in one of the gates; but was dangerously wounded, and owed his life to the devoted bravery of his attendant Clere, who received a hurt in rescuing him, of which he died a month after. On the report of the Dauphin of France's approach with 60,000 men, the English made an able retreat, of which Surrey conducted the movements, as marshal of the camp.

He returned with his father to England, but must have made only a short stay at home, as we find him soon after fighting a spirited action in the neighbourhood of Boulogne, in which he chased back the French as far as Montreuil. The following year he

commanded the vanguard of the army of Boulogne, and finally solicited and obtained the government of that place. It was then nearly defenceless; the breaches unrepaired, the fortifications in decay, and the enemy, with superior numbers, established so near as to be able to command the harbour, and to fire upon the lower town. Under such disadvantages, Surrey entered on his command, and drew up and sent home a plan of alterations in the works, which was approved of by the king, and ordered to be acted upon. Nor were his efforts merely defensive. On one occasion he led his men into the enemy's country as far as Samer au Bois, which he destroyed, and returned in safety with considerable booty. Afterwards, hearing that the French intended to revictual their camp at Outreau, he compelled them to abandon their object, pursued them as far as Hardilot, and was only prevented from gaining a complete victory through the want of cavalry. But his plan for the defence of Boulogne, which, by his own extant memorial, is said to evince great military skill, was marred by the issue of one unfortunate sally. In order to prevent the French from revictualling a fortress that menaced the safety of Boulogne, he found it necessary, with his slender forces, to risque another attack at St. Etienne. His cavalry first charged and routed those of the French: the foot, which he commanded in person, next advanced, and the first line, consisting chiefly of gentlemen armed with corselets, be-

haved gallantly, but the second line, in coming to the push of the pike, were seized with a sudden panic, and fled back to Boulogne, in spite of all the efforts of their commander to rally them. Within a few months after this affair he was recalled to England, and Hertford went out to France as the king's lieutenant-general.

It does not appear, however, that the loss of this action was the pretext for his recal, or the direct cause of the king's vengeance, by which he was subsequently destined to fall. If the faction of Hertford, that was intriguing against him at home, ever succeeded in fretting the king's humour against him, by turning his misfortune into a topic of blame, Henry's irritation must have passed away, as we find Surrey recalled, with promises of being replaced in his command, (a promise, however, which was basely falsified), and again appearing at court in an honourable station. But the event of his recal (though it does not seem to have been marked by tokens of royal displeasure) certainly contributed indirectly to his ruin, by goading his proud temper to farther hostilities with Hertford. Surrey, on his return to England, spoke of his enemy with indignation and menaces, and imprudently expressed his hopes of being revenged in a succeeding reign. His words were reported, probably with exaggeration, to the king, and occasioned his being sent, for some time, as a prisoner to Windsor. He was liberated, however, from thence, and again made

his appearance at court, unsuspicious of his impending ruin.

It is difficult to trace any personal motives that could impel Henry to wish for his destruction. He could not be jealous of his intentions to marry the Princess Mary—that fable is disproved by the discovery of Surrey's widow having survived him. Nor is it likely that the king dreaded him as an enemy to the Reformation, as there is every reason to believe that he was a protestant. The natural cruelty of Henry seems to have been but an instrument in the designing hands of Hertford, whose ambition, fear, and jealousy, prompted him to seek the destruction of Norfolk and his son. His measures were unhappily aided by the vindictive resentment of the Duchess of Norfolk against her husband, from whom she had been long separated, and by the still more unaccountable and unnatural hatred of the Duchess of Richmond against her own brother. Surrey was arrested on the 12th of December, 1546, and committed to the Tower. The depositions of witnesses against him, whose collective testimony did not substantiate even a legal offence, were transmitted to the king's judges at Norwich, and a verdict was returned, in consequence of which he was indicted for high treason. We are not told the full particulars of his defence, but are only generally informed that it was acute and spirited. With respect to the main accusation, of his bearing the arms of the Confessor, he proved that he had the authority of the heralds

in so doing, and that he had worn them himself in the king's presence, as his ancestors had worn them in the presence of former kings. Notwithstanding his manifest innocence, the jury was base enough to find him guilty. The Chancellor pronounced sentence of death upon him; and in the flower of his age, in his 31st year, this noble soldier, and accomplished poet, was beheaded on Tower-hill.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

THE soote[1] seasòn, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale,
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make[2] hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs.
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings:
The fishes fleet with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;
The busy bee her honey now she mings[3];
Winter is worn that was the flower's bale[4].
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

[1] Sweet.—[2] Mate.—[3] Mingles. [4] Destruction.

A PRISONER IN WINDSOR CASTLE, HE REFLECTS ON PAST HAPPINESS.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
As proud Windsor? Where I in lust and joy,
With a king's son, my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy;
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.
The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,
With eyes upcast unto the maiden's tower,
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight;
With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
When each of us did plead the other's right.
The palm play[1], where dèsported[2] for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we, by gleams of love,
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.
The gravell'd ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse with swords and friendly hearts;
With cheer as though one should another whelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.
With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth;
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length.
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies praise;

[1] Tennis-court.—[2] Stript.

Recording soft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
The wild forèst, the clothed holts with green;
With reins avail'd[1], and swift ybreathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.
The void walls eke that harbour'd us each night:
Wherewith, alas! revive within my breast
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight;
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;
The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;
The wanton talk, the divers change of play;
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
Wherewith we past the winter nights away.
And with this thought the blood forsakes the face;
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue:
The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
Upsupped have, thus I my plaint renew:
O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!
Give me account, where is my noble fere[2]?
Whom in thy walls thou didst each night enclose;
To other lief[3]: but unto me most dear.
Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine, with bondage and restraint:
And with remembrance of the greater grief,
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

[1] Shortened.—[2] Companion.—[3] Beloved.

THAT EVERY OBJECT HE CONTEMPLATED AT WINDSOR REMINDING HIM OF HIS PAST HAPPINESS, INCREASED HIS PRESENT SORROW.

When Windsor walls sustain'd my wearied arm;
My hand my chin, to ease my restless head;
The pleasant plot revested green with warm;
The blossom'd boughs with lusty ver yspread;
The flower'd meads, the wedded birds so late
Mine eyes discover; and to my mind resort
The jolly woes, the hateless short debate,
The rakehell[1] life that longs to love's disport.
Wherewith, alas! the heavy charge of care
Heap'd in my breast, breaks forth against my will
In smoky sighs that overcast the air.
My vapour'd eye such dreary tears distil,
The tender green they quicken where they fall;
And I half bend to throw me down withal.

[1] Careless.—Rakil, or rakle, seems synonymous with reckless.

LORD VAUX.

It is now universally admitted that Lord Vaux, the poet, was not Nicholas the first peer, but Thomas, the second baron of that name. He was one of those who attended Cardinal Wolsey on his embassy to Francis the First. He received the order of the Bath at the coronation of Anne Boleyn, and was for some time Captain of the island of Jersey. A considerable number of his pieces are found in the Paradise of Dainty Devices. Mr. Park[1] has noticed a passage in the prose prologue to Sackville's Introduction to the Mirror for Magistrates, that Lord Vaux had undertaken to complete the history of King Edward's two sons who were murdered in the Tower, but that it does not appear he ever executed his intention.

UPON HIS WHITE HAIRS.

FROM THE AGED LOVER'S RENUNCIATION OF LOVE.

* * * * * *

These hairs of age are messengers
Which bid me fast repent and pray;
They be of death the harbingers,
That doth prepare and dress the way:

[1] Royal and Noble Authors.

Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length
How far my race was for to run;
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And how old age is well begun;
The which I feel, and you may see
Such lines upon my head to be.

They be the strings of sober sound,
Whose music is harmonical;
Their tunes declare a time from ground
I came, and how thereto I shall:
Wherefore I love that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

God grant to those that white hairs have,
No worse them take than I have meant;
That after they be laid in grave,
Their souls may joy their lives well spent
God grant, likewise, that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

RICHARD EDWARDS

Was a principal contributor to the Paradise of Dainty Devices, and one of our earliest dramatic authors. He wrote two comedies, one entitled Damon and Pythias, the other Palamon and Arcite, both of which were acted before Queen Elizabeth. Besides his regular dramas he appears to have contrived masques, and to have written verses for pageants; and is described as having been the first fiddle, the most fashionable sonneteer, and the most facetious mimic of the Court. In the beginning of Elizabeth's reign he was one of the gentlemen of her chapel, and master of the children there, having the character of an excellent musician. His pleasing little poem, the *Amantium iræ*, has been so often reprinted, that, for the sake of variety, I have selected another specimen of his simplicity.

HE REQUESTETH SOME FRIENDLY COMFORT, AFFIRMING HIS CONSTANCY.

The mountains high, whose lofty tops do meet the
haughty sky;
The craggy rock, that to the sea free passage doth
deny;

The aged oak, that doth resist the force of blustring
blast;
The pleasant herb, that every where a pleasant smell
doth cast;
The lion's force, whose courage stout declares a
prince-like might;
The eagle, that for worthiness is born of kings in
fight.

* * * * * * * *

Then these, I say, and thousands more, by tract of
time decay,
And, like to time, do quite consume, and fade from
form to clay;
But my true heart and service vow'd shall last time
out of mind,
And still remain as thine by doom, as Cupid hath
assigned;
My faith, lo here! I vow to thee, my troth thou
know'st too well;
My goods, my friends, my life, is thine; what need
I more to tell?
I am not mine, but thine; I vow thy hests I will
obey,
And serve thee as a servant ought, in pleasing if I
may;
And sith I have no flying wings, to serve thee as I
wish,
Ne fins to cut the silver streams, as doth the gliding
fish;

Wherefore leave now forgetfulness, and send again
to me,
And strain thy azure veins to write, that I may
greeting see.
And thus farewell! more dear to me than chiefest
friend I have,
Whose love in heart I mind to shrine, till Death his
fee do crave.

WILLIAM HUNNIS

WAS a gentleman of Edward the Sixth's chapel, and afterwards master of the boys of Queen Elizabeth's chapel. He translated the Psalms, and was author of a "Hive of Honey, a Handful of Honeysuckle," and other godly works. He died in 1568.

THE LOVE THAT IS REQUITED WITH DISDAIN.

IN search of things that secret are my mated muse
began,
What it might be molested most the head and mind
of man;

The bending brow of prince's face, to wrath that
doth attend,
Or want of parents, wife, or child, or loss of faithful
friend;
The roaring of the cannon shot, that makes the
piece to shake,
Or terror, such as mighty Jove from heaven above
can make:
All these, in fine, may not compare, experience so
doth prove,
Unto the torments, sharp and strange, of such as be
in love.
Love looks aloft, and laughs to scorn all such as
griefs annoy,
The more extreme their passions be, the greater is
his joy;
Thus Love, as victor of the field, triumphs above
the rest,
And joys to see his subjects lie with living death in
breast;
But dire Disdain lets drive a shaft, and galls this
bragging fool,
He plucks his plumes, unbends his bow, and sets
him new to school;
Whereby this boy that bragged late, as conqueror
over all,
Now yields himself unto Disdain, his vassal and his
thrall.

THOMAS SACKVILLE,

LORD BUCKHURST, AND EARL OF DORSET,

WAS the son of Sir Richard Sackville, and was born at Withyam, in Sussex, in 1527. He was educated at both universities, and enjoyed an early reputation in Latin as well as in English poetry. While a student of the Inner Temple, he wrote his tragedy of Gorboduc, which was played by the young students, as a part of a Christmas entertainment, and afterwards before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall, in 1561. In a subsequent edition of this piece it was entitled the tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex. He is said to have been assisted in the composition of it by Thomas Norton; but to what extent does not appear. T. Warton disputes the fact of his being at all indebted to Norton. The merit of the piece does not render the question of much importance. This tragedy and his contribution of the Induction and legend of the Duke of Buckingham to the "Mirror for Magistrates[1]," compose the poetical history of Sack-

[1] The "Mirror for Magistrates" was intended to celebrate the chief unfortunate personages in English history, in a series of poetical legends spoken by the characters themselves, with epilogues interspersed to connect the stories, in imitation of Boccaccio's Fall of Princes, which had been translated by Lydgate. The historian of English poetry ascribes the plan of this work to Sack-

ville's life. The rest of it was political. He had been elected to parliament at the age of thirty. Six years afterwards, in the same year that his Induction and legend of Buckingham were published, he went abroad on his travels, and was, for some reason that is not mentioned, confined, for a time, as a prisoner at Rome; but he returned home, on the death of his father, in 1566, and was soon after promoted to the title of Lord Buckhurst. Having entered at first with rather too much prodigality on the enjoyment of his patrimony, he is said to have been reclaimed by the indignity of being kept in waiting by an alderman, from whom he was borrowing money,

ville, and seems to have supposed that his Induction and legend of Henry Duke of Buckingham, appeared in the first edition: but Sir E. Brydges has shewn that it was not until the second edition of the Mirror for Magistrates, that Sackville's contribution was published, viz. in 1563. Baldwin and Ferrers were the authors of the first edition, in 1559. Higgins, Phayer, Churchyard, and a crowd of inferior versifiers, contributed successive legends, not confining themselves to English history, but treating the reader with the lamentations of Geta and Caracalla, Brennus, &c. &c. till the improvement of the drama superseded those dreary monologues, by giving heroic history a more engaging air. Sackville's contribution to "The Mirror for Magistrates," is the only part of it that is tolerable. It is observable that his plan differs materially from that of the other contributors. He lays the scene, like Dante, in Hell, and makes his characters relate their history at the gates of Elysium, under the guidance of Sorrow, while the authors of the other legends are generally contented with simply dreaming of the unfortunate personages, and by going to sleep, offer a powerful inducement to follow their example.

and to have made a resolution of œconomy, from which he never departed. The Queen employed him, in the fourteenth year of her reign, in an embassy to Charles IX. of France. In 1587 he went as ambassador to the United Provinces, upon their complaint against the Earl of Leicester; but, though he performed his trust with integrity, the favourite had sufficient influence to get him recalled; and on his return, he was ordered to confinement in his own house, for nine or ten months. On Leicester's death, however, he was immediately reinstated in royal favour, and was made knight of the garter, and chancellor of Oxford. On the death of Burleigh he became lord high treasurer of England. At Queen Elizabeth's demise he was one of the privy counsellors on whom the administration of the kingdom devolved, and he concurred in proclaiming K. James. The new sovereign confirmed him in the office of high treasurer by a patent for life, and on all occasions consulted him with confidence. In March 1604, he was created Earl of Dorset. He died suddenly at the council table, in consequence of a dropsy on the brain. Few ministers, as Lord Orford remarks, have left behind them so unblemished a character. His family considered his memory so invulnerable, that when some partial aspersions were thrown upon it, after his death, they disdained to answer them. He carried taste and elegance even into his formal political functions, and for his eloquence was styled the bell of the Star Chamber.

As a poet, his attempt to unite allegory with heroic narrative, and his giving our language its earliest regular tragedy, evince the views and enterprize of no ordinary mind; but, though the induction to the Mirror for Magistrates displays some potent sketches, it bears the complexion of a saturnine genius, and resembles a bold and gloomy landscape on which the sun never shines. As to Gorboduc, it is a piece of monotonous recitals, and cold and heavy accumulation of incidents. As an imitation of classical tragedy it is peculiarly unfortunate, in being without even the unities of place and time, to circumscribe its dulness.

.VILLE'S INDUCTIC
OF HENRY, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

The wrathful Winter, 'proaching on apace,
With blust'ring blasts had all ybared the treen,
And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,
With chilling cold had pierc'd the tender green;
The mantles rent wherein enwrapped been
The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
The tapets torn, and every tree down blown.

The soil that erst so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoiled of her beauty's hue;
And soote[1] fresh flow'rs, wherewith the Summer's
Queen

[1] Sweet.

Had clad the earth, now Boreas blasts down blew;
And small fowls, flocking, in their song did rue
The Winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defaced
In woeful wise bewail'd the Summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery,
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,
And dropping down the tears abundantly;
Each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
Myself within; for I was gotten out
Into the fields, whereas I walk'd about.

When lo, the Night with misty mantles spread,
Gan dark the day, and dim the azure skies;
And Venus in her message Hermes sped
To bloody Mars, to wile him not to rise,
While she herself approach'd in speedy wise;
And Virgo hiding her disdainful breast,
With Thetis now had laid her down to rest.
* * * * * * * *

And pale Cynthèa, with her borrow'd light,
Beginning to supply her brother's place,
Was past the noon steed six degrees in sight,
When sparkling stars amid the Heaven's face,
With twinkling light shone on the Earth apace,
That while they brought about the Nightès chair,
The dark had dimm'd the day ere I was ware.

And sorrowing I to see the Summer flowers,
The lively green, the lusty leas forlorn;
The sturdy trees so shatter'd with the showers,
The fields so fade that flourished so beforne;
It taught me well all earthly things be borne
To die the death, for nought long time may last:
The Summer's beauty yields to Winter's blast.

Then looking upward to the Heaven's leams,
With Nightè's stars thick powder'd every where,
Which erst so glisten'd with the golden streams,
That cheerful Phœbus spread down from his sphere,
Beholding dark oppressing day so near;
The sudden sight reduced to my mind
The sundry changes that in earth we find.

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which comes and goes more faster than we see
The fleckering flame that with the fire is wrought,
My busy mind presented unto me
Such fall of Peers as in this realm had be[1],
That oft I wish'd some would their woes descrive,
To warn the rest whom fortune left alive.

And strait forth-stalking with redoubled pace,
For that I saw the Night draw on so fast,
In black all clad, there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom Woe had all forewaste,
Forth from her eyen the chrystal tears out brast,

[1] Been.

And sighing sore, her hands she wrung and fold,
Tare all her hair, that ruth was to behold.

Her body small, forewither'd and forespent,
As is the stalk that Summer's drought oppress'd;
Her wealked face with woeful tears besprent,
Her colour pale, and as it seem'd her best;
In woe and plaint reposed was her rest;
And as the stone that drops of water wears,
So dented was her cheek with fall of tears.
* * * * * * * *

Sorrow then addresses the Poet.

For forth she paced in her fearful tale:
"Come, come," quoth she, "and see what I shall
    shew;
Come, hear the plaining and the bitter bale
Of worthy men by Fortune overthrow:
Come thou, and see them rewing all in row,
They were but shades that erst in mind thou roll'd,
Come, come with me, thine eyes shall them behold."
* * * * * * * *

And with these words, as I upraised stood,
And 'gan to follow her that strait forth paced,
Ere I was ware, into a desart wood
We now were come, where, hand in hand embraced,
She led the way, and through the thick so traced,
As, but I had been guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortal wight.
* * * * * * * *

Allegorical Personages described in Hell.

And first within the porch and jaws of Hell
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and cursing never stent[1]
To sob and sigh; but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain
Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unstedfast, rolling here and there,
Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance
brought,
So was her mind continually in fear,
Toss'd and tormented by the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought:
With dreadful cheer and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, *and yet she could not die.*

Next saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain proffer'd here and there;
Benumm'd of speech, and with a ghastly look,
Search'd every place, all pale and dead for fear;
His cap upborn with staring of his hair,
Stoyn'd[2] and amazed at his shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

[1] Stopped.—[2] Astonished.

And next within the entry of this lake
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest till she have her desire;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or veng'd by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence,
Had shewed herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met,
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet[1],
Rewing, alas! upon the woeful plight
Of Misery, that next appear'd in sight.

His face was lean and some-deal pin'd away,
And eke his handes consumed to the bone,
But what his body was I cannot say;
For on his carcass raiment had he none,
Save clouts and patches, pieced one by one;
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winters blast.

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree;
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
As on the which full daintily would he fare.
His drink the running stream, his cup the bare

[1] Fetched.

Of his palm closed, his bed the hard cold ground;
To this poor life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched state, when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him and on his feres[1],
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held,
And, by and by, another shape appears,
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the breres[2],
His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deep dented in,
With tawed hands and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow gray no sooner had begun
To spread his light, even peeping in our eyes,
When he is up and to his work yrun;
And let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corps, save yielding forth a breath;
Small keep took he whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown: but as a living death,
So dead, alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travail's ease, the still night's fere was he;
And of our life in earth the better part,

[1] Companions.—[2] Briars.

Reever of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tide[1], and oft that never be;
Without respect esteeming equally
King Crœsus' pomp, and Irus' poverty.

And next in order sad Old Age we found,
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind;
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where Nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had entwin'd
His vital thread, and ended with their knife,
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

Crook'd-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-ey'd,
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four;
With old lame bones that rattled by his side,
His scalp all pill'd[2], and he with eld forlore,
His wither'd fist still knocking at Death's door;
Trembling and driv'ling as he draws his breath,
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

[1] Happen.—[2] Bare.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

WAS born in 1540[1], of an ancient family in Essex, was bred at Cambridge, and entered at Gray's Inn; but being disinherited by his father for extravagance, he repaired to Holland, and obtained a commission under the Prince of Orange. A quarrel with his Colonel retarded his promotion in that service; and a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost him his life. A lady at the Hague (the town being then in the enemy's possession) sent him a letter, which was intercepted in the camp, and a report against his loyalty was made by those who had seized it. Gascoigne immediately laid the affair before the Prince, who saw through the design of his accusers, and gave him a passport for visiting his female friend. At the siege of Middleburgh he displayed so much bravery, that the Prince rewarded him with 300 gilders above his pay; but he was soon after made prisoner by the Spaniards, and having spent four months in captivity, returned to England, and resided generally at Walthamstow. In 1575 he accompanied Queen Elizabeth in one of her stately progresses, and wrote for her amusement a mask, entitled the Princely Pleasures of Kenil-

[1] Mr. Ellis conjectures that he was born much earlier.

worth Castle. He is generally said to have died at Stamford, in 1578; but the registers of that place have been searched in vain for his name, by the writer of an article in the Censura Literaria[1], who has corrected some mistakes in former accounts of him. It is not probable, however, that he lived long after 1576, as, from a manuscript in the British Museum, it appears that, in that year, he complains of his infirmities, and nothing afterwards came from his pen.

Gascoigne was one of the earliest contributors to our drama. He wrote the Supposes, a comedy, translated from Ariosto, and Jocasta, a tragedy from Euripides, with some other pieces.

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF A LOVER.

At *Beauty's* bar as I did stand,
When *False Suspect* accused me,
George, quoth the Judge, hold up thy hand,
Thou art arraign'd of Flattery;
Tell, therefore, how wilt thou be tried,
Whose judgement thou wilt here abide?

My lord, quod I, this lady here,
Whom I esteem above the rest,
Doth know my guilt, if any were;
Wherefore her doom doth please me best.

[1] Cens. Lit. vol. I. p. 100.

Let her be judge and juror both,
To try me guiltless by mine oath.

Quoth *Beauty*, No, it fitteth not
A prince herself to judge the cause;
Will is our justice, well ye wot,
Appointed to discuss our laws;
If you will guiltless seem to go,
God and your country quit you so.

Then *Craft* the crier call'd a quest,
Of whom was *Falsehood* foremost fere;
A pack of pickthanks were the rest,
Which came false witness for to bear;
The jury such, the Judge unjust,
Sentence was said, "I should be truss'd."

Jealous the gaoler bound me fast,
To hear the verdict of the bill;
George, quoth the judge, now thou art cast,
Thou must go hence to *Heavy Hill*,
And there be hang'd all but the head;
God rest thy soul when thou art dead!

Down fell I then upon my knee,
All flat before dame *Beauty's* face,
And cried, Good Lady, pardon me!
Who here appeal unto your grace;
You know if I have been untrue,
It was in too much praising you.

And though this Judge doth make such haste
To shed with shame my guiltless blood,
Yet let your pity first be plac'd
To save the man that meant you good;
So shall you shew yourself a Queen,
And I may be your servant seen.

Quoth *Beauty*, Well; because I guess
What thou dost mean henceforth to be;
Although thy faults deserve no less
Than Justice here hath judged thee;
Wilt thou be bound to stint all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy life?

Yea madam, quoth I, that I shall;
Lo, *Faith* and *Truth* my sureties:
Why then, quoth she, come when I call,
I ask no better warrantise.
Thus am I *Beauty's* bounden thrall,
At her command when she doth call.

FROM GASCOIGNE'S GRIEF OF JOY,

An unpublished Poem in Manuscript, in the British Museum.
18 A. 61.—King's Library.

*   *   *   *   *   *   *

THERE is a grief in every kind of joy,
That is my theme, and that I mean to prove;
And who were he which would not drink annoy,
To taste thereby the lightest dram of love?

VANITY OF YOUTH.

*   *   *   *   *   *   *

Of lusty youth then lustily to treat,
It is the very May-moon of delight;
When boldest bloods are full of wilful heat,
And joy to think how long they have to fight
In fancy's field, before their life take flight;
Since he which latest did the game begin,
Doth longest hope to linger still therein.

*   *   *   *   *   *   *

SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

The heav'ns on high perpetually do move;
By minutes meal the hour doth steal away,
By hours the days, by days the months remove,
And then by months the years as fast decay;
Yea, Virgil's verse, and Tully's truth do say,
That Time flieth, and never claps her wings;
But rides on clouds, and forward still she flings.

THE VANITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

They course the glass, and let it take no rest;
They pass and spy who gazeth on their face;
They darkly ask whose beauty seemeth best;
They hark and mark who marketh most their grace;
They stay their steps, and stalk a stately pace;

They jealous are of every sight they see;
They strive to seem, but never care to be.
* * * * * * *

What grudge and grief our joys may then suppress,
To see our hairs, which yellow were as gold,
Now grey as glass; to feel and find them less;
To scrape the bald skull which was wont to hold
Our lovely locks with curling sticks controul'd;
To look in glass, and spy Sir Wrinkle's chair
Set fast on fronts which erst were sleek and fair.
* * * * * * *

JOHN HARRINGTON.

BORN 1534.—DIED 1582.

JOHN HARRINGTON, the father of the translator of Ariosto, was imprisoned by Queen Mary for his suspected attachment to Queen Elizabeth, by whom he was afterwards rewarded with a grant of lands. Nothing that the younger Harrington has written seems to be worth preserving: but the few specimens of his father's poetry which are found in the Nugæ Antiquæ may excite a regret that he did not write more. His love verses have an elegance and terseness, more modern, by an hundred years, than those of his contemporaries.

SONNET MADE ON ISABELLA MARKHAM,

WHEN I FIRST THOUGHT HER FAIR, AS SHE STOOD AT THE PRINCESS'S WINDOW, IN GOODLY ATTIRE, AND TALKED TO DIVERS IN THE COURT YARD.

From the Nugæ Antiquæ, where the original Manuscript is said to be dated 1564.

Whence comes my love? O heart disclose;
It was from cheeks that sham'd the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze:
Whence comes my woe? as freely own;
Ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind,
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say "'tis Cupid's fire;"
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind, bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek—
Yet not a heart to save my pain;
O Venus, take thy gifts again;
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

VERSES ON A MOST STONY HEARTED MAIDEN WHO DID SORELY BEGUILE THE NOBLE KNIGHT, MY TRUE FRIEND.

J. H. MSS. 1564.—From the Nugæ Antiquæ.

I.

Why didst thou raise such woeful wail,
And waste in briny tears thy days?
'Cause she that wont to flout and rail,
At last gave proof of woman's ways;
She did, in sooth, display the heart
That might have wrought thee greater smart.

II.

Why, thank her then, not weep or moan;
Let others guard their careless heart,
And praise the day that thus made known
The faithless hold on woman's art;
Their lips can gloze and gain such root,
That gentle youth hath hope of fruit.

III.

But, ere the blossom fair doth rise,
To shoot its sweetness o'er the taste,
Creepeth disdain in canker-wise,
And chilling scorn the fruit doth blast:
There is no hope of all our toil;
There is no fruit from such a soil.

IV.

Give o'er thy plaint, the danger's o'er;
She might have poison'd all thy life;
Such wayward mind had bred thee more
Of sorrow had she proved thy wife:
Leave her to meet all hopeless meed,
And bless thyself that so art freed.

No youth shall sue such one to win,
Unmark'd by all the shining fair,
Save for her pride and scorn, such sin
As heart of love can never bear;
Like leafless plant in blasted shade,
So liveth she—a barren maid.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

BORN 1554.—DIED 1586.

Without enduring Lord Orford's cold-blooded depreciation of this hero, it must be owned that his writings fall short of his traditional glory; nor were his actions of the very highest importance to his country. Still there is no necessity for supposing the impression which he made upon his contempo-

raries to have been either illusive or exaggerated. Traits of character will distinguish great men, independently of their pens or their swords. The contemporaries of Sydney knew the man: and foreigners, no less than his own countrymen, seem to have felt, from his personal influence and conversation, an homage for him, that could only be paid to a commanding intellect guiding the principles of a noble heart. The variety of his ambition, perhaps, unfavourably divided the force of his genius: feeling that he could take different paths to reputation, he did not confine himself to one, but was successively occupied in the punctilious duties of a courtier, the studies and pursuits of a scholar and traveller, and in the life of a soldier, of which the chivalrous accomplishments could not be learnt without diligence and fatigue. All his excellence in those pursuits, and all the celebrity that would have placed him among the competitors for a crown, was gained in a life of thirty-two years. His sagacity and independence are recorded in the advice which he gave to his own sovereign. In the quarrel with Lord Oxford* he opposed the rights of an English commoner to the prejudices of aristocracy and of royalty itself. At home he was the patron of literature. All England wore mourning for his death. Perhaps the well known anecdote of his generosity to the dying soldier speaks more powerfully to the

* Vide the biographical notice of *Lord Oxford*.

heart than the whole volumes of elegies in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, that were published at his death by the universities.

Mr. Ellis has exhausted the best specimens of his poetry. I have only offered a few short ones.

TO SLEEP.

FROM THE ARCADIA.

COME sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.

With shield of proof shield me from out the prease[1]
Of those fierce darts despair doth at me throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease,
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.

Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland and a weary head;
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than else-where Stella's image see.

[1] Press, or crowd.

SONNETS.

In martial sports I had my cunning tried,
And yet to break more staves did me address,
While with the people's shouts, I must confess,
Youth, luck, and praise, e'en fill'd my veins with
pride;
When Cupid having me his slave descried
In Mars's livery, prancing in the press,
"What now, Sir Fool?" said he, "I would no less;
Look here, I say."—I look'd, and Stella spied,
Who hard by made a window send forth light;
My heart then quak'd, then dazzled were mine eyes;
One hand forgot to rule, th' other to fight;
Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly cries.
My foe came on and beat the air for me,
Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

O happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear,
I saw myself, with many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face, joy's livery wear,
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine;
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear;
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravish'd, staid not till in her golden hair
They did themselves, oh sweetest prison! twine;
And fain those Eol's youth there would their stay

Have made, but forc'd by Nature still to fly,
First did with puffing kiss those locks display:
She, so dishevell'd, blush'd :—from window I,
With sight thereof, cried out, O fair disgrace,
Let Honour's self to thee grant highest place.

ROBERT GREENE

Was born at Norwich about 1560, was educated at Cambridge, travelled in Spain and Italy, and on his return held, for about a year, the vicarage of Tollesbury, in Essex. The rest of his life seems to have been spent in London, with no other support than his pen, and in the society of men of more wit than worldly prudence. He is said to have died about 1592, from a surfeit occasioned by pickled herrings and Rhenish wine. Greene has acknowledged, with great contrition, some of the follies of his life; but the charge of profligacy which has been so mercilessly laid on his memory, must be taken with great abatement, as it was chiefly dictated by his bitterest enemy, Gabriel Harvey, who is said to have trampled on his dead body when laid in the grave. The story, it may be hoped, for the credit of human nature, is untrue; but it shews to what a pitch the malignity of Harvey was supposed to be capable of being excited. Greene is accused of having deserted an amiable wife; but his traducers rather inconsistently re-

proach him also with the necessity of writing for her maintenance.

A list of his writings, amounting to forty-five separate productions, is given in the Censura Literaria, including five plays, several amatory romances, and other pamphlets, of quaint titles and rambling contents. The writer of that article has vindicated the personal memory of Greene with proper feeling, but he seems to overrate the importance that could have ever been attached to him as a writer. In proof of the once great popularity of Greene's writings, a passage is quoted from Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, where it is said that Saviolina uses as choice figures as any in the Arcadia, and Carlo subjoins, 'or in Greene's works, where she may steal with more security.' This allusion to the facility of stealing without detection from an author, surely argues the reverse of his being popular and well known. Greene's style is in truth most whimsical and grotesque. He lived before there was a good model of familiar prose; and his wit, like a stream that is too weak to force a channel for itself, is lost in rhapsody and diffuseness.

JEALOUSY.

FROM TULLY'S LOVE.

When gods had framed the sweets of Woman's face,
And lockt men's looks within her golden hair,
That Phœbus blush'd to see her matchless grace,
And heavenly gods on earth did make repair,

To quip fair Venus' overweening pride,
Love's happy thoughts to jealousy were tied.

Then grew a wrinkle on fair Venus' brow,
The amber sweet of love is turned to gall;
Gloomy was Heaven; bright Phœbus did avow
He would be coy, and would not love at all;
Swearing no greater mischief could be wrought,
Than love united to a jealous thought.

DORASTUS ON FAWNIA.

Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were Heaven, nothing woe.
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt e'en with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land,
Under the wide Heavens, but yet not such.
Just as she shews so seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower;
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows;
Compass'd she is with thorns and canker'd flowers;
Yet, were she willing to be pluck'd and worn,
She would be gather'd, though she grew on thorn.

Ah, when she sings, all music else be still,
For none must be compared to her note;

Ne'er breath'd such glee from Philomela's bill,
Nor from the morning singer's swelling throat.
And when she riseth from her blissful bed,
She comforts all the world, as doth the sun.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Was born in 1562, took a bachelor's degree at Cambridge, and came to London, where he was a contemporary player and dramatic writer with Shakespeare. Had he lived longer to profit by the example of Shakespeare, it is not straining conjecture to suppose, that the strong misguided energy of Marlowe would have been kindled and refined to excellence by the rivalship; but his death, at the age of thirty, is alike to be lamented for its disgracefulness and prematurity, his own sword being forced upon him, in a quarrel, at a brothel. Six tragedies, however, and his numerous translations from the classics, evince, that if his life was profligate, it was not idle. The bishops ordered his translations of Ovid's Love Elegies to be burnt in public for their licentiousness. If all the licentious poems of that period had been included in the martyrdom, Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis would have hardly escaped the flames.

In Marlowe's tragedy of Lust's Dominion there is a scene of singular coincidence with an event

that was, 200 years after, exhibited in the same country, namely Spain. A Spanish queen, instigated by an usurper, falsely proclaims her own son to be a bastard.

Prince Philip is a bastard born;
O give me leave to blush at mine own shame:
But I for love to you—love to fair Spain,
Chuse rather to rip up a queen's disgrace,
Than, by concealing it, to set the crown
Upon a bastard's head.

Lust's Dom. Sc. iv. Act 3.

Compare this avowal with the confession which Bonaparte either obtained, or pretended to have obtained, from the mother of Ferdinand VII. in 1808, and one might almost imagine that he had consulted Marlowe's tragedy.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That vallies, groves, and hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Come live with me and be my love.



ROBERT SOUTHWELL,

BORN 1560,

Is said to have been descended from an ancient and respectable family in Norfolk, and being sent abroad for his education, became a jesuit at Rome. He was appointed prefect of studies there in 1585, and, not long after, was sent as a missionary into England.

His chief residence was with Anne, Countess of Arundel, who died in the Tower of London. Southwell was apprehended in July 1592, and carried before Queen Elizabeth's agents, who endeavoured to extort from him some disclosure of secret conspiracies against the government; but he was cautious at his examination, and declined answering a number of ensnaring questions. Upon which, being sent to prison, he remained near three years in strict confinement, was repeatedly put upon the rack, and, as he himself affirmed, underwent very severe tortures no less than ten times. He owned that he was a priest and a jesuit, that he came into England to preach the Catholic religion, and was prepared to lay down his life in the cause. On the 20th of February, 1595, he was brought to his trial at the King's Bench, was condemned to die, and was executed the next day, at Tyburn. His writings, of which a numerous list is given in the 67th volume of the Gentleman's Magazine, together with the preceding sketch of his life, were probably at one time popular among the Catholics. In a small collection of his pieces there are two specimens of his prose compositions, entitled "Mary Magdalene's Tears," and the "Triumph over Death," which contain some eloquent sentences. Nor is it possible to read the volume without lamenting that its author should have been either the instrument of bigotry, or the object of persecution.

M 2

LOVE'S SERVILE LOT.

Love mistress is of many minds,
Yet few know whom they serve;
They reckon least how little lope
Their service doth deserve.

The will she robbeth from the wit,
The sense from reason's lore;
She is delightful in the rind,
Corrupted in the core.

* * * * * * *

May never was the month of love;
For May is full of flowers;
But rather April, wet by kind;
For love is full of showers.

With soothing words inthralled souls
She chains in servile bands!
Her eye in silence hath a speech
Which eye best understands.

Her little sweet hath many sours,
Short hap, immortal harms;
Her loving looks are murd'ring darts,
Her songs bewitching charms.

Like winter rose, and summer ice,
Her joys are still untimely;

Before her hope, behind remorse,
Fair first, in fine unseemly.

Plough not the seas, sow not the sands,
Leave off your idle pain;
Seek other mistress for your minds,
Love's service is in vain.

LOOK HOME.

Retired thoughts enjoy their own delights,
As beauty doth in self-beholding eye:
Man's mind a mirror is of heavenly sights,
A brief wherein all miracles summed lie;
Of fairest forms, and sweetest shapes the store,
Most graceful all, yet thought may grace them more.

The mind a creature is, yet can create,
To nature's patterns adding higher skill
Of finest works; wit better could the state,
If force of wit had equal power of will.
Devise of man in working hath no end;
What thought can think, another thought can mend.

Man's soul of endless beauties image is,
Drawn by the work of endless skill and might:
This skilful might gave many sparks of bliss,
And, to discern this bliss, a native light,

To frame God's image as his worth required;
His might, his skill, his word and will conspired.

All that he had, his image should present;
All that it should present, he could afford;
To that he could afford his will was bent;
His will was followed with performing word.
Let this suffice, by this conceive the rest,
He should, he could, he would, he did the best.

THOMAS WATSON,

BORN 1560—DIED ABOUT 1592,

WAS a native of London, and studied the common law, but from the variety of his productions (Vide Theatrum Poetarum, p. 213), would seem to have devoted himself to lighter studies. Mr. Steevens has certainly overrated his sonnets in preferring them to Shakespeare's.

THE NYMPHS TO THEIR MAY QUEEN.

From England's Helicon.

WITH fragrant flow'rs we strew the way,
And make this our chief holiday;
For though this clime was blest of yore,
Yet was it never proud before.

O beauteous queen of second Troy,
Accept of our unfeigned joy.

Now th' air is sweeter than sweet balm,
And satyrs dance about the palm;
Now earth, with verdure newly dight,
Gives perfect signs of her delight:
O beauteous queen!

Now birds record new harmony,
And trees do whistle melody;
And every thing that nature breeds
Doth clad itself in pleasant weeds.

SONNET.

Actæon lost, in middle of his sport,
Both shape and life, for looking but awry:
Diana was afraid he would report
What secrets he had seen in passing by.
To tell the truth, the self-same hurt have I,
By viewing her for whom I daily die;
I leese my wonted shape, in that my mind
Doth suffer wreck upon the stony rock
Of her disdain, who, contrary to kind,
Does bear a breast more hard than any stock;
And former form of limbs is changed quite
By cares in love, and want of due delight.

I leave my life, in that each secret thought
Which I conceive through wanton fond regard,
Doth make me say that life availeth nought,
Where service cannot have a due reward.
I dare not name the nymph that works my smart,
Though love hath grav'n her name within my heart.

EDMUND SPENSER,

DESCENDED from the ancient and honourable family of Spenser, was born in London, in East Smithfield, by the Tower, probably about the year 1553. He studied at the university of Cambridge, where it appears, from his correspondence, that he formed an intimate friendship with the learned, but pedantic, Gabriel Harvey[1]. Spenser, with Sir P. Sydney, was, for a time, a convert to Harvey's Utopian scheme for changing the measures of English poetry into those of the Greeks and Romans.

Spenser even wrote trimeter iambics[2] sufficiently

[1] For an account of Harvey the reader may consult Wood's Athen. Oxon. Vol. I.—Fasti col. 128.

[2] A short example of Spenser's Iambicum Trimetrum will suffice, from a copy of verses in one of his letters to Harvey.

Unhappy verse! the witness of my unhappy state,
Make thyself fluttering wings of thy fast flying
Thought, and fly forth unto my love, wheresoever she be,

bad to countenance the English hexameters of his friend; but the Muse would not suffer such a votary to be lost in the pursuit after chimeras, and recalled him to her natural strains. From Cambridge Spenser went to reside with some relations in the north of England, and, in this retirement, conceived a passion for a mistress, whom he has celebrated under the name of Rosalind. It appears, however, that she trifled with his affection, and preferred a rival.

Harvey, or Hobinol, (by so uncouth a name did the shepherd of hexameter memory, the learned Harvey, deign to be called in Spenser's eclogues), with better judgment than he had shewn in poetical matters, advised Spenser to leave his rustic obscurity, and introduced him to Sir Philip Sydney, who recommended him to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. The poet was invited to the family seat of Sydney, at Penshurst, in Kent, where he is supposed to have assisted the Platonic studies of his gallant and congenial friend. To him he dedicated his "Shepheard's Calendar." Sydney did not bestow unqualified praise on those eclogues; he allowed that they contained much poetry, but condemned the antique rusticity of the language. It was of these eclogues, and not of the Fairy Queen (as has been frequently misstated), that Ben Jonson said, that

Whether lying restless in heavy bed, or else
Sitting so cheerless at the cheerful board, or else
Playing alone, careless, on her heavenly virginals.

the author, in imitating the ancients, had written no language at all. They gained, however, so many admirers, as to pass through five editions in Spenser's lifetime; and though Dove, a contemporary scholar, who translated them into Latin, speaks of the author being unknown, yet when Abraham Fraunce, in 1583, published his "Lawyer's Logicke," he illustrated his rules by quotations from the Shepheard's Calendar.

Pope, Dryden, and Warton, have extolled those eclogues, and Sir William Jones has placed Spenser and Gay as the only genuine descendants of Theocritus and Virgil in pastoral poetry. This decision may be questioned. Favourable as the circumstances of England have been to the developement of her genius in all the higher walks of poetry, they have not been propitious to the humbler pastoral muse. Her trades and manufactures, the very blessings of her wealth and industry, threw the indolent shepherd's life to a distance from her cities and capital, where poets, with all their love of the country, are generally found; and impressed on the face of the country, and on its rustic manners, a gladsome, but not romantic appearance.

In Scotland, on the contrary, the scenery, rural economy of the country, and the songs of the peasantry, sung "at the watching of the fold," presented Ramsay with a much nearer image of pastoral life, and he accordingly painted it with the fresh feeling and enjoyment of nature. Had Sir

William Jones understood the dialect of that poet; I am convinced that he would not have awarded the pastoral crown to any other author. Ramsay's shepherds are distinct, intelligible beings, neither vulgar, like the caricatures of Gay, nor fantastic, like those of Fletcher. They afford such a view of a national peasantry, as we should wish to acquire by travelling among them; and form a draft entirely devoted to rural manners, which for truth, and beauty, and extent, has no parallel in the richer language of England. Shakespeare's pastoral scenes are only subsidiary to the main interest of the plays where they are introduced. Milton's are rather pageants of fancy, than pictures of real life. The shepherds of Spenser's Calendar are parsons in disguise, who converse about heathen divinities and points of Christian theology. Palinode defends the luxuries of the Catholic clergy, and Piers extols the purity of Archbishop Grindal, concluding with the story of a fox, who came to the house of a goat, in the character of a pedlar, and obtained admittance by pretending to be a sheep. This may be burlesquing Æsop, but certainly is not imitating Theocritus. There are fine thoughts and images in the Calendar, but, on the whole, the obscurity of those pastorals is rather their covering, than their principal, defect.

In 1580, Arthur Lord Grey, of Wilton, went as lord lieutenant to Ireland, and Spenser accompanied him as his secretary; we may suppose by the recommendation of the Earl of Leicester. Lord Grey

was recalled from his Irish government in 1582, and Spenser returned with him to England, where, by the interest of Grey, Leicester, and Sydney, he obtained a grant from Queen Elizabeth, of 3028 acres in the county of Cork, out of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond. This was the last act of kindness which Sydney had a share in conferring on him: he died in the same year, furnishing an almost solitary instance of virtue passing through life uncalumniated.

Whether Sydney was meant or not, under the character of Prince Arthur in the Fairy Queen, we cannot conceive the poet, in describing heroic excellence, to have had the image of Sir Philip Sydney long absent from his mind.

By the terms of the royal grant, Spenser was obliged to return to Ireland, in order to cultivate the lands assigned to him. His residence at Kilcolman, an ancient castle of the earls of Desmond, is described by one[1] who had seen its ruins, as situated on the north side of a fine lake, in the midst of a vast plain, which was terminated, to the east, by the Waterford mountains, on the north, by the Ballyhowra hills, and by the Nagle and Kerry mountains, on the south and east. It commanded a view of above half the breadth of Ireland, and must have been, when the adjacent uplands were wooded, a most romantic and pleasant situation. The river Mulla, which Spenser has so

[1] Smith's History of Cork, quoted by Todd.

often celebrated, ran through his grounds. In this retreat he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, at that time a captain in the queen's army. His visit occasioned the first resolution of Spenser, to prepare the first books of the Fairy Queen for immediate publication. Spenser has commemorated this interview, and the inspiring influence of Raleigh's praise, under the figurative description of two shepherds tuning their pipes, beneath the alders of the *Mulla*; —a fiction with which the mind, perhaps, will be much less satisfied, than by recalling the scene as it really existed. When we conceive Spenser reciting his compositions to Raleigh, in a scene so beautifully appropriate, the mind casts a pleasing retrospect over that influence which the enterprize of the discoverer of Virginia, and the genius of the author of the Fairy Queen, have respectively produced on the fortune and language of England. The fancy might even be pardoned for a momentary superstition, that the Genius of their country hovered, unseen, over their meeting, casting her first look of regard on the poet, that was destined to inspire her future Milton, and the other on the maritime hero, who paved the way for colonizing distant regions of the earth, where the language of England was to be spoken, and the poetry of Spenser to be admired. Raleigh, whom the poet accompanied to England, introduced him to Queen Elizabeth. Her majesty, in 1590-1, conferred on him a pension of 50*l*. a year. In the patent for his pension he is not styled the laureat;

but his contemporaries have frequently addressed him by that title. Mr. Malone's discovery of the patent for this pension, refutes the idle story of Burleigh's preventing the royal bounty being bestowed upon the poet, by asking if so much money was to be given for a song, as well as that of Spenser's procuring it at last by the doggrel verses,

> I was promised, on a time,
> To have reason for my rhyme, &c.

Yet there are passages in the Fairy Queen which unequivocally refer to Burleigh with severity. The coldness of that statesman to Spenser most probably arose from the poet's attachment to Lord Leicester and Lord Essex, who were each successively at the head of a party opposed to the Lord Chancellor. After the publication of the Fairy Queen, he returned to Ireland, and, during his absence, the fame which he had acquired by that poem, (of which the first edition, however, contained only the three first books), induced his publisher to compile and reprint his smaller pieces[1]. He appears to have again visited London about the end of 1591, as his next publication, the elegy on Douglas Howard, daughter of Henry Lord Howard, is dated

[1] Viz. 1. The Ruins of Time.—2. The Tears of the Muses.—3. Virgil's Gnat.—4. Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubbard's Tale.—5. The Ruins of Rome, by Bellay.—6. Muiopotmos, or the Tale of the Butterfly.—7. Visions of the World's Vanitie.—8. Bellay's Visions.—9. Petrarch's Visions.

January 1591-2. From this period there is a long interval in the history of Spenser, which was probably passed in Ireland, but of which we have no account. He married, it is conjectured, in the year 1594, when he was past forty; and it appears from his epithalamium, that the nuptials were celebrated at Cork. In 1596, the second part of the Fairy Queen appeared, accompanied by a new edition of the first. Of the remaining six books, which would have completed the poet's design, only fragments have been brought to light; and there is little reason to presume that they were regularly furnished. Yet Mr. Todd has proved, that the contemporaries of Spenser believed much of his valuable poetry to have been lost, in the destruction of his house in Ireland.

In the same year, 1596, he presented to the queen his "View of the State of Ireland," which remained in manuscript, till it was published by Sir James Ware, in 1633. Curiosity turns naturally to the prose work of so old and eminent a poet, which exhibits him in the three-fold character of a writer delineating an interesting country from his own observation, of a scholar tracing back its remotest history, and of a politician investigating the causes of its calamities. The antiquities of Ireland have been since more successfully explored; though on that subject Spenser is still a respectable authority. The great value of the book is the authentic and curious picture of national manners and circumstances which

it exhibits; and its style is as nervous, as the matter is copious and amusing. A remarkable proposal, in his plan for the management of Ireland, is the establishment of the Anglo-saxon system of Borseholders. His political views are strongly coercive, and consist of little more than stationing proper garrisons, and abolishing ancient customs: and we find him declaiming bitterly against the Irish minstrels, and seriously dwelling on the loose mantles and glibs, or long hair, of the vagrant poor, as important causes of moral depravity. But we ought not to try the plans of Spenser by modern circumstances, nor his temper by the liberality of more enlightened times. It was a great point to commence earnest discussion on such a subject. From a note in one of the oldest copies of this treatise, it appears, that Spenser was at that time clerk to the council of the province of Ulster. In 1597, our poet returned to Ireland, and, in the following year, was destined to an honourable situation, being recommended by her majesty to be chosen sheriff for Cork. But in the subsequent month of that year, Tyrone's rebellion broke out, and occasioned his immediate flight, with his family, from Kilcolman. In the confusion attending this calamitous departure, one of his children was left behind, and perished in the conflagration of his house, when it was destroyed by the Irish insurgents. Spenser returned to England with a heart broken by distress, and died at London in January 1599. He was buried,

according to his own desire, near the tomb of Chaucer; and the most celebrated poets of the time (Shakespeare was probably of the number), followed his hearse, and threw tributary verses into his grave.

Mr. Todd, the learned editor of his works, has proved it to be highly improbable that he could have died, as has been sometimes said, in absolute want. For he had still his pension, and many friends, among whom Essex provided nobly for his funeral. Yet that he died broken-hearted and comparatively poor, is but too much to be feared, from the testimony of his contemporaries, Camden and Jonson, the latter of whom held the pall at his funeral. A reverse of fortune might crush his spirit without his being reduced to absolute indigence, especially with the horrible recollection of the manner in which his child had perished.

FAIRY QUEEN, Book I. Canto 3.

UNA FOLLOWED BY THE LION.

Forsaken Truth long seeks her love,
And makes the Lion mild;
Mars blind Devotion's mart, and falls
In hand of lecher wild.

Nought is there under Heaven's wide hollowness,
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought t'unworthy wretchedness,
Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind.

I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierc'd with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

And now it is impassioned so deep,
For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing,
That my frail eyes these lines with tears do steep,
To think how she through guileful handelling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though fair as ever living wight was fair,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despair,
And her due love's deriv'd to that vile witch's share.

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
Forsaken, woeful, solitary maid,
Far from all people's preace, as in exile,
In wilderness and wasteful deserts stray'd,
To seek her knight, who, subtily betray'd
Through that late vision, which th' enchanter wrought,
Had her abandon'd: she, of nought afraid,
Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;

And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in a shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood,
A ramping lion rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood;
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devour'd her tender corse;
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amaz'd, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof he kiss'd her weary feet,
And lick'd her lily hands with fawning tongue,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion,
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,

And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage which late
Him prick'd, in pity of my sad estate:
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him lov'd, and ever most ador'd,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhorred?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pity calm'd, down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin, born of heavenly blood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayed champion, if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles, and misfortunes hard.
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she wak'd, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepar'd:
From her fair eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

FAIRY QUEEN; Book I. Canto 5.

THE FAITHFUL KNIGHT HAVING KILLED THE SARACEN SANSFOY, DUESSA THE WITCH MAKES A JOURNEY TO THE INFERNAL REGIONS TO RECOVER THE BODY OF HER INFIDEL CHAMPION.

* * * * * * * *

So wept Duessa until eventide,
That shining lamps in love's high house were light;
Then forth she rose, no longer would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' heathen knight,
In slumb'ring swòon'd, nigh void of vital sp'rit,
Lay cover'd with enchanted cloud all day;
Whom, when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wail his woeful case, she would not stay,
But to the eastern coast of Heaven makes speedy way.

Where grisly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus' cheerful face durst never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forthcoming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hue.
Before the door her iron chariot stood,
Already harnessed for journey new;
And coal-black steeds, yborn of hellish blood,
That on their rusty bits did champ as they were wood.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
Devoid of outward sense and native strength,

Covered, with charmed cloud, from view of day
And sight of men, since his late luckless fray.
His cruel wounds with cruddy blood congeal'd,
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly till they can be heal'd:
So lay him in her chari't, close in Night conceal'd.

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her iron wheels did them affray,
And her dark grisly look them much dismay;
The messenger of death, the ghastly owl,
With dreary shrieks did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howl
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foul.

By that same way the direful dames do drive
Their mournful chariot, fill'd with rusty blood,
And down to Pluto's house are come bilive[1];
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts, with sad amazed mood,
Chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eyes; and all the hellish brood
Of fiends infernal flock'd on every side
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst
ride.

[1] Quickly.

FAIRY QUEEN, Book II. Canto 6.

A HARDER lesson to learn continence
In joyous pleasure than in grievous pain;
For sweetness doth allure the weaker sense
So strongly, that uneathes it can refrain
From that which feeble nature covets fain;
But grief and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, she better can restrain:
Yet virtue vaunts in both her victories,
And Guyon in them all shews goodly masteries.

Whom bold Cymochles travelling to find,
With cruel purpose bent to wreak on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Waiting to pass, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glance of eye,
A little gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughs and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a little forest seemed outwardly;

And therein sate a lady fresh and fair,
Making sweet solace to herself alone;
Sometimes she sung as loud as lark in air,
Sometimes she laugh'd, that nigh her breath was gone;
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of merriment;
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none,

She could devise, and thousand ways invent
To feel her foolish humour and vain jolliment.

Which when far off, Cymochles heard and saw,
He loudly called to such as were aboard
The little bark, unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deep ford:
The merry mariner unto his word
Soon heark'ned, and her painted boat straightway
Turned to the shore, where that same warlike lord
She in received; but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did
pray.

Eftsoons her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift than swallow sheers the liquid sky,
Withouten oar or pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:
Only she turned a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave;
Ne cared she her course for to apply,
For it was taught the way which she would have,
And both from rocks and flats itself could wisely
save.

And all the way the wanton damsel found
New mirth her passenger to entertain;
For she in pleasant purpose did abound,
And greatly joyed merry tales to feign,
Of which a store-house did with her remain,

Yet seemed nothing well they her became;
For all her words she drown'd with laughter vain,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vain toys she would devise
As her fantastic wit did most delight:
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
With gaudy garlands, or fresh flowrets dight
About her neck, or rings of rushes plight:
Sometimes to do him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light,
Or to behold the water work and play
About her little frigate, therein making way.

Her light behaviour and loose dalliance
Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no sovenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruel fight,
But to weak wench did yield his martial might:
So easy was to quench his flamed mind
With one sweet drop of sensual delight;
So easy is t' appease the stormy wind
Of malice in the calm of pleasant womankind.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent;
'Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned
Both what she was, and what the usage meant,
Which in her cot she daily practised?
" Vain man!" said she, " that wouldst be reckoned

A stranger in thy home, and ignorant
Of Phœdria (for so my name is read)
Of Phœdria, thine own fellow-servant:
For thou to serve Acrasia thyself dost vaunt.

In this wide inland sea, that hight by name
The Idle Lake, my wandring ship I row,
That knows her port, and thither sails by aim,
Ne care ne fear I how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend or whether slow:
Both slow and swift alike do serve my turn:
Ne swelling Neptune, ne loud-thund'ring Jove,
Can change my cheer, or make me ever mourn;
My little boat can safely pass this perilous bourne."

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toy'd,
They were far past the passage which he spake,
And come unto an island waste and void,
That floated in the midst of that great lake;
There her small gondelay her port did make,
And that gay pair issuing on the shore
Disburthen'd her: their way they forward take
Into the land that lay them fair before,
Whose pleasaunce she him shew'd, and plentiful
great store.

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,
Amongst wide waves set like a little nest,
As if it had by Nature's cunning hand
Been choicely picked out from all the rest,

And laid forth for ensample of the best:
No dainty flower or herb that grows on ground,
Nor arboret with painted blossoms drest,
And smelling-sweet, but there it might be found
To bud out fair, and throw her sweet smells all
    around.

No tree, whose branches did not bravely spring;
No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sit;
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;
No song, but did contain a lovely dit.
Trees, branches, birds, and songs, were framed fit
For to allure frail mind to careless ease.
Careless the man soon woxe, and his weak wit
Was overcome of thing that did him please:
So pleased, did his wrathful purpose fair appease.

Thus when she had his eyes and senses fed
With false delights, and fill'd with pleasures vain,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And laid him down upon a grassy plain,
And her sweet self, without dread or disdain,
She set beside, laying his head disarm'd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustain,
Where soon he slumber'd, fearing not be harm'd;
The whiles with a love-lay she thus him sweetly
    charm'd:

" Behold, O man! that toilsome pains dost take,
The flowers, the fields, and all that pleasant grows,

How they themselves do thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throws
Out of her fruitful lap: how no man knows
They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh and fair,
And deck the world with their rich pompous shows;
Yet no man for them taketh pains or care,
Yet no man to them can his careful pains compare.

"The lily, lady of the flow'ring field,
The flower-de-luce, her lovely paramour,
Bid thee to them thy fruitless labours yield,
And soon leave off this toilsome weary stour;
Lo, lo! how brave she decks her bounteous bower,
With silken curtains and gold coverlets,
Therein to shroud her sumptuous belamoure;
Yet neither spins nor cards, ne cares nor frets,
But to her mother Nature all her care she lets.

"Why then dost thou, O Man, that of them all
Art lord, and eke of Nature sovereign,
Wilfully make thyself a wretched thrall,
And waste thy joyous hours in needless pain,
Seeking for danger and adventure vain?
What boots it all to have and nothing use?
Who shall him rue that, swimming in the main,
Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitless toil and present pleasures choose."

By this she had him lulled fast asleep,
That of no worldly thing he care did take;
Then she with liquors strong his eyes did steep,
That nothing should him hastily awake:
So she him left, and did herself betake
Unto her boat again, with which she cleft
The slothful wave of that great grisly lake;
Soon she that island far behind her left,
And now is come to that same place where first she
weft.

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
Unto the other side of that wide strand
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
Him needed not long call; she soon to hand
Her ferry brought, where him she biding found
With his sad guide: himself she took aboard,
But the black palmer suffer'd still to stand,
Ne would for price or prayers once afford
To ferry that old man over the perilous ford.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
Yet being enter'd might not back retire;
For the flit bark obeying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly, as she did desire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billows, thick as troubled mire,
Whom neither wind out of their seat could force,
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish
source.

And by the way, as was her wonted guise,
Her merry fit she freshly gan to rear,
And did of joy and jollity devise,
Herself to cherish, and her guest to cheer.
The knight was courteous, and did not forbear
Her honest mirth and pleasaunce to partake;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and jeer,
And pass the bonds of modest mearimake,
Her dalliance he despis'd, and follies did forsake.

Yet she still followed her former style,
And said, and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleasant isle,
Where sleeping late she left her other knight:
But whenas Guyon of that land had sight,
He wist himself amiss, and angry said,
"Ah! Dame, perdy ye have not done me right,
Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obey'd:
Me little needed from my right way to have stray'd."

"Fair Sir!" quoth she, "be not displeas'd at all;
Who fares on sea may not command his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
The sea is wide, and easy for to stray,
The wind unstable, and doth never stay:
But here a while ye may in safety rest,
Till season serve new passage to assay:
Better safe port, than be in seas distrest."
Therewith she laugh'd, and did her earnest end in jest.

But he, half discontent, mote natheless
Himself appease, and issued forth on shore;
The joys whereof, and happy fruitfulness,
Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
And all though pleasant, yet she made much more.
The fields did laugh, the flowers did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and early blossoms bore,
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told the garden's pleasures in their caroling.

And she, more sweet than any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes amongst them bear a part,
And strive to pass (as she could well enough)
Their native music by her skilful art:
So did she all, that might his constant heart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprise,
And drown in dissolute delights apart,
Where noise of arms, or view of martial guise
Might not revive desire of nightly exercise.

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
And ever held his hand upon his heart;
Yet would not seem so rude and thewed ill,
As to despise so courteous seeming part,
That gentle lady did to him impart;
But fairly tempering, fond desire subdued,
And ever her desired to depart;
She list not hear, but her disports pursue'd,
And ever bade him stay till time the tide renew'd.

And now by this Cymochles' hour was spent,
That he awoke out of his idle dream;
And shaking off his drowsy dreriment,
'Gan him advise how ill did him beseem
In slothful sleep his moulten heart to steme,
And quench the brand of his conceived ire;
Tho' up he started, stirr'd with shame extreme,
Ne stayed for his damsel to enquire,
But marched to the strand, there passage to require.

And in the way he with Sir Guyon met,
Accompanied with Phædria the fair;
Eftsoons he gan to rage and inly fret,
Crying, "Let be that lady debonair,
Thou recreant knight, and soon thyself prepare
To battle, if thou mean her love to gain.
Lo, lo, already how the fowls in air
Do flock, awaiting shortly to obtain
Thy carcass for their prey, the guerdon of thy pain."

And therewithal he fiercely at him flew,
And with importune outrage him assail'd;
Who soon prepar'd, to field his sword forth drew,
And him with equal value countervail'd;
Their mighty strokes their habericons dismail'd,
And naked made each other's manly spalles;
The mortal steel dispiteously entail'd
Deep in their flesh, quite through the iron walls,
That a large purple stream adown their giambeux
falls.

Cymochles, that had never met before
So puissant foe, with envious despight
His proud more presumed force encreased,
Disdaining to be held so long in fight.
Sir Guyon, grudging not so much his might,
As those unknightly railings which he spoke,
With wrathful fire his courage kindled bright,
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powers, redoubled every stroke.

Both of them high at once their hands enhaunst,
And both at once their huge blows down did sway:
Cymochles' sword on Guyon's shield yglaunst,
And thereof nigh one quarter shear'd away:
But Guyon's angry blade so fierce did play
On th' other's helmet, which as Titan shone,
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head into the bone,
Wherewith astonish'd still he stood as senseless
stone.

Still as he stood, fair Phædria (that beheld
That deadly danger) soon atweene them ran,
And at their feet herself most humbly fell'd,
Crying with piteous voice and count'nance wan,
"Ah! well away! most noble lords, how can
Your cruel eyes endure so piteous sight
To shed your lives on ground? woe worth the man
That first did teach the cursed steel to bite
In his own flesh, and make way to the living spright!

"If ever love of lady did empierce
Your iron breasts, or pity could find place,
Withhold your bloody hands from battle fierce;
And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to stay your deadly strife a space;"
They stay'd awhile, and forth she gan proceed:
"Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
That am the author of this heinous deed,
And cause of death between two doughty knights
do breed.

"But if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
Not this rude kind of battle, nor these arms
Are meet, the which do men in bale to sterve,
And doleful sorrow heap with deadly harms:
Such cruel game my scarmoges disarms.
Another war and other weapons I
Do love, where love does give his sweet alarms
Without bloodshed, and where the enemy
Does yield unto his foe a pleasant victory.

"Debateful strife and cruel enmity
The famous name of knighthood foully shend;
But lovely peace and gentle amity,
And in amours the passing hours to spend,
The mighty martial hands do most commend;
Of love they ever greater glory bore
Than of their arms: Mars is Cupido's friend,
And is for Venus' loves renowned more
Than all his wars and spoils the which he did of yore."

Therewith she sweetly smil'd. They, though full
bent
To prove extremities of bloody fight,
Yet at her speech their rages gan relent,
And calm the sea of their tempestuous spite:
Such power have pleasing words: such is the might
Of courteous clemency in gentle heart.
Now after all was ceas'd, the Faery Knight
Besought that damsel suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

She no less glad than he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her joy
And vain delight she saw he light did pass,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemn sad, or still disdainful coy,
Delighting all in arms and cruel war,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terror and unquiet jar,
That she well pleas'd was thence to amove him far.

Tho' him she brought aboard, and her swift boat
Forthwith directed to that further strand,
That which on the dull waves did lightly float,
And soon arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome Guyon sailed forth to land,
And to that damsel thanks gave for reward:
Upon that shore he espied Atin stand,
There by his master left, when late he far'd
In Phædria's fleet bark, over that perlous shard.

* * * * * * * *

SIR GUYON, GUIDED BY THE PALMER TEMPERANCE, PASSES THE DANGERS OF THE BOWER OF BLISS.

WITH that the rolling sea resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answered,
And on the rock the waves breaking aloft,
A solemn mean unto them measured;
The whiles sweet Zephyrus loud whistled
His treble, a strange kind of harmony,
Which Guyon's senses softly tickled,
That he the boatman bade row easily,
And let him hear some part of their rare melody.

But him the palmer from that vanity
With temperate advice discounselled,
That they it past, and shortly gan descry
The land to which their course they levelled;
When suddenly a gross fog overspread
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heaven's cheerful face enveloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great universe seem'd one confused mass.

Thereat they greatly were dismay'd, ne wist
How to direct their way in darkness wide,
But fear'd to wander in that wasteful mist,
For tumbling into mischief unespied:
Worse is the danger hidden than descried.
Suddenly an innumerable flight

Of harmful fowls about them fluttering cried,
And with their wicked wings them oft did smite,
And sore annoy'd, groping in that griesly night.

Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatal birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhor and hate;
The ill-fac'd owl, death's dreadful messenger;
The hoarse night-raven, trump of doleful drear;
The leather-winged bat, day's enemy;
The rueful strich, still waiting on the bier;
The whistler shrill, that whoso hears doth die;
The hellish harpies, prophets of sad destiny:

All those, and all that else does horror breed,
About them flew, and fill'd their sails with fear:
Yet stay'd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles the one did row, and th' other stiffly steer;
Till that at last the weather gan to clear,
And the fair land itself did plainly show.
Said then the palmer, "Lo where does appear
The sacred soil where all our perils grow,
Therefore, Sir Knight, your ready arms about you
throw."

He hearken'd, and his arms about him took,
The whiles the nimble boat so well her sped,
That with her crooked keel the land she struck;
Then forth the noble Guyon sallied,
And his sage palmer that him governed;

But the other by his boat behind did stay.
They marched fairly forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmly arm'd for every hard assay,
With constancy and care, gainst danger and dismay.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roar'd outrageously.
As if that Hunger's point, or Venus' sting,
Had them enraged with fell surquedry;
Yet nought they fear'd, but past on hardily,
Until they came in view of those wild beasts,
Who all at once, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their upstarting crests,
Ran towards to devour those unexpected guests.

But soon as they approach'd with deadly threat,
The palmer over them his staff upheld,
His mighty staff, that could all charms defeat;
Eftsoons their stubborn courages were quell'd,
And high-advanced crests down meekly fell'd:
Instead of fraying they themselves did fear,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
Such wond'rous power did in that staff appear,
All monsters to subdue to him that did it bear.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly
Of which Cáduceus whileome was made,
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,
With which he wont the Stygian realms invade
Through ghastly horror and eternal shade;

Th' infernal fiends with it he can assuage,
And Orcus tame, whom nothing can persuade,
And rule the furies when they most do rage:
Such virtue in his staff had eke this palmer sage.

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive
Whereat the Bower of Bliss was situate;
A place pick'd out by choice of best alive,
That Nature's work by art can imitate:
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may daintiest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was, enclosed round about,
As well their enter'd guests to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin;
Nought fear'd they force that fortilage to win,
But Wisdom's power, and Temperance's might,
By which the mightiest things efforced been:
And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,
Rather for pleasure than for battery or fight.

It framed was of precious ivory,
That seem'd a work of admirable wit,
And therein all the famous history
Of Jason and Medæa was ywrit;
Her mighty charms, her furious loving fit,

His goodly conquest of the Golden Fleece,
His falsed faith, and love too lightly flit,
The wondered Argo, which, in venturous peace,
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flower of
Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billows fry
Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
That seem'd the waves were into ivory,
Or ivory into the waves, were sent;
And otherwhere the snowy substance sprent
With vermell, like the boy's blood therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent;
And otherwhiles, with gold besprinkled,
It seem'd th' enchanted flame which did Creusa wed.

All this, and more, might in that goodly gate
Be read, that ever open stood to all
Which thither came; but in the porch there sat
A comely personage, of stature tall,
And semblance pleasing, more than natural,
That travellers to him seem'd to entice;
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wise,
Not fit for speedy pace or manly exercise.

They in that place him Genius did call;
Not that celestial power to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, pertains in charge particular,

Who wond'rous things concerning our welfare,
And strange phantoms, doth let us oft foresee,
And oft of secret ills bids us beware,
That is ourself, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himself it well perceive to be:

Therefore a god him sage antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call;
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envies to all;
That secretly doth us procure to fall
Through guileful semblance, which he makes us see.
He of this garden had the governale,
And Pleasure's porter was devis'd to be,
Holding a staff in hand for more formality.

With divers flowers he daintily was deck'd
And strewed round about, and by his side
A mighty mazer bowl of wine was set,
As if it had to him been sacrified,
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratified;
So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by:
But he his idle courtesy defied,
And overthrew his bowl disdainfully,
And broke his staff, with which he charged semblants sly.

Thus being enter'd, they behold around
A large and spacious plain, on every side
Strewed with pleasances; whose fair grassy ground,

Mantled with green, and goodly beautified
With all the ornaments of Flora's pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride,
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,
When forth from virgin bow'r she comes in th' early
morn.

There with the heavens, always jovial,
Look'd on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffer'd storm nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate;
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the mild air, with season moderate,
Gently attemper'd, and disposed so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and whole-
some smell.

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill
Of Rhodope, on which the nymph, that bore
A giant babe, herself for grief did kill;
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
Fair Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did gore;
Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repair
Whenever they their heavenly bowers forlore;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of muses fair;
Or Eden self, if aught with Eden mote compare.

Much wonder'd Guyon at the fair aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffer'd no delight

To sink into his sense, nor mind affect;
But passed forth, and look'd still forward right,
Bridling his will, and mastering his might,
Till that he came unto another gate;
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With boughs and branches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping arms, in wanton wreathings intricate.

So fashioned a porch with rare device,
Arch'd over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bunches hanging down seem'd to entice
All passers by to taste their luscious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered;
Some deep empurpl'd as the hyacine,
Some as the rubine, laughing sweetly red,
Some like fair emeraudes not yet well ripened:

And them amongst some were of burnish'd gold,
So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves amongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
That the weak boughs, with so rich load oppress'd,
Did bow adown as overburthened.
Under that porch a comely dame did rest,
Clad in fair weeds, but foul disordered,
And garments loose, that seem'd unmeet for woman-
head:

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,

Whose sappy liquor, that with fullness swell'd,
Into her cup she scruz'd with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foul empeach
That so fair wine-press made the wine more
sweet:
Thereof she us'd to give to drink to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise all strangers goodly so to greet.

So she to Guyon offer'd it to taste:
Who, taking it out of her tender hand,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in pieces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the land:
Whereat Excess exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstand,
But suffered him to pass, all were she lothe,
Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward
goeth.

There the most dainty paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does other's happiness envy;
The painted flowers, the trees upshooting high;
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space;
The trembling-groves, the crystal running by;
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no
place.

One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonness ensude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine ;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the other's work more beautify,
So differing both in wills agreed in fine :
So all agreed, through sweet diversity,
This garden to adorn with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood,
Of richest substance that on the earth might be,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through every channel running one might see :
Most goodly it with curious imagery
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boys,
Of which some seem'd, with lively jollity,
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
Whilst others did themselves embay in liquid joys.

And over all of purest gold was spread
A trayle of ivy in his native hue ;
For the rich metal was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well advis'd it view,
Would surely deem it to be ivy true :
Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
That themselves, dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowers, they fearfully did steep,
Which drops of crystal seem'd for wantonness to
weep.

Infinite streams continually did well
Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantity,
That like a little lake it seemed to be,
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jasper, shining bright,
That seem'd the fountain in that sea did sail upright.

And all the margent round about was set
With shady laurel trees, thence to defend
The sunny beams which on the billows beat,
And those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon happen'd by the same to wend,
Two naked damsels he therein espied,
Which therein bathing, seemed to contend
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hide
Their dainty parts from view of any which them ey'd.
* * * * * * * *

As that fair star, the messenger of morn,
His dewy face out of the sea doth rear;
Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly born
Of th' ocean's fruitful froth, did first appear:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Crystalline humour dropped down apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him near,
And somewhat 'gan relent his earnest pace;
His stubborn breast 'gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *

On which when gazing him the palmer saw,
He much rebuk'd those wand'ring eyes of his,
And, counsell'd well, him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bower of Bliss,
Of her fond favourites so nam'd amiss;
When thus the palmer: "Now, Sir, well avise,
For here the end of all our travel is;
Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must surprise,
Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise."

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To rede what manner music that mote be;
For all that pleasing is to living ear,
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet;
Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall;
The water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

GLAUCE AND BRITOMART EXPLORING THE CAVE OF MERLIN.

* * * * * * * *

FULL many ways within her troubled mind
Old Glauce cast to cure this lady's grief;
Full many ways she sought, but none could find,
Nor herbs, nor charms, nor counsel, that is chief
And choicest med'cine for sick heart's relief;
Forthy great care she took, and greater fear.
Least that it should her turn to foul reprief,
And sore reproach, whenso her father dear
Should of his dearest daughter's hard misfortune
hear.

At last she her advis'd, that he which made
That mirror wherein the sick damosel
So strangely viewed her strange lover's shade,
To weet the learned Merlin, well could tell
Under what coast of heaven the man did dwell,
And by what means his love might best be wrought;
For though beyond the Afric Ismael,
Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought
Him forth through infinite endeavour to have sought.

Forthwith themselves disguising both in strange
And base attire, that none might them bewray,
To Maridunum, that is now by change
Of name Cayr-Merdin call'd, they took their way;
There the wise Merlin whylome wont (they say)

To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
In a deep delve, far from the view of day;
That of no living wight he mote be found,
Whenso he counsell'd, with his sprites encompass'd
round.

And if thou ever happen that same way
To travel, go to see that dreadful place:
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)
Under a rock that lies a little space
From the swift Barry, tumbling down apace
Amongst the woody hills of Dynevowre:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,
To enter into that same baleful bower,
For fear the cruel fiends should thee unwares de-
vour.

But standing high aloft, low lay thine ear,
And there such ghastly noise of iron chains,
And brazen cauldrons thou shalt rumbling hear,
Which thousand sprites, with long-enduring pains,
Do toss, that it will stun thy feeble brains;
And oftentimes great groans and grievous stounds,
When too huge toil and labour them constrains,
And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sounds,
From under that deep rock most horribly rebounds.

The cause, some say, is this: a little while
Before that Merlin died, he did intend
A brazen wall in compass to compile

About Cairmardin, and did it commend
Unto these sprites to bring to perfect end;
During which work the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in haste did send,
Who thereby forc'd his workmen to forsake,
Them bound till his return their labour not to slake.

In the mean time, through that false lady's train,
He was surpriz'd and buried under bier,
Ne ever to his work return'd again;
Nathless those fiends may not their work forbear,
So greatly his commandement they fear,
But there do toil and travail day and night,
Until that brazen wall they up do rear;
For Merlin had in magic more insight
Than ever him before or after living wight.

For he by words could call out of the sky
Both sun and moon, and make them him obey;
The land to sea, and sea to mainland dry,
And darksome night he eke could turn to day:
Huge hosts of men he could alone dismay,
And hosts of men of meanest things could frame,
Whenso him list his enemies to fray;
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The fiends do quake when any him to them does name.

And sooth men say, that he was not the son
Of mortal sire, or other living wight,

But wond'rously begotten and begone
By false illusion of a guileful sprite
On a fair lady nun, that whilom hight
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
Who was the lord of Mathtraval by right,
And cousin unto king Ambrosius,
Whence he endüed was with skill so marvellous.

They here arriving, stay'd awhile without,
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent 'gan make new doubt
For dread of danger, which it might portend,
Until the hardy maid (with love to friend)
First entering, the dreadful mage there found
Deep busïed 'bout work of wond'rous end,
And writing strange charàcters in the ground,
With which the stubborn fiends he to his service bound.

* * * * * * * *

BELPHOEBE FINDS TIMIAS WOUNDED, AND CONVEYS HIM TO HER DWELLING.

BOOK III. CANTO V.

* * * * * * *

SHE on a day, as she pursu'd the chace
Of some wild beast, which, with her arrows keen,
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of blood, which she had freshly seen
To have besprinkled all the grassy green;

By the great pùrsue which she there perceiv'd,
Well hoped she the beast engor'd had been,
And made more haste the life to have bereav'd
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceiv'd.

Shortly she came whereas that woeful squire,
With blood deformed, lay in deadly swound;
In whose fair eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The crystal humour stood congealed round;
His locks, like faded leaves, fallen to ground,
Knotted with blood, in bunches rudely ran,
And his sweet lips, on which, before that stound,
The bud of youth to blossom fair began,
Spoil'd of their rosy red, were waxen pale and wan.

Saw never living eye more heavy sight,
That could have made a rock of stone to rue
Or rive in twain; which when that lady bright
Besides all hope, with melting eyes did view,
All suddenly abash'd, she changed hue,
And with stern horror backward gan to start;
But when she better him beheld, she grew
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart;
The point of pity pierced through her tender heart.

Meekly she bowed down, to weet if life
Yet in his frozen members did retain,
And feeling by his pulse's beating rife
That the weak soul her seat did yet remain,
She cast to comfort him with busy pain:

His double-folded neck she rear'd upright,
And rubb'd his temples and each trembling vein;
His mailed haberjon she did undight,
And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

Into the woods thenceforth in haste she went,
To seek for herbs that mote him remedy,
For she of herbs had great intendiment,
Taught of the nymph which from her infancy
Her nursed had in true nobility;
There, whether it divine tobacco were,
Or panacæa, or polygony,
She found, and brought it to her patient dear,
Who all this while lay bleeding out his heart-blood near.

The sovereign weed, betwixt two marbles plain,
She pounded small, and did in pieces bruise,
And then atween her lily handes twain
Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze,
And round about (as she could well it use)
The flesh therewith she suppled and did steep,
T' abate all spasm, and soak the swelling bruise;
And after having search'd the intuse deep,
She with her scarf did bind the wound, from cold to keep.

By this he had sweet life recur'd again,
And groaning inly deep, at last his eyes,
His watery eyes, drizzling like dewy rain,
He up 'gan lift toward the azure skies,

From whence descend all hopeless remedies:
Therewith he sigh'd; and turning him aside,
The goodly maid, full of divinities,
And gifts of heavenly grace, he by him spied,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

"Mercy, dear Lord!" said he, "what grace is this
That thou hast shewed to me, sinful wight,
To send thine angel from her bower of bliss
To comfort me in my distressed plight?
Angel, or goddess, do I call thee right?
What service may I do unto thee meet,
That hast from darkness me return'd to light,
And with thy heavenly salves and med'cines sweet
Hast drest my sinful wounds? I kiss thy blessed
feet."

Thereat she blushing said, "Ah! gentle Squire,
Nor goddess I, nor angel, but the maid
And daughter of a woody nymph, desire
No service but thy safety and aid,
Which if thou gain, I shall be well apaid.
We mortal wights, whose lives and fortunes be
To common accidents still open laid,
Are bound with common bond of frailty,
To succour wretched wights whom we captived see."

By this her damsels, which the former chace
Had undertaken after her, arriv'd,
As did Belphœbe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deem'd the beast had been depriv'd

Of life whom late their lady's arrow riv'd;
Forthy the bloody tract they followed fast,
And every one to run the swiftest striv'd;
But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their lady was arrived at the last.

Where, when they saw that goodly boy with blood
Defouled, and their lady dress his wound,
They wondered much, and shortly understood
How him in deadly case their lady found,
And rescued out of the heavy stound:
Eftsoons his warlike courser, which was stray'd
Far in the woods, whiles that he lay in swownd,
She made those damsels search; which being stay'd,
They did him set thereon, and forthwith them con-
vey'd.

Into that forest far they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,
With mountains round about environed,
And mighty woods which did the valley shade
And like a stately theatre it made.
Spreading itself into a spacious plain;
And in the midst a little river play'd
Amongst the pumice stones, which seem'd to plain
With gentle murmur, that his course they did re-
strain.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with myrtle trees and laurels green,

In which the birds sang many a lovely lay
Of God's high praise, and of their sweet loves[1]
teen,
As it an earthly paradise had been;
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A fair pavilion, scarcely to be seen,
The which was all within most richly dight,
That greatest princes living it mote well delight.

Thither they brought that wounded squire, and laid
In easy couch his feeble limbs to rest:
He rested him a while, and then the maid
His ready wound with better salves new drest;
Daily she dressed him, and did the best
His grievous hurt to guarish[2] that she might,
That shortly he his dolour had redrest,
And his foul sore reduced to fair plight;
It she reduced, but himself destroyed quite.

O foolish physic, and unfruitful pain,
That heals up one, and makes another wound;
She his hurt thigh to him recur'd again,
But hurt his heart, the which before was sound,
Through an unwary dart, which did rebound
From her fair eyes and gracious countenance:
What boots it him from death to be unbound,
To be captived in endeless durànce
Of sorrow and despair without allegiànce?

* * * * * * *

[1] Sorrow.—[2] Heal.

Thus warred he long time against his will,
Till that through weakness he was forc'd at last
To yield himself unto the mighty ill,
Which as a victor proud 'gan ransack fast
His inward parts, and all his entrails waste,
That neither blood in face, nor life in heart,
It left, but both did quite dry up and blast,
As piercing levin, which the inner part
Of every thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

Which seeing, fair Belphœbe 'gan to fear
Least that his wound were inly well not heal'd,
Or that the wicked steel empoison'd were;
Little she ween'd that love he close conceal'd;
Yet still he wasted as the snow congeal'd,
When the bright sun his beams thereon doth beat;
Yet never he his heart to her reveal'd,
But rather chose to die for sorrow great,
Than with dishonourable terms her to entreat.

*　*　*　*　*　*　*

FROM SPENSER'S SONNETS.

SONNET LXXXVI.

Since I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary days I have outworn,
And many nights that slowly seem'd to move
Their sad protract from evening until morn.
For, where as day the heaven doth adorn,

I wish that night the noyous day would end;
And when as night hath us of light forlorn,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And fain my grief with changes to beguile,
That further seems his term still to extend,
And maketh every minute seem a mile.
So sorrow still doth seem too long to last,
But joyous hours do fly away too fast.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

Like as the culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
For his return that seems to linger late;
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my love,
And, wand'ring here and there, all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove:
Ne joy of aught that under heaven doth hove,
Can comfort me but her own joyous sight,
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasures to delight.
Dark is my day, whiles her fair light I miss,
And dead my life, that wants such lively bliss.

POETRY OF UNCERTAIN AUTHORS

OF

THE END OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

FROM DAVISON'S POETICAL RHAPSODY.

This bold and spirited poem has been ascribed to several authors, but to none on satisfactory authority. It can be traced to MS. of a date as early as 1593, when Francis Davison, who published it in his Poetical Rhapsody, was too young to be supposed, with much probability, to have written it; and as Davison's work was a compilation, his claims to it must be very doubtful. Sir Egerton Brydges has published it among Sir Walter Raleigh's poems, but without a tittle of evidence to shew that it was the production of that great man. Mr. Ellis gives it to Joshua Sylvester, evidently by mistake. Whoever looks at the folio vol. of Sylvester's poems, will see that Joshua uses the beautiful original merely as a text, and has the conscience to print his own stuff in a way that shews it to be interpolated. Among those additions there occur some such execrable stanzas as the following:

> Say, soldiers are the sink
> Of sin to all the realm,

Giv'n all to whore and drink,
To quarrel and blaspheme.

Tell townsmen, that because that
They prank their brides so proud,
Too many times it draws that
Which makes them beetle-brow'd.

Ohe jam satis!

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand,
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the Church it shews
What's good and doth no good,
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live,
Acting by others actions,
Not lov'd, unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions;
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell Love it is but lust,
Tell Time it is but motion,
Tell Flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth,
Tell Honour how it alters,
Tell Beauty how she blasteth,
Tell Favour how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In treble points of niceness,

Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in overwiseness;
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness,
Tell Skill it is pretension,
Tell Charity of coldness,
Tell Law it is contention;
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness,
Tell Nature of decay,
Tell Friendship of unkindness,
Tell Justice of delay;
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming;
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell Faith its fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell manhood shakes off pity,
Tell Virtue least preferreth;

And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

And when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the Soul can kill.

CANZONET.

FROM DAVISON'S RHAPSODY. EDIT. 1608.

The golden sun that brings the day,
And lends men light to see withal,
In vain doth cast his beams away,
When they are blind on whom they fall;
There is no force in all his light
To give the mole a perfect sight.

But thou, my sun, more bright than he
That shines at noon in summer tide,
Hast given me light and power to see
With perfect skill my sight to guide;
Till now I liv'd as blind as mole
That hides her head in earthly hole.

I heard the praise of Beauty's grace,
Yet deem'd it nought but poet's skill,

I gaz'd on many a lovely face,
Yet found I none to bend my will,
Which made me think that beauty bright
Was nothing else but red and white.

But now thy beams have clear'd my sight,
I blush to think I was so blind,
Thy flaming eyes afford me light,
That beauty's blaze each where I find;
And yet those dames that shine so bright,
Are but the shadows of thy light.

FROM THE PHŒNIX NEST. EDIT. 1593.

O NIGHT, O jealous night, repugnant to my pleasure,
O night so long desired, yet cross to my content,
There's none but only thou can guide me to my treasure,
Yet none but only thou that hindereth my intent.

Sweet night, withhold thy beams, withhold them till to-morrow,
Whose joy, in lack so long, a hell of torment breeds,
Sweet night, sweet gentle night, do not prolong my sorrow,
Desire is guide to me, and love no loadstar needs.

Let sailors gaze on stars and moon so freshly shining,
Let them that miss the way be guided by the light,
I know my lady's bower, there needs no more divining,
Affection sees in dark, and love hath eyes by night.

Dame Cynthia, couch awhile; hold in thy horns for shining,
And glad not low'ring night with thy too glorious rays;
But be she dim and dark, tempestuous and repining,
That in her spite my sport may work thy endless praise.

And when my will is done, then Cynthia shine, good lady,
All other nights and days in honour of that night,
That happy heavenly night, that night so dark and shady,
Wherein my love had eyes that lighted my delight.

FROM THE SAME.

The gentle season of the year
Hath made my blooming branch appear,
And beautified the land with flowers;
The air doth savour with delight,
The heavens do smile to see the sight,
And yet mine eyes augment their showers.

The meads are mantled all with green,
The trembling leaves have clothed the treen,
The birds with feathers new do sing;
But I, poor soul, whom wrong doth rack,
Attire myself in mourning black,
Whose leaf doth fall amidst his spring.

And as you see the scarlet rose
In his sweet prime his buds disclose,
Whose hue is with the sun revived;
So, in the April of mine age,
My lively colours do assuage,
Because my sunshine is deprived.

My heart, that wonted was of yore,
Light as the winds, abroad to soar
Amongst the buds, when beauty springs,
Now only hovers over you,
As doth the bird that's taken new,
And mourns when all her neighbours sings.

When every man is bent to sport,
Then, pensive, I alone resort
Into some solitary walk,
As doth the doleful turtle dove,
Who, having lost her faithful love,
Sits mourning on some wither'd stalk.

There to myself I do recount
How far my woes my joys surmount,

How love requiteth me with hate,
How all my pleasures end in pain,
How hate doth say my hope is vain,
How fortune frowns upon my state.

And in this mood, charged with despair,
With vapour'd sighs I dim the air,
And to the Gods make this request,
That by the ending of my life,
I may have truce with this strange strife,
And bring my soul to better rest.

SONGS.

FROM WILBYE'S MADRIGALS. EDIT. 1598.

LADY, your words do spite me,
Yet your sweet lips so soft kiss and delight me:
Your deeds my heart surcharg'd with overjoying,
Your taunts my life destroying;
Since both have force to kill me,
Let kisses sweet, sweet kill me!
Knights fight with swords and lances,
Fight you with smiling glances,
So, like swans of Meander,
My ghost from hence shall wander,
Singing and dying, singing and dying.

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all in nought—Content.

CHANGE me, O heaven! into the ruby stone
That on my love's fair locks doth hang in gold,
Yet leave me speech to her to make my moan,
And give me eyes her beauty to behold:
Or if you will not make my flesh a stone,
Make her hard heart seem flesh, that now is none.

LOVE me not for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face;
Not for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart;
For those may fail, or turn to ill,
And thus we love shall sever:
Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,
And love me still,
Yet know not why,
So hast thou the same reason still,
To dote upon me ever.

I SANG sometimes my thoughts and fancy's pleasure,
Where then I list, or time serv'd best,
While Daphne did invite me
To supper once, and drank to me to spite me:
I smil'd, yet still did doubt her,
And drank where she had drank before, to flout her.
But O, while I did eye her,
My eyes drank love, my lips drank burning fire.

O LIGHT is love, in matchless beauty shining,
When she revisits Cyprus' hallowed bowers,
Two feeble doves, harness'd in silken twining,
Can draw her chariot mid the Paphian flowers:
Lightness in love how ill she fitteth,
So heavy on my heart she sitteth.

FROM BIRD'S COLLECTION OF SONGS, &c.

YOUR shining eyes and golden hair,
Your lily rosed lips most fair,
Your other beauties that excel,
Men cannot chuse but like them well;
But when for them they say they'll die,
Believe them not, they do but lie.

AMBITIOUS love hath forc'd me to aspire
To beauties rare, which do adorn thy face;

Thy modest life yet bridles my desire,
Whose law severe doth promise me no grace.

But what! may love live under any law?
No, no, his power exceedeth man's conceit,
Of which the gods themselves do stand in awe,
For on his frown a thousand torments wait.

Proceed, then, in this desperate enterprise
With good advice, and follow love, thy guide,
That leads thee to thy wished paradise:
Thy climbing thoughts this comfort take withal,
That if it be thy foul disgrace to slide,
Thy brave attempt shall yet excuse thy fall.

Amid the seas a gallant ship set out,
Wherein nor men nor yet 'munition lacks,
In greatest winds that spareth not a clout,
But cuts the waves in spite of weather's wrack,
Would force a swain that comes of coward kind,
To change himself, and be of noble mind.

Who makes his seat a stately stamping steed,
Whose neighs and plays are princely to behold;
Whose courage stout, whose eyes are fiery red,
Whose joints well knit, whose harness all of gold,
Doth well deserve to be no meaner thing
Than Persian knight, whose horse made him a king

By that bedside where sits a gallant dame,
Who casteth off her brave and rich attire,
Whose petticoat sets forth as fair a frame
As mortal men or gods can well desire;
Who sits and sees her petticoat unlaced,
I say no more—the rest are all disgraced.

SONGS FROM WEELKES'S MADRIGALS. EDIT. 1604.

Like two proud armies marching in the field,
Joining a thund'ring fight, each scorns to yield,
So in my heart your beauty and my reason,
To th' other says, its treason, treason, treason:
But your fair beauty shineth as the sun,
And dazzled reason yields as quite undone.

Give me my heart and I will go,
Or else forsake your wonted no,
No, no, no—No, no, no.
But since my dear doth doubt me,
With no, no, no, I mean to flout thee;
No, no, no.
Now there is hope we shall agree,
Since double no imparteth yea;
If that be so, my dearest,
With no, no, no, my heart thou cheerest.

Cold winter ice is fled and gone,
And summer brags on every tree;

The red-breast peeps among the throng
Of wood-brown birds that wanton be:
Each one forgets what they have been,
And so doth Phyllis, summer's queen.

Hold out my heart, with joy's delights accloy'd;
Hold out my heart and shew it,
That all the world may know it,
What sweet content thou lately hast enjoy'd.
She that "Come, dear!" would say,
Then laugh, and smile, and run away;
And if I stay'd her would cry nay,
Fy for shame, fy.
My true love not regarding,
Hath giv'n me at length his full rewarding,
So that unless I tell
  The joys that overfill me,
My joys, kept in full well,
  I know will kill me.

Say, dear, will you not have me?
Then take the kiss you gave me;
You elsewhere would, perhaps, bestow it,
And I would be as loth to owe it;
Or if you will not take the thing once given,
Let me kiss you, and then we shall be even.

FROM BATESON'S MADRIGALS. EDIT. 1606.

Love would discharge the duty of his heart
In beauty's praise, whose greatness doth deny
Words to his thoughts, and thoughts to his desert;
Which high conceit, since nothing can supply,
Love here constrained through conquest to confess,
Bids silence sigh what tongue cannot express.

Whither so fast? Ah, see the kindly flowers
Perfume the air, and all to make thee stay;
The climbing woodbind, clipping all these bowers
Clips thee likewise, for fear thou pass away:
Fortune, our friend, our foe, will not gainsay:
Stay but awhile, Phœbe no tell-tale is,
She her Endymion—I'll my Phœbe kiss.

Yet stay, alway be chained to my heart
With links of love, that we do never part;
Then I'll not call thee serpent, tiger, cruel,
But my sweet Gemma, and my dearest jewel.

TO HIS LOVE.

FROM ENGLAND'S HELICON.

Come away, come, sweet love!
The golden morning breaks,

All the earth, all the air,
Of love and pleasure speaks;
Teach thine arms then to embrace,
And sweet rosy lips to kiss,
And mix our souls in mutual bliss:
Eyes were made for beauty's grace;
Viewing, ruing, love's long pain,
Procured by beauty's rude disdain.

Come away, come, sweet love!
The golden morning wastes,
While the sun from his sphere
His fiery arrows casts,
Making all the shadows fly,
Playing, staying, in the grove,
To entertain the stealth of love;
Thither, sweet love, let us hie,
Flying, dying, in desire,
Wing'd with sweet hopes and heavenly fire.

Come, come, sweet love!
Do not in vain adorn
Beauty's grace, that should rise
Like to the naked morn.
Lilies on the river's side,
And fair Cyprian flow'rs newly blown,
Ask no beauties but their own.
Ornament is nurse of pride——

* * * * * * *

JOHN LYLY

Was born in the weald of Kent. Wood places his birth in 1553. Oldys makes it appear probable that he was born much earlier. He studied at both the universities, and for many years attended the court of Elizabeth in expectation of being made master of the revels. In this object he was disappointed, and was obliged, in his old age, to solicit the Queen for some trifling grant to support him [1], which it is uncertain whether he ever obtained. Very little indeed is known of him, though Blount, his editor, tells us that "he sate at Apollo's table, and that the god gave him a wreath of his own bays without snatching." Whether Apollo was ever so complaisant or not, it is certain that Lyly's work of "*Euphues and his England*," preceded by another called "Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit," &c. promoted a fantastic style of false wit, bombastic metaphor, and pedantic allusion, which it was fashionable to speak at court under the name of Euphuism, and which the ladies thought it indispensable to acquire. Lyly,

[1] If he was an old man in the reign of Elizabeth, Oldys's conjecture as to the date of his birth seems to be verified,—as we scarcely call a man old at fifty.

in his Euphues, probably did not create the new style, but only collected and methodised the floating affectations of phraseology.—Drayton ascribes the overthrow of Euphuism to Sir P. Sydney, who, he says,

———— did first reduce
Our tongue from Lylie's writing then in use,
Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
Playing with words and idle similies,
As th' English apes and very zanies be
Of every thing that they do hear and see.

Sydney died in 1584, and Euphues had appeared but four years earlier. We may well suppose Sydney to have been hostile to such absurdity, and his writings probably promoted a better taste; but we hear of Euphuism being in vogue many years after his death; and it seems to have expired, like all other fashions, by growing vulgar. Lyly wrote nine plays, in some of which there is considerable wit and humour, rescued from the jargon of his favourite system.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses: Cupid paid.

He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too: then down he throws
The coral of his lip—the rose
Growing on 's cheek, but none knows how.
With these the crystal on his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise;
O Love, hath she done this to me?
What shall, alas! become of thee?

SONG.

FROM ALEXANDER AND CAMPASPE.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 'tis the ravish'd nightingale—
Jug, jug, jug, jug—tereu—she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.

Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at Heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.

Hark! hark! but what a pretty throat,
Poor Robin red-breast tunes his throat;

Hark! how the jolly cuckoos sing
Cuckoo—to welcome in the spring.

FROM MOTHER BOMBIE.

O Cupid, monarch over kings,
Wherefore hast thou feet and wings?
Is it to shew how swift thou art,
When thou wound'st a tender heart?
Thy wings being clipt and feet held still,
Thy bow so many could not kill.

It is all one in Venus wanton school,
Who highest sits, the wise man or the fool—
Fools in Love's college
Have far more knowledge,
To read a woman over,
Than a neat-prating lover;
Nay, 'tis confest
That fools please women best.

ALEXANDER HUME

Was the second son of Patrick, fifth Baron of Polwarth, from whom the family of Marchmont are descended. He was born probably about the middle, and died about the end, of the sixteenth century. During four years of the earlier part of his life, he

resided in France, after which he returned home and studied law, but abandoned the bar to try his fortune at court. There he is said to have been disgusted with the preference shewn to a poetical rival, Montgomery, with whom he exchanged *flytings*, (or invectives) in verse, and who boasts of having "driven Polwart from the chimney nook." He then went into the church, and was appointed rector or minister of Logie; the names of ecclesiastical offices in Scotland then floating between presbytery and prelacy. In the clerical profession he continued till his death. Hume lived at a period when the spirit of Calvinism in Scotland was at its gloomiest pitch, and when a reformation, fostered by the poetry of Lyndsay, and by the learning of Buchanan, had begun to grow hostile to elegant literature. Though the drama, rude as it was, had been no mean engine in the hands of Lyndsay against popery, yet the Scottish reformers of this latter period even anticipated the zeal of the English puritans against dramatic and romantic poetry, which they regarded as emanations from hell. Hume had imbibed so far the spirit of his times as to publish an exhortation to the youth of Scotland to forego the admiration of all classical heroes, and to read no other books on the subject of love than the Song of Solomon. But Calvinism [1] itself could not entirely eradicate the

[1] This once gloomy influence of Calvinism on the literary character of the Scottish churchmen, forms a contrast with more recent times, that needs scarcely to be suggested to those ac-

beauty of Hume's fancy, and left him still the high fountain of Hebrew poetry to refresh it. In the following specimen of his poetry, describing the successive appearances of nature during a summer's day, there is a train of images that seem peculiarly pleasing and unborrowed—the pictures of a poetical mind, humble but genuine in its cast.

THANKS FOR A SUMMER'S DAY.

O PERFECT light which shaid[1] away
The darkness from the light,
And set a ruler o'er the day,
Another o'er the night.

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,
More vively does appear,
Nor[2] at midday unto our eyes
The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon
Removes and drawis by,
Syne[3] in the east, when it is gone,
Appears a clearer sky.

quainted with Scotland. In extending the classical fame, no less than in establishing the moral reputation of their country, the Scottish clergy have exerted a primary influence; and whatever Presbyterian eloquence might once be, the voice of enlightened principles and universal charity is no where to be heard more distinctly than at the present hour from their pulpits.

[1] Divided.—[2] Scotticè for *than*.—[3] Then.

Whilk[1] soon perceive the little larks,
The lapwing, and the snipe,
And tune their song like Nature's clerks,
O'er meadow, muir, and stripe.

But every bold nocturnal beast
No longer may abide,
They hie away both maist and least[2],
Themselves in house to hide.
* * * * * * *

The golden globe incontinent
Sets up his shining head,
And o'er the earth and firmament
Displays his beams abread[3].

For joy the birds with boulden[4] throats,
Against his visage sheen[5],
Take up their kindly music notes
In woods and gardens green.

Upbraids[6] the careful husbandman,
His corn and vines to see,
And every timeous[7] artisan
In booths works busily.

The pastor quits the slothful sleep,
And passes forth with speed,

1 Which.—2 Largest and smallest.—3 Abroad.—4 Emboldened.
5 Shining. —6 Uprises.—7 Early.

His little camow-nosed[1] sheep,
And rowting kye[2] to feed.

The passenger, from perils sure,
Goes gladly forth the way,
Brief, every living creature
Takes comfort of the day.

* * * * * * *

The misty reek[3], the clouds of rain
From tops of mountains skails[4],
Clear are the highest hills and plain,
The vapours take the vales.

Begaired[5] is the sapphire pend[6]
With sprainings[7] of scarlet hue;
And preciously from end to end,
Damasked white and blue.

The ample heaven, of fabric sure,
In clearness does surpass
The crystal and the silver, pure
As clearest polish'd glass.

The time so tranquil is and clear,
That no where shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
The air of passing wind.

[1] Flat-nosed.—[2] Lowing kine.—[3] Fog.—[4] Pours off.—[5] Di-
—[6] Arch.—[7] Streaks

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or steir[1].

The rivers fresh, the callour[2] streams,
O'er rocks can swiftly rin[3],
The water clear like crystal beams,
And makes a pleasant din.

* * * * * *

Calm is the deep and purple sea,
Yea, smoother than the sand ;
The waves, that woltering[4] wont to be,
Are stable like the land.

So silent is the cessile air,
That every cry and call,
The hills and dales, and forest fair,
Again repeats them all.

The clogged busy humming bees,
That never think to drown[5],
On flowers and flourishes of trees,
Collect their liquor brown.

The sun most like a speedy post
With ardent course ascends;

[1] Stir.—[2] Cool.—[3] Run.—[4] Tumbling.—[5] To drone, or to be idle.

The beauty of our heavenly host
Up to our zenith tends.
* * * * * *

The breathless flocks draw to the shade
And freschure[1] of their fauld;
The startling nolt[2], as they were mad,
Run to the rivers cald.

The herds beneath some leafy trees,
Amidst the flow'rs they lie;
The stable ships upon the seas
Tend up their sails to dry.

The hart, the hind, the fallow deer,
Are tapish'd[3] at their rest;
The fowls and birds that made thee beare[4]
Prepare their pretty nest.

The rayons dure[5] descending down,
All kindle in a gleid[6];
In city, nor in burrough town,
May nane set forth their head.

Back from the blue pavemented whun[7],
And from ilk plaster wall,

[1] ...eshness.—[2] Oxen.—[3] Carpeted.—[4] Beare, I suppose, means ...c. To beare, in old Scotch, is *to recite*. Wynton, in his Chro..., says, "As I have heard men beare on hand."—[5] Hard ...en rays.—[6] Fire.—[7] Whinstone.

The hot reflexing of the sun
Inflames the air and all.

The labourers that timely rose,
All weary, faint, and weak,
For heat down to their houses goes [1],
Noon-meite and sleep to take.

The callour [2] wine in cave is sought,
Men's brothing [3] breasts to cool;
The water cold and clear is brought,
And sallads steep'd in ule [4].

With gilded eyes and open wings,
The cock his courage shows;
With claps of joy his breast he dings [5],
And twenty times he crows.

The dove with whistling wings so blue,
The winds can fast collect,
Her purple pens turn many a hue
Against the sun direct.

Now noon is gone—gone is midday,
The heat does slake at last,
The sun descends down west away,
For three o'clock is past.

* * * * * * *

[1] In old Scottish poetry little attention is paid to giving plural nouns a plural verb.—[2] Cool.—[3] Burning.—[4] Oil.—[5] Beats.

The rayons of the sun we see
Diminish in their strength,
The shade of every tower and tree
Extended is in length.

Great is the calm, for every where
The wind is setting down,
The reek[1] throws up right in the air,
From every tower and town.
* * * * * * *

The mavis and the philomeen[2],
The sterling whistles loud,
The cushats[3] on the branches green,
Full quietly they crood[4].

The glomin[5] comes, the day is spent,
The sun goes out of sight,
And painted is the occident
With purple sanguine bright.

The scarlet nor the golden thread,
Who would their beauty try,
Are nothing like the colour red
And beauty of the sky.
* * * * * * *

[1] Smoke.—[2] Thrush and nightingale.—[3] Wood-pigeons.—[4] A very expressive word for the note of the cushat, or wood-pigeon.—[5] Evening.

What pleasure then to walk and see,
Endlang[1] a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear.

The salmon out of cruives[2] and creels[3],
Uphailed into scouts[4];
The bells and circles on the weills[5],
Through leaping of the trouts.

O sure it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing
With trumpet and with shalm.

Through all the land great is the gild[6]
Of rustic folks that cry;
Of bleating sheep, fra they be fill'd,
Of calves and rowting kye.

All labourers draw hame at even,
And can to others say,
Thanks to the gracious God of Heaven,
Quhilk[7] sent this summer day.

[1] Along.—[2] Places for confining fish, generally placed in the ...m of a river.—[3] Baskets.—[4] Small boats or yawls.—[5] Wells.—[6] Throng.—[7] Who.

THOMAS NASH.

BORN 1558.—DIED ABOUT 1600.

THOMAS NASH was born at Lowenstoffe in Suffolk, was bred at Cambridge, and closed a calamitous life of authorship at the age of forty-two. Dr. Beloe [1] has given a list of his works, and Mr. D'Israeli [2] an account of his shifts and miseries. Adversity seems to have whetted his genius, as his most tolerable verses are those which describe his own despair; and in the midst of his woes, he exposed to just derision the profound fooleries of the astrologer Harvey, who, in the year 1582, had thrown the whole kingdom into consternation by his predictions of the probable effects of the junction of Jupiter and Saturn. Drayton, in his Epistle of Poets and Poesy, says of him—

> Sharply satyric was he, and that way
> He went, since that his being to this day,
> Few have attempted, and I surely think,
> These words shall hardly be set down with ink,
> Shall blast and scorch so as his could.

From the allusion which he makes in the following quotation to Sir P. Sydney's compassion, before the introduction of the following lines, it may be conjectured that he had experienced the bounty of that noble character.

[1] Anecdotes of Scarce Books.—[2] Calamities of Authors.

DESPAIR OF A POOR SCHOLAR.

FROM PIERCE PENNILESS.

Why is't damnation to despair and die,
When life is my true happiness' disease?
My soul, my soul, thy safety makes me fly
The faulty means that might my pain appease;
Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell.

Ah, worthless wit! to train me to this woe:
Deceitful arts! that nourish discontent:
Ill thrive the folly that bewitch'd me so!
Vain thoughts, adieu! for now I will repent,—
And yet my wants persuade me to proceed,
For none take pity of a scholar's need.

Forgive me, God, although I curse my birth,
And ban the air wherein I breathe a wretch,
Since misery hath daunted all my mirth,
And I am quite undone through promise breach;
Ah friends!—no friends that then ungentle frown,
When changing fortune casts us headlong down.

Without redress complains my careless verse,
And Midas' ears relent not at my moan;
In some far land will I my griefs rehearse,
'Mongst them that will be mov'd when I shall groan.
England, adieu! the soil that brought me forth,
Adieu! unkind, where skill is nothing worth.

EDWARD VERE,

EARL OF OXFORD.

BORN 1534.—DIED 1604.

This nobleman sat as Great Chamberlain of England upon the trial of Mary Queen of Scots. In the year of the armada he distinguished his public spirit by fitting out some ships at his private cost. He had travelled in Italy in his youth, and is said to have returned the most accomplished coxcomb of his age. The story of his quarrel with Sir Philip Sydney, as it is related by Collins, gives us a most unfavourable idea of his manners and temper, and shews to what a height the claims of aristocratical privilege were at that time carried[1]. Some still

[1] The Earl of Oxford being one day in the tennis-court with Sir Philip Sydney, on some offence which he had taken, ordered him to leave the room, and, on his refusal, gave him the epithet of a puppy. Sir Philip retorted the lie on his lordship; and left the place, expecting to be followed by the peer. But Lord Oxford neither followed him nor noticed his quarrel, till her Majesty's council had time to command the peace. The queen interfered, reminding Sir Philip of the difference between "earls and gentlemen," and of the respect which inferiors owed their superiors. Sydney, boldly but respectfully, stated to her majesty, that rank among freemen could claim no other homage than precedency, and did not obey her commands to make submission to Oxford! For a fuller statement of this anecdote, vide the quota-[illegible] Collins, in the British Bibliographer, vol. i. p. 33.

more discreditable traits of his character are to be found in the history of his life [1].

FANCY AND DESIRE.

FROM THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES.

WHEN wert thou born, Desire? In pride and pomp of May.
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot? By fond conceit, men say.
Tell me who was thy nurse? Fresh Youth, in sugar'd joy.
What was thy meat and daily food? Sad sighs with great annoy.
What hadst thou then to drink? Unsavoury lover's tears.
What cradle wert thou rocked in? In hope devoid of fears.
What lull'd thee, then, asleep? Sweet sleep, which likes me best.
Tell me where is thy dwelling-place? In gentle hearts I rest.

What thing doth please thee most? To gaze on beauty still.
What dost thou think to be thy foe? Disdain of my good-will.
Doth company displease? Yes, surely, many one.
Where doth Desire delight to live? He loves to live alone.

[1] By Mr. Park, in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

Doth either Time or Age bring him into decay?
No, no, Desire both lives and dies a thousand times
a day.
Then, fond Desire, farewell! thou art no mate for
me:
I should, methinks, be loth to dwell with such a one
as thee.

LINES ATTRIBUTED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD,

IN A MS. OF THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

If women could be fair, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,
I would not marvel that they make me bond,
By service long, to purchase their good-will:
But when I see how frail those creatures are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they
change,
How oft from Phœbus they do flee to Pan;
Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to man;
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist,
And let them fly, fair fools, where'er they list?

Yet, for disport, we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please,

And train them to our lure with subtil oath,
Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease;
And then we say, when we their fancy try,
To play with fools, oh, what a fool was I!

THOMAS STORER.

DIED 1604.

The date of this writer's birth can only be generally conjectured from his having been elected a student of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1587. The slight notice of him by Wood only mentions that he was the son of John Storer, a Londoner, and that he died in the metropolis. Besides the History of Cardinal Wolsey in three parts, viz. his aspiring, his triumph, and death, he wrote several pastoral pieces in England's Helicon.

FROM THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

* * * * * * *

Perchance the tenor of my mourning verse
May lead some pilgrim to my tombless grave,
Where neither marble monument, nor hearse,
The passenger's attentive view may crave,
Which honours now the meanest persons have;
But well is me, where'er my ashes lie,
If one tear drop from some religious eye.

WOLSEY'S AMBITION.

* * * * * * * *

Yet, as through Tagus' fair transparent streams,
The wand'ring merchant sees the wealthy gold,
Or like in Cynthia's half obscured beams,
Through misty clouds and vapours manifold;
So through a mirror of my hop'd for gain,
I saw the treasure which I should obtain.

WOLSEY'S VISION.

* * * * * * * *

From that rich valley where the angels laid him,
His unknown sepulchre in Moab's land,
Moses, that Israel led, and they obey'd him,
In glorious view before my face did stand,
Bearing the folded tables in his hand,
Wherein the doom of life, and death's despair,
By God's own finger was engraven there.

Then passing forth a joyful troop ensued
Of worthy judges and triumphant kings,

* * * * * * * *

After several personages of sacred history, some allegorical ones condescend to visit the sleeping Cardinal, among whom Theology naturally has a place, and is thus described—

In chariot framed of celestial mould,
And simple pureness of the purest sky,

A more than heavenly nymph I did behold,
Who glancing on me with her gracious eye,
So gave me leave her beauty to espy;
For sure no sense such sight can comprehend,
Except her beams their fair reflexion lend.

Her beauty with Eternity began,
And only unto God was ever seen,
When Eden was possess'd with sinful man,
She came to him and gladly would have been
The long succeeding world's eternal Queen;
But they refused her, O heinous deed!
And from that garden banish'd was their seed.

Since when, at sundry times in sundry ways,
Atheism and blended Ignorance conspire,
How to obscure those holy burning rays,
And quench that zeal of heart-enflaming fire
That makes our souls to heavenly things aspire;
But all in vain, for, maugre all their might,
She never lost one sparkle of her light.

JOSEPH HALL.

BORN 1574.—DIED 1656.

Bishop Hall, who for his ethical eloquence has been sometimes denominated the Christian Seneca, was also the first who gave our language an example of epistolary composition in prose. He wrote besides a satirical fiction, entitled *Mundus alter et idem*, in which, under pretence of describing the *Terra Australis Incognita*, he reversed the plan of Sir Thomas More's Utopia, and characterized the vices of existing nations. Of our satirical poetry, taking satire in its moral and dignified sense, he claims, and may be allowed, to be the founder: for the ribaldry of Skelton, and the crude essays of the graver Wyatt, hardly entitle them to that appellation. Though he lived till beyond the middle of the seventeenth century, his satires were written before, and his *Mundus alter et idem* about, the year 1600: so that his antiquity, no less than his strength, gives him an important place in the formation of our literature[1].

In his Satires, which were published at the age of twenty-three, he discovered not only the early vi-

[1] His name is therefore placed in these Specimens with a variation from the general order, not according to the date of his death, but about the time of his appearance as a poet.

gour of his own genius, but the powers and pliability of his native tongue. Unfortunately, perhaps unconsciously, he caught, from studying Juvenal and Persius as his models, an elliptical manner and an antique allusion, which cast obscurity over his otherwise spirited and amusing traits of English manners; though the satirist himself was so far from anticipating this objection, that he formally apologises for "*too much stooping to the low reach of the vulgar.*" But in many instances he redeems the antiquity of his allusions by their ingenious adaptation to modern manners; and this is but a small part of his praise; for in the point, and volubility, and vigour of Hall's numbers, we might frequently imagine ourselves perusing Dryden [1]. This may be exemplified in the harmony and picturesqueness of the following description of a magnificent, rural mansion, which the traveller approaches in the hopes of reaching the

[1] The satire which I think contains the most vigorous and musical couplets of this old poet, is the first of Book 3d. beginning,

> Time was, and that was term'd the time of gold,
> When world and time were young, that now are old.

I preferred, however, the insertion of others as examples of his poetry, as they are more descriptive of English manners than the fanciful praises of the golden age, which that satire contains. It is flowing and fanciful, but conveys only the insipid moral of men decaying by the progress of civilization; a doctrine not unlike that which Gulliver found in the book of the old woman of Brobdignag, whose author lamented the tiny size of the modern Brobdignagdians compared with that of their ancestors.

seat of ancient hospitality, but finds it deserted by its selfish owner.

Beat the broad gates, a goodly hollow sound,
With double echoes, doth again rebound;
But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,
Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing see.
All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,
Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite;
The marble pavement hid with desert weed,
With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock seed.
* * * * * * * *
Look to the tow'red chimnies, which should be
The wind-pipes of good hospitality,
Through which it breatheth to the open air,
Betokêning life and liberal welfàre,
Lo, there th' unthankful swallow takes her rest,
And fills the tunnel with her circled nest.

His satires are neither cramped by personal hostility, nor spun out to vague declamations on vice, but give us the form and pressure of the times exhibited in the faults of coeval literature, and in the foppery or sordid traits of prevailing manners. The age was undoubtedly fertile in eccentricity. His picture of its literature may at first view appear to be overcharged with severity, accustomed as we are to associate a general idea of excellence with the period of Elizabeth; but when Hall wrote there was not a great poet firmly established in the language

except Spenser, and on him he has bestowed ample applause. With regard to Shakspeare, the reader will observe a passage in the first satire, where the poet speaks of resigning the honours of heroic and tragic poetry to more inspired geniuses, and it is possible that the great dramatist may be here alluded to, as well as Spenser. But the allusion is indistinct, and not necessarily applicable to the bard of Avon. Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet, Richard 2d and 3d, have been traced in print to no earlier date than the year 1597, in which Hall's first series of satires appeared; and we have no sufficient proof of his previous fame as a dramatist having been so great as to leave Hall without excuse for omitting to pay him homage. But the sunrise of the drama with Shakspeare was not without abundance of attendant mists in the contemporary fustian of inferior playmakers, who are severely ridiculed by our satirist. In addition to this, our poetry was still haunted by the whining ghosts of the Mirror for Magistrates, while obscenity walked in barbarous nakedness, and the very genius of the language was threatened by revolutionary prosodists.

From the literature of the age Hall proceeds to its manners and prejudices, and among the latter derides the prevalent confidence in alchymy and astrology. To us this ridicule appears an ordinary effort of reason; but it was in him a common sense above the level of the times. If any proof were required to illustrate the slow departure of prejudices, it would be found in the fact of an astrologer being

patronized, half a century afterwards, by the government of England[1].

During his youth and education he had to struggle with poverty; and in his old age he was one of those sufferers in the cause of episcopacy whose virtues shed a lustre on its fall. He was born in the parish of Ashby de la Zouche, in Leicestershire, studied and took orders at Cambridge, and was for some time master of the school of Tiverton, in Devonshire. An accidental opportunity which he had of preaching before Prince Henry seems to have given the first impulse to his preferment, till by gradual promotion he rose to be bishop of Exeter, having previously accompanied King James, as one of his chaplains, to Scotland, and attended the Synod of Dort at a convocation of the protestant divines. As bishop of Exeter he was so mild in his conduct towards the puritans, that he who was one of the last broken pillars of the church, was nearly persecuted for favouring them. Had such conduct been, at this critical period, pursued by the high churchmen in general, the history of a bloody age might have been

[1] William Lilly received a pension from the council of state, in 1648. He was, besides, consulted by Charles; and, during the siege of Colchester, was sent for by the heads of the parliamentary army, to encourage the soldiers, by assuring them that the town would be taken. Fairfax told the seer, that he did not understand his art, but hoped it was lawful, and agreeable to God's word. Butler alludes to this when he says,

> Do not our great Reformers use
> This Sidrophel to forebode news;

changed into that of peace; but the violence of Laud prevailed over the milder counsels of a Hall, an Usher, and a Corbet. When the dangers of the church grew more instant, Hall became its champion, and was met in the field of controversy by Milton, whose respect for the bishop's learning is ill concealed under the attempt to cover it with derision.

By the little power that was still left to the sovereign in 1641, Hall was created bishop of Norwich; but having joined, almost immediately after, in the protest of the twelve prelates against the validity of laws that should be passed in their compelled absence, he was committed to the Tower, and, in the sequel, marked out for sequestration. After suffering extreme hardships, he was allowed to retire, on a small pittance, to Higham, near Norwich, where he continued, in comparative obscurity, but with indefatigable zeal and intrepidity, to exercise the duties of a pastor, till he closed his days at the venerable age of eighty-two.

To write of victories next year,
And castles taken yet i' th' air?

And has not he point-blank foretold
Whats'e'er the Close Committee would;
Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause,
The Moon for fundamental laws?
*   *   *   *   *   *   *
Made all the Royal stars recant,
Compound, and take the Covenant?

HUDIBRAS, Canto III.

SATIRE I.

BOOK I.

Nor ladies wanton love, nor wand'ring knight,
Legend I out in rhymes all richly dight.
Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt
Of mighty Mahound, and great Termagaunt.
Nor list I sonnet of my mistress' face,
To paint some Blowesse with a borrowed grace;
Nor can I bide to pen some hungry scene
For thick skin ears, and undiscerning eyne.
Nor ever could my scornful muse abide
With tragic shoes her ancles for to hide.
Nor can I crouch, and writhe my fawning tail
To some great patron, for my best avail.
Such hunger starven trencher poetry,
Or let it never live, or timely die:
Nor under every bank and every tree,
Speak rhymes unto my oaten minstrelsy:
Nor carol out so pleasing lively lays,
As might the Graces move my mirth to praise [1].
Trumpet, and reeds, and socks, and buskins fine,
I them bequeath: whose statues wand'ring twine

[1] In this satire, which is not perfectly intelligible at the first glance, the author, after deriding the romantic and pastoral vein of affected or mercenary poetasters, proceeds to declare, that for his own part he resigns the higher walks of genuine poetry to others; that he need not crave the "Muse's midwifery," since not even a baser muse would now haunt the shore of Granta (the Cam), which they have left deserted, and crowned with willows, the types of desertion, ever since Spenser celebrated the marriage of the Medway and the Thames.—E.

Of ivy mix'd with bays, circling around
Their living temples likewise laurel bound.
Rather had I, albe in careless rhymes,
Check the mis-order'd world, and lawless times.
Nor need I crave the muse's midwifery,
To bring to light so worthless poetry:
Or if we list, what baser muse can bide,
To sit and sing by Granta's naked side?
They haunt the tided Thames and salt Medway,
E'er since the fame of their late bridal day.
Nought have we here but willow-shaded shore,
To tell our Grant his banks are left for lore.

SATIRE III [1].

BOOK I.

With some pot fury, ravish'd from their wit,
They sit and muse on some no-vulgar writ:
As frozen dunghills in a winter's morn,
That void of vapours seemed all beforn,
Soon as the sun sends out his piercing beams,
Exhale out filthy smoke and stinking steams.
So doth the base, and the sore-barren brain,
Soon as the raging wine begins to reign.
One higher pitch'd doth set his soaring thought
On crowned kings, that fortune hath low brought:

[1] This satire is levelled at the intemperance and bombastic fury of his contemporary dramatists, with an evident allusion to Marlowe; and in the conclusion he attacks the buffoonery that disgraced the stage.—

Or some upreared, high aspiring swain,
As it might be the Turkish Tamberlain:
Then weeneth he his base drink drowned spright,
Rapt to the threefold loft of heaven height,
When he conceives upon his feigned stage
The stalking steps of his great personage,
Graced with huff-cap terms and thund'ring threats,
That his poor hearer's hair quite upright sets.
Such soon as some brave-minded hungry youth
Sees fitly frame to his wide-strained mouth,
He vaunts his voice upon an hired stage,
With high-set steps, and princely carriage;
Now sweeping in side robes of royalty,
That erst did scrub in lousy brokery,
There if he can with terms Italianate
Big sounding sentences, and words of state,
Fair patch me up his pure iambic verse,
He ravishes the gazing scaffolders:
Then certes was the famous Corduban,
Never but half so high tragedian.
Now, lest such frightful shews of fortune's fall,
And bloody tyrant's rage, should chance appal
The dead-struck audience, 'midst the silent rout,
Comes leaping in a self-misformed lout,
And laughs, and grins, and frames his mimic face,
And justles straight into the prince's place;
Then doth the theatre echo all aloud,
With gladsome noise of that applauding crowd.
A goodly hotch-potch! when vile russetings
Are match'd with monarchs, and with mighty kings.
A goodly grace to sober tragic muse,

When each base clown his clumsy fist doth bruise,
And shew his teeth in double rotten row,
For laughter at his self-resembled show.
Meanwhile our poets in high parliament
Sit watching every word and gesturement,
Like curious censors of some doughty gear,
Whispering their verdict in their fellow's ear.
Woe to the word whose margent in their scroll
Is noted with a black condemning coal.
But if each period might the synod please,
Ho:—bring the ivy boughs, and bands of bays.
Now when they part and leave the naked stage,
'Gins the bare hearer, in a guilty rage,
To curse and ban, and blame his likerous eye,
That thus hath lavish'd his late halfpenny.
Shame that the muses should be bought and sold
For every peasant's brass, on each scaffòld.

SATIRE V.

BOOK III.

Fie on all courtesy and unruly winds,
Two only foes that fair disguisement finds.
Strange curse! but fit for such a fickle age,
When scalps are subject to such vassalage.
Late travelling along in London way,
Me met, as seem'd by his disguis'd array,
A lusty courtier, whose curled head
With auburn locks was fairly furnished.
I him saluted in our lavish wise:
He answers my untimely courtesies.

His bonnet vail'd, ere ever I could think,
Th' unruly wind blows off his periwink.
He lights and runs, and quickly hath him
To overtake his over-running head.
The sportful wind, to mock the headless man,
Tosses apace his pitch'd Rogerian,
And straight it to a deeper ditch hath blown:
There must my yonker fetch his waxen crown.
I look'd and laugh'd, whiles in his raging mind,
He curst all courtesy and unruly wind.
I look'd and laugh'd, and much I marvelled,
To see so large a causeway in his head;
And me bethought that when it first begon,
'Twas some shroad autumn that so bar'd the bone.
Is 't not sweet pride then, when the crowns must shade
With that which jerks the hams of every jade,
Or floor-strew'd locks from off the barber's shears?
But waxen crowns well 'gree with borrow'd hairs.

SATIRE VII[1].

BOOK III.

SEEST thou how gaily my young master goes,
Vaunting himself upon his rising toes;

[1] In this description of a famished gallant, Hall has rivalled the succeeding humour of Ben Jonson in similar comic portraits. Among the traits of affectation in his finished character, is that of dining with Duke Humphry while he pretends to keep open

And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side;
And picks his glutted teeth since late noon-tide?
'Tis Ruffio: Trow'st thou where he din'd to-day?
In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humfrày.
Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheer,
Keeps he for every straggling cavalier.
And open house, haunted with great resort;
Long service mixt with musical disport.
Many fair yonker with a feather'd crest,
Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
To fare so freely with so little cost,
Than stake his twelvepence to a meaner host.
Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
He touch'd no meat of all this live-long day.
For sure methought, yet that was but a guess,
His eyes seem'd sunk for very hollowness,
But could he have (as I did it mistake)
So little in his purse, so much upon his back?
So nothing in his maw? yet seemeth by his belt,
That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.
Seest thou how side it hangs beneath his hip?
Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
Yet for all that, how stiffly struts he by,
All trapped in the new-found bravery.

house.—The phrase of dining with Duke Humphry arose from St. Paul's being the general resort of the loungers of those days, many of whom, like Hall's gallant, were glad to beguile the thoughts of dinner with a walk in the middle aisle, where there was a tomb, by mistake supposed to be that of Humphry, Duke of Gloucester.—E.

The nuns of new-won Calais his bonnet lent,
In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
What needed he fetch that from farthest Spain,
His grandame could have lent with lesser pain?
Though he perhaps ne'er pass'd the English shore,
Yet fain would counted be a conqueror.
His hair, French-like, stares on his frighted head,
One lock amazon-like dishevelled,
As if he meant to wear a native cord,
If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
All British bare upon the bristled skin,
Close notched is his beard both lip and chin;
His linen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met:
His sleeves half hid with elbow pinionings,
As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
But when I look, and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in human shew?
So slender waist with such an abbot's loin,
Did never sober nature sure conjoin.
Lik'st a straw scare-crow in the new-sown field,
Rear'd on some stick, the tender corn to shield.
Or if that semblance suit not every deal,
Like a broad shake-fork with a slender steel.
* * * * * * *

SATIRE VI[1].

BOOK IV.

Quid placet ergo?

I WOT not how the world's degenerate,
That men or know or like not their estate:
Out from the Gades up to th' eastern morn,
Not one but holds his native state forlorn.
When comely striplings wish it were their chance,
For Cænis' distaff to exchange their lance,
And wear curl'd periwigs, and chalk their face,
And still are poring on their pocket-glass.
Tir'd with pinn'd ruffs and fans, and partlet strips,
And busks and verdingales about their hips;
And tread on corked stilts a prisoner's pace,
And make their napkin for their spitting place,
And gripe their waist within a narrow span:
Fond Cænis, that wouldst wish to be a man!
Whose manish housewives like their refuse state,
And make a drudge of their uxorious mate,
Who like a cot-queen freezeth at the rock,
Whiles his breech'd dame doth man the foreign stock.

[1] The general scope of this satire, as its motto denotes, is directed against the discontent of human beings with their respective conditions. It paints the ambition of the youth to become a man, of the muckworm to be rich, of the rustic to become a soldier, of the rhymer to appear in print, and of the brain-sick reader of foreign wonders to become a traveller.—E.

Is 't not a shame to see each homely groom
Sit perched in an idle chariot room,
That were not meet some pannel to bestride,
Sursingled to a galled hackney's hide?
Each muck-worm will be rich with lawless gain,
Although he smother up mows of seven years grain,
And hang'd himself when corn grows cheap again;
Although he buy whole harvests in the spring,
And foist in false strikes to the measuring;
Altho' his shop be muffled from the light,
Like a day dungeon, or Cimmerian night;
Nor full nor fasting can the carle take rest,
While his George-Nobles rusten in his chest;
He sleeps but once, and dreams of burglary,
And wakes, and casts about his frighted eye,
And gropes for thieves in ev'ry darker shade;
And if a mouse but stir, he calls for aid.
The sturdy ploughman doth the soldier see,
All scarfed with piëd colours to the knee,
Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate,
And now he 'gins to loath his former state;
Now doth he inly scorn his Kendal-green,
And his patch'd cockers now despised been;
Nor list he now go whistling to the car,
But sells his team, and fetleth to the war.
O war! to them that never tried thee, sweet!
When his dead mate falls groveling at his feet,
And angry bullets whistlen at his ear,
And his dim eyes see nought but death and drear.
Oh happy ploughman! were thy weal well known:
Oh happy all estates, except his own!

Some drunken rhymer thinks his time well spent,
If he can live to see his name in print,
Who, when he is once fleshed to the press,
And sees his hansell have such fair success,
Sung to the wheel, and sung unto the pail,
He sends forth thraves of ballads to the sail,
Nor then can rest, but volumes up bodg'd rhymes,
To have his name talk'd of in future times.
The brain-sick youth, that feeds his tickled ear
With sweet sauc'd lies of some false traveller,
Which hath the Spanish decades read awhile,
Or whetstone leasings of old Mandeville,
Now with discourses breaks his midnight sleep
Of his adventures through the Indian deep,
Of all their massy heaps of golden mine,
Or of the antique tombs of Palestine,
Or of Damascus' magic wall of glass,
Of Solomon his sweating piles of brass,
Of the bird ruc that bears an elephant,
Of mermaids that the southern seas do haunt,
Of headless men, of savage cannibals,
The fashions of their lives and governals;
What monstrous cities there erected be,
Cairo, or the city of the Trinity;
Now are they dunghill cocks that have not seen
The bordering Alps, or else the neighbour Rhine;
And now he plies the news-full grashopper,
Of voyages and ventures to enquire.
His land mortgaged, he sea-beat in the way,
Wishes for home a thousand sighs a day;

And now he deems his home-bred fare as leaf
As his parch'd biscuit, or his barrell'd beef.
Mongst all these stirs of discontented strife,
O let me lead an academic life;
To know much, and to think for nothing, know
Nothing to have, yet think we have enow;
In skill to want, and wanting seek for more;
In weal nor want, nor wish for greater store.
Envy, ye monarchs, with your proud excess,
At our low sail, and our high happiness.

WILLIAM WARNER

Was a native of Oxfordshire, and was born, as Mr. Ellis conjectures, in 1558. He left the university of Oxford without a degree, and came to London, where he pursued the business of an attorney of the common pleas. Scott, the poet of Amwell, discovered that he had been buried in the church of that parish in 1609, having died suddenly in the night-time.

His Albion's England was once exceedingly popular. Its publication was at one time interdicted by the Star-chamber, for no other reason that can now be assigned, but that it contains some love-stories more simply than delicately related. His contemporaries compared him to Virgil, whom he certainly did not make his model. Dr. Percy thinks

he rather resembled Ovid, to whom he is, if possible, still more unlike. His poem is, in fact, an enormous ballad on the history, or rather on the fables, appendant to the history of England: heterogeneous, indeed, like the Metamorphoses, but written with an almost doggrel simplicity. Headley has rashly preferred his works to our ancient ballads; but with the best of these they will bear no comparison. Argentile and Curan has indeed some beautiful touches, yet that episode requires to be weeded of many lines to be read with unqualified pleasure; and through the rest of his stories we shall search in vain for the familiar magic of such ballads as Chevy Chase or Gill Morrice.

ARGENTILE AND CURAN.

FROM ALBION'S ENGLAND.

Argentile, the daughter and heiress of the deceased King, Adelbright, has been left to the protection of her uncle Edel, who discharges his trust unfaithfully, and seeks to force his niece to marry a suitor whom he believes to be ignoble, that he may have a pretext for seizing on her kingdom.

* * * * * * *

Yet well he fosters for a time the damsel, that was grown
The fairest lady under heav'n, whose beauty being known,

A many princes seek her love, but none might her
obtain,
For gripel Edel to himself her kingdom sought to
gain,
And for that cause, from sight of such he did his
ward restrain.
By chance one Curan, son unto a Prince of Danske,
did see
The maid, with whom he fell in love, as much as one
might be:
Unhappy youth, what should he do? his saint was
kept in mew;
Nor he nor any nobleman admitted to her view:
One while in melancholy fits he pines himself
away,
Anon he thought by force of arms to win her if he
may,
And still against the king's restraint did secretly in-
veigh.
At length the high controller, Love, whom none
may disobey,
Imbased him from lordliness into a kitchen drudge,
That so at least of life or death she might become
his judge;
Access so had, to see and speak, he did his love
bewray,
And tells his birth—her answer was, she husband-
less would stay:
Meanwhile the king did beat his brain, his booty
to achieve,

Not caring what became of her, so he by her might
thrive;
At last his resolution was some peasant should her
wive:
And (which was working to his wish) he did ob-
serve with joy,
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge, scap'd
many an am'rous toy:
The king, perceiving such his vein, promotes his
vassal still,
Lest that the baseness of the man should let perhaps
his will;
Assured, therefore, of his love, but not suspecting
who
The lover was, the king himself in his behalf did
woo:
The lady, resolute from love, unkindly takes that
he
Should bar the noble and unto so base a match
agree;
And therefore, shifting out of doors, departed hence
by stealth,
Preferring poverty before a dangerous life in wealth.
When Curan heard of her escape, the anguish of
his heart
Was more than much, and after her he did from
court depart;
Forgetful of himself, his birth, his country, friends,
and all,

And only minding whom he miss'd, the foundress of his thrall;
Nor means he after to frequent the court, or stately towns,
But solitarily to live among the country growns.
A brace of years he lived thus, well pleased so to live,
And, shepherd-like, to feed a flock himself did wholly give;
So wasting love, by work and want, grew almost to the wane,
And then began a second love, the worser of the twain;
A country wench, a neat-herd's maid, where Curan kept his sheep,
Did feed her drove; and now on her was all the shepherd's keep.
He borrow'd on the working days his holie russets oft,
And of the bacon's fat to make his startups black and soft;
And lest his tar-box should offend, he left it at the fold:
Sweet grout or whig his bottle had as much as it might hold;
A shave of bread as brown as nut, and cheese as white as snow,
And wildings, or the season's fruit, he did in scrip bestow;

And whilst his pyebald cur did sleep, and sheep-
hook lay him by,
On hollow quills of oaten straw he piped melody;
But when he spied her his saint * * *
Thus the shepherd woo'd.
* * * * * * * * *
Thou art too elvish, faith, thou art; too elvish and
too coy;
Am I, I pray thee, beggarly, that such a flock
enjoy?
* * * * * * * * *
Believe me, lass, a king is but a man, and so am I;
Content is worth a monarchy, and mischiefs hit the
high,
As late it did a king, and his, not dwelling far from
hence,
Who left a daughter, save thyself, for fair a match-
less wench;
Here did he pause, as if his tongue had done his
heart offence:
The neatress, longing for the rest, did egg him on
to tell
How fair she was, and who she was. She bore, quoth
he, the belle;
For beauty, though I clownish am, I know what
beauty is,
Or did I not, yet seeing thee, I senseless were to
miss:
Suppose her beauty Helen's like, or Helen's some-
thing less,

And every star consorting to a pure complexion guess;
Her stature comely tall, her gait well graced, and her wit
To marvel at, not meddle with, as matchless I omit;
A globe-like head, a gold-like hair, a forehead smooth and high,
An even nose; on either side did shine a greyish eye.
* * * * * * * * *
Her smiles were sober, and her looks were cheerful unto all,
And such as neither wanton seem, nor wayward, mell nor gall:
A nymph no tongue, no heart, no eye, might praise, might wish, might see,
For life, for love, for form, more good, more worth, more fair than she;
Yea, such a one as such was none, save only she was such;
Of Argentile, to say the most, were to be silent much.—
I knew the lady very well, but worthless of such praise,
The neatress said, and muse I do a shepherd thus should blaze
The coat of beauty; credit me, thy latter speech bewrays
Thy clownish shape a colour'd shew; but wherefore dost thou weep?—

The shepherd wept, and she was woe, and both did silence keep:—
In troth, quoth he, I am not such as seeming I profess,
But then for her, and now for thee, I from myself digress;
Her loved I, wretch that I am, a recreant to be,
I loved her that hated love, but now I die for thee.
At Kirkland is my father's court, and Curan is my name,
In Edel's court sometime in pomp, till love controll'd the same;
But now—what now? dear heart, how now, what aileth thou to weep?—
The damsel wept, and he was woe, and both did silence keep.
I grant, quoth she, it was too much, that you did love so much,
But whom your former could not move, your second love doth touch;
Thy twice beloved Argentile submitteth her to thee,
And, for thy double love, presents herself a single fee;
In passion, not in person, changed; and I, my lord, am she;—
Thus sweetly surfeiting in joy, and silent for a space,
When as the ecstasy had end, did tenderly embrace.

* * * * * * * *

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

BORN 1561.—DIED 1612.

A SPECIMEN of the poetry of Sir John Harrington's father has been already given in this volume, which is so polished and refined, as almost to warrant a suspicion that the editor of the Nugæ Antiquæ got it from a more modern quarter. The elder Harrington was imprisoned in the Tower, under Queen Mary, for holding a correspondence with Elizabeth; on whose accession his fidelity was rewarded by her favour. His son, the translator of Ariosto, was knighted on the field by the Earl of Essex, not much to the satisfaction of Elizabeth, who was sparing of such honours, and chose to confer them herself. He was created a knight of the bath in the reign of James, and distinguished himself, to the violent offence of the high church party, by his zeal against the marriage of bishops.

FROM SIR JOHN HARRINGTON'S EPIGRAMS.

OF A PRECISE TAILOR.

A TAILOR, thought a man of upright dealing—
True, but for lying—honest, but for stealing,
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wond'rous trance;

The fiends of hell, mustering in fearful manner,
Of sundry colour'd silks display'd a banner
Which he had stolen, and wish'd, as they did tell,
That he might find it all one day in hell.
The man, affrighted with this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great precisian:
He bought a Bible of the best translation,
And in his life he shew'd great reformation;
He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,
He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly;
He vow'd to shun all company unruly,
And in his speech he us'd no oath; but truly
And zealously to keep the sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the eve was drest;
And, lest the custom which he had to steal
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeyman a special charge,
That if the stuff, alllowance being large,
He found his fingers were to filch inclin'd,
Bid him to have the banner in his mind.
This done (I scant can tell the rest for laughter)
A captain of a ship came three days after,
And brought three yards of velvet and three quarters,
To make Venetians down below the garters.
He, that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slipt aside three quarters of the stuff;
His man, espying it, said, in derision,
Master, remember how you saw the vision!
Peace, knave! quoth he, I did not see one rag
Of such a colour'd silk in all the flag.

FROM

HENRY PERROT'S BOOK OF EPIGRAMS,

ENTITLED SPRINGES FOR WOODCOCKS. (EDIT. 1613).

PERROT, I suspect, was not the author, but only the collector of these trifles, some of which are claimed by other epigrammatists, probably with no better right. It is indeed very difficult to ascertain the real authors of a vast number of little pieces of the 16th and 17th centuries, as the minor poets pilfer from each other with the utmost coolness and apparent impunity.

AMBITIO FEMININI GENERIS.

MISTRESS Matrossa hopes to be a lady,
Not as a dignity of late expected;
But from the time almost she was a baby,
That hath your richest gentlemen rejected;
But yet not dubb'd at present as she should be,
Lives in expectance still—my lady Would-be.

NEC SUTOR ULTRA.

FROM THE SAME.

A COBBLER and a curate once disputed,
Before a judge, about the king's injunctions,
Wherein the curate being still confuted,
One said 'twere good if they two changed functions:
Nay, quoth the judge, I thereto would be loth,
But, an' you like, we'll make them cobblers both.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY

WAS born in 1581, and perished in the Tower of London, 1613, by a fate that is too well known. The compassion of the public for a man of worth, "whose spirit still walked unrevenged amongst them," together with the contrast of his ideal Wife with the Countess of Essex, who was his murderess, attached an interest and popularity to his poem, and made it pass through sixteen editions before the year 1653. His "*Characters, or Witty Descriptions of the Properties of sundry Persons,*" is a work of considerable merit; but unfortunately his prose, as well as his verse, has a dryness and quaintness that seem to oppress the natural movement of his thoughts. As a poet, he has few imposing attractions: his beauties must be fetched by repeated perusal. They are those of solid reflection, predominating over, but not extinguishing, sensibility; and there is danger of the reader neglecting, under the coldness and ruggedness of his manner, the manly but unostentatious moral feeling that is conveyed in his maxims, which are sterling and liberal, if we can only pardon a few obsolete ideas on female education.

FROM SIR THOMAS OVERBURY'S POEM,

THE WIFE.

*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *

THEN may I trust her body with her mind,
And, thereupon secure, need never know
The pangs of jealousy: and love doth find
More pain to doubt her false than find her so;
For patience is, of evils that are known,
The certain remedy; but doubt hath none.

And be that thought once stirr'd, 'twill never die,
Nor will the grief more mild by custom prove,
Nor yet amendment can it satisfy;
The anguish more or less is as our love;
This misery doth from jealousy ensue,
That we may prove her false, but cannot true.

*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *

Give me, next good, an understanding wife,
By nature wise, not learned by much art;
Some knowledge on her part will, all her life,
More scope of conversation impart;
Besides her inborn virtue fortify;
They are most firmly good that best know why.

A passive understanding to conceive,
And judgment to discern, I wish to find;
Beyond that all as hazardous I leave;
Learning and pregnant wit, in womankind,

What it finds malleable (it) makes frail,
And doth not add more ballast, but more sail.

Books are a part of man's prerogative;
In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travel that of old;
Our life fame pieceth longer at the end,
And books it farther backward do extend.
* * * * * * * *
So fair at least let me imagine her;
That thought to me is truth. Opinion
Cannot in matters of opinion err;
And as my fancy her conceives to be,
Ev'n such my senses both do feel and see.

* * * * * * * *
Beauty in decent shape and colour lies;
Colours the matter are, and shape the soul;
The soul—which from no single part doth ri-
But from the just proportion of the whole;—
And is a mere spiritual harmony
Of every part united in the eye.

No circumstance doth beauty fortify
Like graceful fashion, native comeliness;
* * * * * * * *
But let that fashion more to modesty
Tend than assurance—Modesty doth set
The face in her just place, from passion free;
'Tis both the mind's and body's beauty met.

All these good parts a perfect woman make;
Add love to me, they make a perfect wife;
Without her love, her beauty I should take
As that of pictures dead—*that* gives it life;
Till then her beauty, like the sun, doth shine
Alike to all;—*that* only makes it mine.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

BORN 1564.—DIED 1616.

FROM HIS SONNETS.

SONNET 2.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth held;
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,—
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days—
To say "within thine own deep sunken eyes,"
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise;
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou could'st answer "This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"
Proving his beauty by succession thine:
This were to be new-made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

SONNET 54.

OH! how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live;
The canker'd blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
But, for their virtue only is their shew,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves—Sweet roses do not so,
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made;
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade my verse distils your truth.

SONNET 116.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
O no, it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

SONNET 145.

Those lips, that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said "I hate,"
To me that languish for her sake.
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that, ever sweet,
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet:
"I hate" she alter'd with an end
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heav'n to hell is flown away.
"I hate"—from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—"not you."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

BORN 1552.—DIED 1618.

It is difficult exactly to estimate the poetical character of this great man, as many of the pieces that are ascribed to him have not been authenticated. Among these is the "Soul's Farewell," which possesses a fire of imagination that we would willingly ascribe to him, but his claim to it, as has been already mentioned, is exceedingly doubtful. The tradition of his having written it on the night before his execution, is highly interesting to the fancy, but, like many fine stories, it has the little defect of being untrue, as the poem was in existence more than 20 years before his death. It has accordingly been placed in this collection, with several other pieces to which his name has been conjecturally affixed, among the anonymous poetry of that period.

Sir Walter was born at Hayes Farm, in Devonshire, and studied at Oxford. Leaving the university at seventeen, he fought for six years under the Protestant banners in France, and afterwards served a campaign in the Netherlands. He next distinguished himself in Ireland during the rebellion of 1580, under the lord deputy Lord Grey de Wilton, with whom his personal disputes eventually promoted his fortunes, for being heard in his own cause on returning to England, he won the favour of Elizabeth,

who knighted him, and raised him to such honours as alarmed the jealousy of her favourite Leicester.

In the mean time, as early as 1579, he had commenced his adventures with a view to colonize America—surveyed the territory now called Virginia, in 1584, and fitted out successive fleets in support of the infant colony. In the destruction of the Spanish armada, as well as in the expedition to Portugal in behalf of Don Antonio, he had his full share of action and glory; and though recalled, in 1592, from the appointment of general of the expedition against Panama, he must have made a princely fortune by the success of his fleet, which sailed upon that occasion, and returned with the richest prize that had ever been brought to England. The queen was about this period so indignant with him for an amour which he had with one of her maids of honour, that, though he married the lady (she was the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton), her majesty committed him, with his fair partner, to the Tower. The queen forgave him, however, at last, and rewarded his services with a grant of the manor of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, where he built a magnificent seat. Raleigh's mind was not one that was destined to travel in the wheel-ruts of common prejudice. It was rumoured that he had carried the freedom of his philosophical speculation to an heretical height on many subjects; and his acceptance of the church lands of Sherborne, already mentioned, probably supplied additional motives to the clergy

to swell the outcry against his principles. He was accused (by the jesuits) of atheism—a charge which his own writings sufficiently refute. Whatever were his opinions, the public saved him the trouble of explaining them; and the queen, taking it for granted that they must be bad, gave him an open, and, no doubt, edifying reprimand. To console himself under these circumstances, he projected the conquest of Guiana, sailed thither in 1595, and having captured the city of San Joseph, returned and published an account of his voyage. In the following year he acted gallantly under the Earl of Essex at Cadiz, as well as in what was called the "Island Voyage[1]." On the latter occasion he failed of complete success only through the jealousy of the favourite.

His letter to Cecil, in which he exhorted that statesman to the destruction of Essex, forms but too sad and notorious a blot in our hero's memory; yet even that offence will not reconcile us to behold the successor of Elizabeth robbing Raleigh of his estate to bestow it on the minion Carr; and on the grounds of a plot in which his participation was never proved, condemning to fifteen years of imprisonment the man who had enlarged the empire of his country, and the boundaries of human knowledge. James could estimate the wise, but shrunk from cordiality with the brave. He released Raleigh from avaricious hopes about the mine of Guiana, and when dis-

[1] A voyage that was aimed principally at the Spanish Plate fleets.

appointed in that object, sacrificed him to motives still baser than avarice. On the 29th of October, 1618, Raleigh perished on a scaffold, in Old Palace-yard, by a sentence originally iniquitous, and which his commission to Guiana had virtually revoked.

THE SILENT LOVER.

PASSIONS are liken'd best to floods and streams,
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So when affection yields discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come;
They that are rich in words must needs discover
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
That sues for no compassion.

Since if my plaints were not t' approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
But fear t' exceed my duty.

For not knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection,

I rather chuse to want relief
Than venture the revealing;
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, tho' ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My love for secret passion;
He smarteth most who hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

A NYMPH'S DISDAIN OF LOVE.

Hey down a down, did Dian sing,
Amongst her virgins sitting,
Than love there is no vainer thing
For maidens most unfitting:
And so think I, with a down down derry.

When women knew no woe,
But liv'd themselves to please,
Men's feigning guiles they did not know,
The ground of their disease.

Unborn was false Suspect;
No thought of Jealousy;
From wanton toys and fond affect
The virgin's life was free:
Hey down adown, did Dian sing, &c.

At length men used charms,
To which what maids gave ear,
Embracing gladly endless harms,
Anon enthralled were.

Thus women welcom'd woe,
Disguis'd in name of love;
A jealous hell, a painted show,
So shall they find that prove.

Hey down a down, did Dian sing,
Amongst her virgins sitting,
Than love there is no vainer thing,
For maidens most unfitting.

A VISION UPON THE FAIRY QUEEN.

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn: and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,

Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen,
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept;
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen,
For they this Queen attended; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce,
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And curs'd th' access of that cœlestial thief.

THE SHEPHERD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

Ascribed to Sir W. Raleigh in England's Helicon.

Melibaeus. SHEPHERD, what's love? I pray thee tell.
Faustus. It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is, perhaps, that sauncing bell
That tolls all into heav'n or hell,
And this is love as I heard tell.
M. Yet, what is love? I prithee say.
F. It is a work on holiday;
It is December match'd with May,
When lusty blood 's in fresh array,
And this is love as I hear say.

M. Yet, what is love? good shepherd, sain.
F. It is a sunshine mixt with rain;

It is a toothache, or like pain;
It is a game where none doth gain;
The lass saith no, and would full fain,
And this is love as I hear sain.

M. Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray?
F. It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soon away;
Then nymphs take vantage while you
may,
And this is love as I hear say.

M. And what is love, good shepherd, shew?
F. A thing that creeps, it cannot go;
A prize that passeth to and fro;
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that proves shall find it so;
And, shepherd, this is love, I trow.

DULCINA.

As at noon Dulcina rested
In her sweet and shady bower,
Came a shepherd, and requested
In her lap to sleep an hour.
But from her look
A wound he took

So deep, that for a farther boon
The nymph he prays;
Whereto she says,
" Forego me now, come to me soon!"

But in vain she did conjure him
To depart her presence so,
Having a thousand tongues t' allure him,
And but one to bid him go.
When lips invite,
And eyes delight,
And cheeks, as fresh as rose in June,
Persuade delay,
What boots to say,
" Forego me now, come to me soon!"

He demands, what time for pleasure
Can there be more fit than now?
She says, night gives love that leisure
Which the day doth not allow.
He says, the sight
Improves delight;
Which she denies; " Night's murky noon
In Venus' plays
Makes bold," she says,
" Forego me now, come to me soon!"

But what promise, or profession,
From his hands could purchase scope?
Who would sell the sweet possession
Of such beauty for a hope?

Or for the sight
Of lingering night,
Forego the present joys of noon?
Tho' ne'er so fair
Her speeches were,
" Forego me now, come to me soon!"

How at last agreed these lovers?
She was fair, and he was young:
The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers;
Joys unseen are never sung.
Did she consent,
Or he relent?
Accepts he night, or grants she noon?
Left he her maid,
Or not? she said,
" Forego me now, come to me soon!"

HIS LOVE ADMITS NO RIVAL.

Shall I, like a hermit, dwell,
On a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel gold,
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid;
And with little more ado
Work them into bracelets, too?
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her band as rich a prize
As her hairs, or precious eyes,
If she lay them out to take
Kisses, for good manners' sake:
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show;
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire, by burning too;
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

JOSHUA SYLVESTER,

Who in his day obtained the epithet of the silver-tongued, was a merchant adventurer, and died abroad at Middleburg, in 1618. He was a candidate, in the year 1597, for the office of secretary to a trading company at Stade; on which occasion the Earl of Essex seems to have taken a friendly interest in his fortunes. Though esteemed by the court of England (on one occasion he signs himself the pensioner of Prince Henry), he is said to have been driven from home by the enmity which his satires excited. This seems very extraordinary, as there is nothing in his vague and dull declamations against vice, that needed to have ruffled the most thin-skinned enemies—so that his travels were probably made more from the hope of gain than the fear of persecution. He was an eminent linguist, and writes his dedications in several languages, but in his own he often fathoms the bathos, and brings up such lines as these to king James.

So much, O king, thy sacred worth presume I on,
James, the just heir of England's lawful union.

His works are chiefly translations, including that of the Divine Weeks and Works of Du Bartas. His claim to the poem of the Soul's Errand, as has been already mentioned, is to be entirely set aside.

STANZAS

FROM "ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

To Religion.

Religion, O thou life of life,
How worldlings, that prophane thee rife,
Can wrest thee to their appetites!
How princes, who thy power deny,
Pretend thee for their tyranny,
And people for their false delights!

Under thy sacred name, all over,
The vicious all their vices cover;
The insolent their insolence,
The proud their pride, the false their fraud,
The thief his theft, her filth the bawd,
The impudent their impudence.

Ambition under thee aspires,
And Avarice under thee desires;
Sloth under thee her ease assumes,
Lux under thee all overflows,
Wrath under thee outrageous grows,
All evil under thee presumes.

Religion, erst so venerable,
What art thou now but made a fable,
A holy mask on Folly's brow,
Where under lies Dissimulation,
Lined with all abomination.
Sacred Religion, where art thou?

Not in the church with Simony,
Not on the bench with Bribery,
Nor in the court with Machiavel,
Nor in the city with deceits,
Nor in the country with debates;
For what hath Heaven to do with Hell?

SAMUEL DANIEL.

BORN 1562.—DIED 1619.

SAMUEL DANIEL was the son of a music-master, and was born at Taunton, in Somersetshire. He was patronized and probably maintained at Oxford, by the noble family of Pembroke. At the age of twenty-three he translated Paulus Jovius's Discourse of Rare Inventions. He was afterwards tutor to the accomplished and spirited Lady Anne Clifford, daughter to the Earl of Cumberland, who raised a monument to his memory, on which she recorded that she had been his pupil. At the death of Spenser he furnished, as a voluntary laureat, several masks and pageants for the court, but retired, with apparent mortification, before the ascendant favour of Jonson[1].

[1] The latest editor of Jonson affirms the whole conduct of that great poet towards Daniel to have been perfectly honourable. Some small exception to this must be made, when we turn to the

While composing his dramas he lived in Old-street, St. Luke's, which was at that time thought retirement from London; but at times he frequented the city, and had the honour of ranking Shakspeare and Selden among his friends. In his old age he turned husbandman, and closed his days at a farm in Somersetshire.

RICHARD THE SECOND, THE MORNING BEFORE HIS MURDER IN POMFRET CASTLE.

DANIEL'S CIVIL WARS, ST. 62, 69.

Whether the soul receives intelligence,
By her near genius, of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
Foregoing ruin, whereto it doth tend;
Or whether nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send.
By prophetizing dreams, what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear:—

However, so it is, the now sad king,
Toss'd here and there his quiet to confound,
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground;

derision of Daniel's verses, which is pointed out by the editor himself, in Cynthia's Revels. This was unworthy of Jonson, as the verses of Daniel at which he sneers are not contemptible, and as Daniel was confessedly an amiable man, who died "beloved, honoured, and lamented."—E.

Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering;
Lists not to eat, still muses, sleeps unsound;
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick,
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest, rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
Where other's liberty makes him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more,
Conferring captive crowns with freedom poor.

O happy man, saith he, that lo I see,
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
That feels not what affliction greatness yields!
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields.
Thine, thine is that true life: that is to live,
To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

Thou sitt'st at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of other's harms, but fearest none:
And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost enquire
Of my restraint, why here I live alone,
And pitiest this my miserable fall;
For pity must have part—envy not all.

Thrice happy you that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see;
No interest, no occasion to deplore
Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
To see our misery and what we be:
Whose blinded greatness, ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.

GILES AND PHINEAS FLETCHER.

The affinity and genius of these two poets naturally associate their names. They were the cousins of Fletcher the dramatist, and the sons of a Dr. Giles Fletcher, who, among several important missions in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, negotiated a commercial treaty with Russia greatly to the advantage of England, in spite of many obstacles that were presented by a capricious czar and a barbarous court. His remarks on Russia were suppressed on their first appearance, but were afterwards republished in 1643, and incorporated with Hakluyt's Voyages.

Mr. A. Chalmers, in his British Poets, mentions Giles as the elder son of this Dr. Fletcher, evidently by mistake, as Giles, in his poetry, speaks of his own "green muse hiding her younger head," with refer-

ence to his senior brother. Giles was bred at Cambridge, and died at his living of Alderston, in Suffolk, in 1623. Phineas was educated at the same university, and wrote an account of its founders and learned men. He was also a clergyman, and held the living of Hilgay, in Norfolk, for twenty-nine years. They were both the disciples of Spenser, and, with his diction gently modernized, retained much of his melody and luxuriant expression. Giles, inferior as he is to Spenser and Milton, might be figured, in his happiest moments, as a link of connexion in our poetry between those congenial spirits, for he reminds us of both, and evidently gave hints to the latter in a poem on the same subject with Paradise Regained.

Giles's "Temptation and Victory of Christ" has a tone of enthusiasm peculiarly solemn. Phineas, with a livelier fancy, had a worse taste. He lavished on a bad subject the graces and ingenuity that would have made a fine poem on a good design. Through five cantos of his "Purple Island," he tries to sweeten the language of anatomy by the flowers of poetry, and to support the wings of allegory by bodily instead of spiritual phenomena. Unfortunately in the remaining cantos he only quits the dissecting table to launch into the subtlety of the schools, and describes Intellect, the Prince of the Isle of Man, with his eight counsellors, Fancy, Memory, the Common Sense, and the five external Senses, as holding out in the Human Fortress against the Evil Powers that besiege it. Here he strongly resembles the old Scottish

poet Gavin Douglas, in his poem of King Heart. But he outstrips all allegorists in conceit, when he exhibits Voletta, or the Will, the wife of Intellect, propt in her fainting fits by Repentance, who administers restorative waters to the Queen, made with lip's confession and with "pickled sighs," stilled in the alembic of a broken spirit. At the approach of the combat between the good and evil powers, the interest of the narration is somewhat quickened, and the parting of the sovereign and the queen, with their champions, is not unfeelingly pourtrayed.

Long at the gate the thoughtful Intellect
Staid with his fearful queen and daughter fair;
And when the knights were past their dim aspect,
They follow'd them with vows and many a prayer.
At last they climb up to the castle's height,
From which the deeds of every knight,
And mark'd the doubtful end of this intestine fight.

As when a youth, bound for the Belgic war,
Takes leave of friends upon the Kentish shore,
Now are they parted; and he sail'd so far,
They see not now, and now are seen no more;
Yet, far off, viewing the white trembling sails,
The tender mother soon plucks off her vails,
And, shaking them aloft, unto her son she hails.

But the conclusion of the Purple Island sinks into such absurdity and adulation, that we could gladly

wish the poet back again to allegorizing the bladder and kidneys. In a contest about the eternal salvation of the human soul, the event is decided by King James the First (at that time a sinner upon earth) descending from heaven with his treatise on the Revelations under his arm, in the form of an angel, and preceding the Omnipotent, who puts the forces of the dragon to the rout.

These incongruous conceptions are clothed in harmony, and interspersed with beautiful thoughts: but natural sentiments and agreeable imagery will not incorporate with the shapeless features of such a design, they stand apart from it like things of a different element, and, when they occur, only expose its deformity. On the contrary, in the brother's poem of Christ's Triumph, its main effect, though somewhat sombrous, is not marred by such repulsive contrasts; its beauties, therefore, all tell in relieving tedium, and reconciling us to defects.

MERCY DWELLING IN HEAVEN AND PLEADING FOR THE GUILTY, WITH JUSTICE DESCRIBED BY HER QUALITIES.

FROM GILES FLETCHER'S CHRIST'S VICTORY IN HEAVEN.

But Justice had no sooner Mercy seen
Smoothing the wrinkles of her father's brow,
But up she starts, and throws herself between:
As when a vapour from a moory slough,

Meeting with fresh Eöus, that but now
Open'd the world, which all in darkness lay,
Doth heaven's bright face of his rays disarray,
And sads the smiling orient of the springing day.

She was a virgin of austere regard:
Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind;
But as the eagle, that hath oft compar'd
Her eye with heaven's, so, and more brightly shin'd
Her lamping sight: for she the same could wind
Into the solid heart, and, with her ears,
The silence of the thought loud speaking hears,
And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

No riot of affection revel kept
Within her breast, but a still apathy
Possessed all her soul, which softly slept
Securely without tempest; no sad cry
Awakes her pity, but wrong'd Poverty,
Sending his eyes to heav'n swimming in tears,
With hideous clamours ever struck her ears,
Whetting the blazing sword that in her hand she bears.

The winged lightning is her Mercury,
And round about her mighty thunders sound:
Impatient of himself lies pining by
Pale Sickness, with his kercher'd head upwound,
And thousand noisome plagues attend her round.

But if her cloudy brow but once grow foul,
The flints do melt, and rocks to water roll,
And airy mountains shake, and frighted shadows
howl.

Famine, and bloodless Care, and bloody War;
Want, and the want of knowledge how to use
Abundance; Age, and Fear, that runs afar
Before his fellow Grief, that aye pursues
His winged steps; for who would not refuse
Grief's company, a dull and raw-bon'd spright,
That lanks the cheeks, and pales the freshest sight,
Unbosoming the cheerful breast of all delight?

JUSTICE ADDRESSING THE CREATOR.

Upon two stony tables, spread before her,
She leant her bosom, more than stony hard;
There slept th' impartial judge and strict restorer
Of wrong or right, with pain or with reward;
There hung the score of all our debts—the card
Where good, and bad, and life, and death, were
painted:
Was never heart of mortal so untainted,
But, when that scroll was read, with thousand terrors
fainted.

Witness the thunder that Mount Sinai heard,
When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame,

And wand'ring Israel, with the sight afear'd,
Blinded with seeing, durst not touch the same,
But like a wood of shaking leaves became.
On this dead Justice, she, the living law,
Bowing herself with a majestic awe,
All heaven, to hear her speech, did into silence
draw.
* * * * * * * *

MERCY BRIGHTENING THE RAINBOW.

High in the airy element there hung
Another cloudy sea, that did disdain,
As though his purer waves from heaven sprung,
To crawl on earth, as doth the sluggish main;
But it the earth would water with his rain,
That ebb'd and flow'd as wind and season would;
And oft the sun would cleave the limber mould
To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid roll'd.

Beneath those sunny banks a darker cloud,
Dropping with thicker dew, did melt apace,
And bent itself into a hollow shroud,
On which, if Mercy did but cast her face,
A thousand colours did the bow enchase,
That wonder was to see the silk distain'd
With the resplendence from her beauty gain'd,
And Iris paint her locks with beams so lively feign'd.

About her head a cypress heav'n she wore,
Spread like a veil upheld with silver wire,
In which the stars so burnt in golden ore,
As seem'd the azure web was all on fire:
But hastily, to quench their sparkling ire,
A flood of milk came rolling up the shore,
That on his curded wave swift Argus wore,
And the immortal swan, that did her life deplore.

Yet strange it was so many stars to see,
Without a sun to give their tapers light:
Yet strange it was not that it so should be;
For, where the sun centres himself by right,
Her face and locks did flame, that at the sight
The heavenly veil, that else should nimbly move,
Forgot his flight, and all incens'd with love,
With wonder, and amazement, did her beauty prove.

Over her hung a canopy of state,
Not of rich tissue, nor of spangled gold,
But of a substance, though not animate,
Yet of a heavenly and spiritual mould,
That only eyes of spirits might behold:
Such light as from main rocks of diamond,
Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound,
And little angels, holding hands, danc'd all around.

THE PALACE OF PRESUMPTION.

Here did Presumption her pavilion spread
Over the temple, the bright stars among,
(Ah that her foot should trample on the head
Of that most reverend place!) and a lewd throng
Of wanton boys sung her a pleasant song
Of love, long life, of mercy, and of grace,
And every one her dearly did embrace,
And she herself enamour'd was of her own face.

A painted face, belied with vermeil store,
Which light Euëlpis every day did trim,
That in one hand a gilded anchor wore,
Not fixed on the rock, but on the brim
Of the wide air, she let it loosely swim!
Her other hand a sprinkle carried,
And ever when her lady wavered,
Court-holy water all upon her sprinkled.

Her tent with sunny clouds was ciel'd aloft,
And so exceeding shone with a false light,
That Heav'n itself to her it seemed oft,
Heav'n without clouds to her deluded sight;
But clouds withouten Heav'n it was aright:
And as her house was built so did her brain
Build castles in the air, with idle pain,
But heart she never had in all her body vain.

Like as a ship, in which no balance lies,
Without a pilot on the sleeping waves,
Fairly along with wind and water flies,
And painted masts with silken sails embraves,
That Neptune's self the bragging vessel saves,
To laugh awhile at her so proud array;
Her waving streamers loosely she lets play,
And flagging colours shine as bright as smiling day.

But all so soon as Heav'n his brows doth bend,
She veils her banners, and pulls in her beams,
The empty bark the raging billows send
Up to the Olympic waves, and Argus seems
Again to ride upon our lower streams:
Right so Presumption did herself behave,
Tossed about with every stormy wave,
And in white lawn she went, most like an angel brave.

All suddenly the hill his snow devours,
In lieu whereof a goodly garden grew,
As if the snow had melted into flow'rs,
Which their sweet breath in subtle vapours threw,
That all about perfumed spirits flew.
For whatsoever might aggrate the sense,
In all the world, or please the appetence,
Here it was poured out in lavish affluence.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of Heav'n were 'sembled right

In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light:
The flow'rs-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew
That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the evening
blue.

Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
On which the bower of Vain-delight was built.
White and red roses for her face were plac'd,
And for her tresses marigolds were spilt:
Them broadly she display'd, like flaming gilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd:
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their pretty cauls them
bound.

Over the hedge depends the graping elm,
Whose greener head, empurpuled in wine,
Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
And half suspect the bunches of the vine,
Lest they, perhaps, his wit should undermine,
For well he knew such fruit he never bore:
But her weak arms embraced him the more,
And her with ruby grapes laugh'd at her paramour.

* * * *

Under the shadow of these drunken elms
A fountain rose,

The font of silver was, and so his showers
In silver fell, only the gilded bowls,
(Like to a furnace, that the min'ral powers)
Seem'd to have molt it in their shining holes:
And on the water, like to burning coals,
On liquid silver leaves of roses lay:
But when Panglory here did list to play,
Rose-water then it ran, and milk it rain'd they say.

The roof thick clouds did paint, from which three boys
Three gaping mermaids with their eawrs did feed,
Whose breasts let fall the streams, with sleepy noise,
To lions mouths, from whence it leapt with speed,
And in the rosy laver seem'd to bleed;
The naked boys unto the waters fall,
Their stony nightingales had taught to call,
When zephyr breath'd into their wat'ry interail.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
A herd of charmed beasts aground were spread,
Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
And them in willing bondage fettered:
Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
And turn'd to beasts, so fabled Homer old,
That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold,
Us'd manly souls in beastly bodies to immould.

FROM PHINEAS FLETCHER'S PURPLE ISLAND. CANTO VII.

INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found!
For all our good we hold from Heav'n by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due:
Though now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Why shouldst thou here look for perpetual good,
At every loss against Heav'n's face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops, and silver turrets shining;
Where now the hart fearless of greyhound feeds,
And loving pelican in safety breeds;
Where screeching satyrs fill the people's empty steads.

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the east once grasp'd in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
The lion's self tore out with ravenous jaw?
Or he which, 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions far'd,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms shar'd?

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find:
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind:
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

That monstrous beast, which nurs'd in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trode down all the rest to dust and clay:
His battering horns pull'd out by civil hands,
And iron teeth lie scatter'd on the sands;
Back'd, bridled by a monk, with sev'n heads yoked
stands.

And that black vulture[1], which with deathful wing
O'ershadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
Frighten'd the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change,
and death,
And life itself's as flit as is the air we breathe.

[1] The Turk.

FROM THE SAME. CANTO XII.

HAPPINESS OF THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

Thrice, oh, thrice happy, shepherd's life and state!
When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns!
His cottage low and safely humble gate
Shuts out proud Fortune, with her scorns and fawns:
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their thread
Draw out their silken lives: nor silken pride:
His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dy'd:
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes:
In country plays is all the strife he uses;
Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses;
And but in music's sports all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:

The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide rage is spent:
His life is neither toss'd in boist'rous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease:
Pleas'd, and full blest he lives, when he his God can
 please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble house nor state torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him;
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb,
 content him.

HENRY CONSTABLE,

Born, according to Mr. Ellis's conjecture, about 1568, was a noted sonneteer of his time. Dr. Birch, in his Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth, supposes that he was the same Henry Constable, who, for his zeal in the Catholic religion, was long obliged to live in a state of banishment. He returned to England, however, about the beginning of James's reign. The time of his death is unknown.

SONNET.

Let others sing of knights and paladins,
In agéd accents and untimely words,
Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits records;
But I must sing of thee and those fair eyes,
Authentic shall my verse in time to come,
When yet th' unborn shall say, lo, here she lies!
Whose beauty made him speak what else was dumb.
These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age,
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark, and Time's consuming age;
Though th' error of my youth they shall discover,
Suffice to shew I liv'd, and was thy lover.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

Mr. Ellis conjectures that this writer was born in 1555, and died in 1624. He is supposed by Mr. Ritson to be the same Capt. Nich. Breton, whose monument is still in the church of Norton, in which parish his family were lords of the manor till within these few years. His happiest vein is in little pastoral pieces. In addition to the long roll of his indifferent works which are enumerated in the Biographia Poetica, the Censura Literaria im-

putes to him a novel of singular absurdity, in which the miseries of the heroine of the story are consummated by having her nose bit off by an aged and angry rival of her husband.

FROM ENGLAND'S HELICON.

A PASTORAL OF PHILLIS AND CORIDON.

On a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befal the dainty sweet!
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
Fringed all about with gold,
Where doth sit the fairest fair
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis fair and bright,
She that is the shepherd's joy,
She that Venus did despite,
And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,
That the world desires to see;
This is *ipsa quæ*, the which
There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire?
Who would not this saint adore?

Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more ?

O fair eyes, yet let me see
One good look, and I am gone ;
Look on me, for I am he,
Thy poor silly Coridon.

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,
Look upon thy silly swain ;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

A SWEET PASTORAL.

FROM THE SAME.

Good Muse, rock me asleep
With some sweet harmony ;
The weary eye is not to keep
Thy wary company.

Sweet love, begone awhile,
Thou know'st my heaviness ;
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock
That lov'd to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock,
And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees,
That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty colour leese,
And not a leaf is seen.

Sweet Philomel, the bird
That hath the heavenly throat,
Doth now, alas! not once afford
Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
Each herb hath lost her savour,
And Phillida the fair hath lost
The comfort of her favour.

Now all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit,
That how to hope upon delights,
Is but a mere deceit.

And, therefore, my sweet Muse,
Thou know'st what help is best,
Do now thy heavenly cunning use,
To set my heart at rest.

And in a dream bewray
What fate shall be my friend,
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrow end.

DR. THOMAS LODGE,

BORN 1556—DIED 1625,

WAS of a family in Lincolnshire, and was educated at Oxford. He practised as a physician in London, and is supposed to have fallen a martyr to the memorable plague of 1625. He wrote several plays and other poetical works of considerable merit, and translated the works of Josephus into English.

ROSADER'S SONETTO.

FROM LODGE'S ROMANCE, CALLED EUPHUES'S GOLDEN LEGACY.

TURN I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes;
If so I look upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found;
Search I the shade to flee my pain,
Love meets me in the shades again;
Want I to walk in secret grove,
E'en there I meet with sacred love;
If so I bathe me in the spring,
E'en on the brink I hear him sing;
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moan;

If so I mourn, he weeps with me,
And where I am there will he be ;
When as I talk of Rosalind,
The God from coyness waxeth kind,
And seems in self-same frame to fly,
Because he loves as well as I.
Sweet Rosalind, for pity rue,
For why, than love I am more true:
He, if he speed, will quickly fly,
But in thy love I live and die.

ANOTHER.

FROM THE SAME.

First shall the heavens want starry light,
The seas be robbed of their waves,
The day want sun, and sun want bright,
The night want shade, the dead men graves,
The April flow'rs, and leaves, and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the top of highest hill
By humble plains be overpry'd,
And poets scorn the Muses' quill,
And fish forsake the water glide,
And Iris lose her colour'd weed,
Before I false thee at thy need.

First direful Hate shall turn to peace,
And Love relent in deep disdain,

And Death his fatal stroke shall cease,
And Envy pity every pain,
And Pleasure mourn, and Sorrow smile,
Before I talk of any guile.

First Time shall stay his stayless race,
And Winter bless his brows with corn,
And Snow bemoisten July's face,
And Winter spring, and Summer mourn,
Before my pen, by help of Fame,
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL.

FROM THE SAME.

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet:
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet:
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah, wanton, will ye!

And if I sleep, then pierceth he
With pretty slight;
And makes his pillow of my knee
The live-long night.

Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays if I but sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting;
  Ah, wanton, will ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip ye hence,
And bind ye, when ye long to play,
For your offence;
I'll shut my eyes to keep ye in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin,
Alas! what hereby shall I win?
  If he gain-say me.

What, if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a God.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O, Cupid, so thou pity me!
  Spare not, but play thee.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

These names, united by friendship and confederate genius, ought not to be disjoined. Francis Beaumont was the son of Judge Beaumont of the Common Pleas, and was born at Grace-Dieu, in Leicestershire, in 1586. He studied at Oxford, and passed from thence to the Inner Temple; but his application to the law cannot be supposed to have been intense, as his first play, in conjunction with Fletcher, was acted in his twenty-first year, and the short remainder of his life was devoted to the drama. He married Ursula, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Isley of Kent, by whom he had two daughters, one of whom was alive, at a great age, in the year 1700. He died in 1616, and was buried at the entrance of St. Benedict's chapel, near the monument of the Earl of Middlesex, in the collegiate church of St. Peter, Westminster. As a lyrical poet, F. Beaumont would be entitled to some remembrance independent of his niche in the drama.

John Fletcher was the son of Dr. Rich. Fletcher, bishop of London: he was born probably in the metropolis, in 1576, and was admitted a pensioner of Bennet college about the age of fifteen. His time and progress at the university have not been traced, and only a few anecdotes have been gleaned about the manner of his life and death Before

the marriage of Beaumont, we are told by Aubrey, that Fletcher and he lived together in London, near the Bankside, not far from the theatre, had one bench in the same house between them, the same clothes, cloak, &c. Fletcher died in the great plague of 1625. A friend had invited him to the country, and he unfortunately staid in town to get a suit of clothes for the visit, during which time he caught the fatal infection. He was interred in St. Saviour's, Southwark, where I fear that his grave, like that of Beaumont's in Westminster, is without an inscription.

Fletcher survived his dramatic associate by ten years; and he was all along the more fertile composer of the two. Of about sixty pieces, published under their joint names, eighteen are ascribed to them conjointly, thirty to Fletcher alone, and the remainder to Fletcher, assisted by other authors, such as Shirley, Massinger, &c. The general account is, that Fletcher contributed the greater proportion of fancy and invention for their pieces, and that Beaumont, though he was the younger, dictated the cooler touches of taste and judgment. This tradition is rather exaggerated in the verses of Cartwright, who says to Fletcher,

"Beaumont was fain
"To bid thee write more dull; that's, write again,
"And bate some of the fire that from thee came
"In a clear, bright, full, but too large a flame."

Many verses to the same effect might be quoted, but the tradition derogatory to Beaumont's genius, is

contradicted by other testimonies of rather an earlier date, coming from writers who must have known the dramatists themselves, at least as well as Cartwright. Ben Jonson speaks of Beaumont's originality with the emphasis peculiar to the expression of his opinions, and Earl, the intimate friend of Beaumont, ascribed to him, while Fletcher was alive, the exclusive merit of three plays, which contain some of the most beautiful passages in their theatre, viz. the "Maid's Tragedy," "Philaster," and "King and no King." If Beaumont had the sole or chief merit of those pieces, he could not have been, what Cartwright would make us believe, the mere pruner of Fletcher's luxuriancies, an assessor who made him write again, and more dully. Indeed, with reverence to their memories, nothing that they have written has the appearance of having been twice written; and the management of their stories would lead us to suspect that neither of the duumvirate took much trouble about correctness. It is not probable that their departments in writing would be formally divided. Still the scanty lights which enable us to guess at what they respectively wrote, seem to warrant that distinction of their genius which is made in the poet's allusion to

"Fletcher's keen treble, and deep Beaumont's base."

Beaumont was the deeper scholar. Fletcher is said to have been more a man of the world. Beaumont's vein was more solemn; but he was not without humour, for the mock heroic scenes in one or two

of their plays, which are excellent, are, with probability, ascribed to him.

EVADNE'S PENITENCE TO AMINTOR.

FROM THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

Amint. How now?
Evad. My much abused lord,
I do not kneel to live—I dare not hope it,
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.
Amint. Stand up.
This is a new way to beget more sorrow,
Heaven knows I have too many! Do not mock me;
Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,
Like a hand-wolf, into my natural wildness,
And do an outrage.—Prithee, do not mock me.
Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the highest set; even with my life.
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed.
Amint. Sure I dazzle;
There cannot be a faith in that foul woman.
* * * * * Oh! Evadne,
Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance! But I must not:
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world,

And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only rememb'ring that I grieve.
Evad. My lord,
Give me your griefs; you are an innocent,
A soul as white as heaven; let not my sins
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here
To shadow, by dissembling with my tears,
* * * * what heaven and you
Know to be tougher than the hand of Time
Can cut from man's remembrance—no, I do not:
I do appear the same, the same Evadne,
Drest in the shames I lived in, the same monster,
* * * * * * * *
Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me,
The beams of your forgiveness. I am soul-sick,
And wither with the fear of one condemned
Till I have got your pardon.

FROM THE SAME.

Aspatia, forsaken by her lover, finds her maid Antiphila working a picture of Ariadne. The expression of her sorrow to Antiphila and the other attendant thus concludes:

* * * * * * * *

THEN, my good girls, be more than women wise,
At least be more than I was; and be sure
You credit any thing the light gives light to,
Before a man. Rather believe the sea
Weeps for the ruin'd merchant when he roars;
Rather the wind courts but the pregnant sails,
When the strong cordage cracks; rather the sun
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,

When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,
Forc'd by ill fate, take to your maiden bosoms
Two dead cold aspicks, and of them make lovers;
They cannot flatter nor forswear; one kiss
Makes a long peace for all. But man,—
Oh, that beast man! Come, let's be sad, my girls.
That downcast eye of thine, Olympias,
Shews a fine sorrow. Mark Antiphila;
Just such another was the nymph Oenone,
When Paris brought home Helen. Now a tear,
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage queen, when from a cold sea-rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
To the fair Trojan ships, and having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear. Antiphila!
What would this wench do if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand till some more pitying god
Turn'd her to marble! 'Tis enough, my wench;
Shew me the piece of needlework you wrought.

Antiphila. Of Ariadne, madam?

Aspatia. Yes, that piece.

* * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * *

Fie, you have miss'd it here, Antiphila.
You're much mistaken, wench;
These colours are not dull and pale enough
To shew a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was;—do it by me;
Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,

Wild as that désert; and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken. Do my face,
If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow,
Thus, thus, Antiphila: strive to make me look
Like sorrow's monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges, and behind me
Make all a desolation. Look, look, wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF PHILASTER.

Philaster's description of his page to his mistress Arethusa.

Arethusa. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?
Philaster. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears:
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me. But ever when he turn'd

His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
He told me that his parents gentle dy'd,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots, and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses, and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did shew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify, and how all order'd; thus
Express'd his grief, and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd, so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was as glad to follow, and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

FROM THE SAME.

Philaster parting with Bellario, who is to enter the service of Arethusa.—Act II. Scene I.

Philaster. AND thou shalt find her, honourable boy,
Full of regard unto thy tender youth.
For thine own modesty, and for my sake,

Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,—
Ay, or deserve.

Bellario. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing,
And only yet am something by being yours.
You trusted me unknown, and that which you were apt
To construe a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps might have been craft—the cunning of a boy
Harden'd in lies and theft; yet ventur'd you
To part my miseries and me, for which
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Philaster. But, boy, it will prefer thee: thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair yet.
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life:
She is a princess I prefer thee to.

Bellario. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty. I remember
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Philaster. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bellario. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth;
I shall be willing, if not apt to learn.
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge; and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

Philaster. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off: thou know'st
It is my business that doth call me hence;
And when thou art with her thou dwell'st with me:
Think so, and 'tis so. And when time is full
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee: as I live, I will.
Nay, weep not, gentle boy—'tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.

Bellario. I am gone.
And since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heav'n bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heav'n hate those you curse, though I be one!

Philaster's mind being poisoned with jealousy that his Mistress is perfidiously attached to the Page, he tries to extort the supposed secret from Bellario.

Philaster. See—see, you gods!

Enter BELLARIO.

He walks still, and the face you let him wear
When he was innocent is still the same—
Not blasted. Is this justice? Do you mean
T' entrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.
Bell. Health to you, my lord:
The princess doth commend to you her love, her life,
And this, unto you.
Phil. Oh, Bellario,
Now I perceive she loves me; she does shew it
In loving thee, my boy: she's made thee brave.
Bell. My lord, she has attir'd me past my wish,
Past my desert, more fit for her attendant—
Though far unfit for me who do attend.
Phil. Thou art grown courtly, boy. Oh, let all women
That love black deeds learn to dissemble here:
Here, by this paper, she does write to me
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides, but unto me
A maiden snow that melted with my looks.

Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.
Bell. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her, or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity;
As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm—
So she does use me.
Phil. Why, this is wond'rous well;
But what kind language does she feed thee with?
Bell. Why, she does tell me she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you—she'll see my services
Regarded; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.
Phil. This is much better still.
Bell. Are you not ill, my lord?
Phil. Ill—no, Bellario.
Bell. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness
That I was wont to see.
Phil. Thou art deceiv'd, boy.
And she strokes thy head?
Bell. Yes.
Phil. And does she clap thy cheeks?
Bell. She does, my lord.

Phil. And does she kiss thee, boy?—ha!
Bell. Not so, my lord.
Phil. Come, come, I know she does.
Bell. No, by my life.
* * * * * * *

Phil. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts, for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it: I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.
Bell. Why, so you do.
She is (for aught I know), by all the gods,
As chaste as ice; but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus—the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.
Phil. Then it is no time
To dally with thee:—I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee. I could curse thee now.
Bell. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse.
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me than is your hate.
Phil Fie, fie! so young and so dissembling.
Tell me when and where * * * *
Or plagues fall on me if I destroy thee not!
Bell. Heav'n knows I never did; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd!
Hew me asunder; and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away

Better than those that grow, and kiss those limbs
Because you made them so.

Phil. Fear'st thou not death? Can boys contemn
that?

Bell. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?

Phil. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die!

Bell. Yes, I do know, my lord,
'Tis less than to be born—a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue. I know, besides,
It is but giving o'er a game that must be lost.

Phil. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjur'd souls. Think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bell. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of—kill me!

Phil. Oh! what should I do?
Why who can but believe him? he does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario;
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,
That though I know 'em false as were my hopes,

I cannot urge thee farther; but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth. A love from me to thee
So firm, whate'er thou dost, it troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee; but, good boy,
Let me not see thee more. Something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bell. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind; but through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewel for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you, in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace.

Phil. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st!

In the last scene of Philaster, the supposed youth, Bellario, is obliged to confess her sex, and accounts thus for her assumed disguise.

Philaster. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy sex? It was a fault—
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it. All these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd
What now we know.

Bell. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so prais'd; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found, till, sitting at my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought, but it was you, enter our gates;
My blood flew out and back again as fast
As I had puff'd it forth, and suck'd it in
Like breath; then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you: never was a man,
Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, rais'd
So high in thoughts as I. You left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever. I did hear you talk
Far above singing! After you were gone,

I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so. Alas! I found it love,
Yet far from lust; for, could I but have liv'd
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and understanding well,
That when I made discovery of my sex
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you; then sat I by the fount
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.

Bell. Never, sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow:
But if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.

Arethusa. I, Philaster,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady,
Dress'd like a page, to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here. Come, live with me,

Live free as I do: she that loves my lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her!

THE RECONCILEMENT OF MR. ROGER, THE CURATE, AND ABIGAIL.

FROM THE SCORNFUL LADY, SCENE I. ACT IV.

Abig. SEE how scornfully he passes by me,
With what an equipage canonical,
As though he had broken the heart of Bellarmine,
Or added something to the singing brethren;
'Tis scorn, I know it, and deserve it, Master Roger.
Rog. Fair gentlewoman, my name is Roger.
Abig. Then, gentle Roger——
Rog. Ungentle Abigail——
Abig. Why, Master Roger, will you set your wit
To a weak woman's?
Rog. You are weak, indeed;
For so the poet sings.
Abig. I do confess
My weakness, sweet Sir Roger.
Rog. Good, my lady's
Gentlewoman, or my good lady's gentlewoman,
(This trope is lost to you now) leave your prating,
You have a season of your first mother in you,
And, surely, had the devil been in love,
He had been abused too. Go, Dalilah,
You make men fools, and wear fig-breeches.

Abig. Well, well, hard-hearted man, you may dilate
Upon the weak infirmities of woman,
These are fit texts: but once there was a time—
Would I had never seen those eyes, those eyes,
Those orient eyes!
Rog. Ay, they were pearls once with you.
Abig. Saving your presence, sir, so they are still.
Rog. Nay, nay, I do beseech you, leave your cogging;
What they are, they are—
They serve me without spectacles—I thank 'em.
Abig. Oh, will you kill me?
Rog. I do not think I can;
You're like a copyhold with nine lives in't.
Abig. You were wont to wear a Christian fear about you,
For your own worship's sake.
Rog. I was a Christian fool, then.
Do you remember what a dance you led me,
How I grew qualm'd in love, and was a dunce;
Could not expound but once a quarter, and then was out too—
And then, out of the stir you put me in,
I pray'd for my own royal issue. You do
Remember all this.
Abig. Oh, be as then you were.
Rog. I thank you for it.
Surely I will be wiser, Abigail,
And, as the Ethnic poet sings,

I will not lose my oil and labour too.
You're for the worshipful, I take it, Abigail.
Abig. Oh, take it so, and then I am for thee.
Rog. I like these symptoms well, and this humbling also,
They are symptoms of contrition, as a father saith.
If I should fall into my fit again,
Would you not shake me into a quotidian coxcomb,
Would you not use me scurvily again,
And give me possets with purging comfits in them?
I tell thee, gentlewoman, thou hast been harder to me
Than a long chapter with a pedigree.
Abig. Oh, curate, cure me;
I will love thee better, dearer, longer;
I will do any thing—betray the secrets
Of the main household to thy reformation;
My lady shall look lovingly on thy learning:
And when due time shall point thee for a parson,
I will convert thy eggs to penny custards,
And thy tithe goose shall graze and multiply.
Rog. I am mollified,
As well shall testify this faithful kiss.
But have a great care, Mistress Abigail,
How you depress the spirit any more,
With your rebukes and mocks, for certainly
The edge of such a folly cuts itself.
Abig. Oh, Sir, you've pierc'd me thorough! Here I vow
A recantation to those malicious faults
I ever did against you. Never more

Will I despise your learning; never more
Pin cards and cony tails upon your cassock;
Never again reproach your reverend nightcap,
And call it by the mangy name of murrion;
Never your reverend person more, and say
You look like one of Baal's priests i' the hanging;
Never again, when you say grace, laugh at you,
Nor put you out at pray'rs; never cramp you more
With the great book of Martyrs; nor, when you ride,
Get soap and thistles for you—No, my Roger,
These faults shall be corrected and amended,
As by the tenor of my tears appears.

JULIO TANTALIZED BY BUSTOPHA ABOUT THE FATE OF HIS NEPHEW ANTONIO.

THE MAID OF THE MILL, ACT IV. SCENE II.

Julio. My mind's unquiet; while Antonio
My nephew's abroad, my heart's not at home;
Only my fears stay with me—bad company,
But I cannot shift 'em off. This hatred
Betwixt the house of Bellides and us
Is not fair war—'tis civil, but uncivil;
We are near neighbours, were of love as near,
Till a cross misconstruction ('twas no more
In conscience,) put us so far asunder.
I would 'twere reconciled; it has lasted
Too many sunsets: if grace might moderate,

Man should not lose so many days of peace
To satisfy the anger of one minute.
I could repent it heartily. I sent
The knave to attend my Antonio too,
Yet he returns no comfort to me neither.

Enter BUSTOPHA.

Bust. No, I must not.
Jul. Ha! he is come.
Bust. I must not:
'Twill break his heart to hear it.
Jul. How! there's bad tidings.
I must obscure and hear it: he'll not tell it
For breaking of my heart. It's half split already.
Bust. I have spied him. Now to knock down a don
With a lie—a silly, harmless lie: 'twill be
Valiantly done, and nobly, perhaps.
Jul. I cannot hear him now.
Bust. Oh, the bloody days that we live in!
The envious, malicious, deadly days
That we draw breath in.
Jul. Now I hear too loud.
Bust. The children that never shall be born may rue,
For men that are slain now, might have lived
To have got children that might have curs'd
Their fathers.
Jul. Oh, my posterity is ruin'd.
Bust. Oh, sweet Antonio!
Jul. O dear Antonio!

Bust. Yet it was nobly done of both parts,
When he and Lisauro met.
Jul. Oh, death has parted them!
Bust. Welcome, my mortal foe! says one. Welcome,
My deadly enemy! says t'other. Off go their doublets,
They in their shirts, and their swords stark naked.
Here lies Antonio—here lies Lisauro.
He comes upon him with an embroccado,
Then he puts by with a puncta reversa. Lisauro
Recoils me two paces, and some six inches back
Takes his career, and then—Oh!——
Jul. Oh!——
Bust. Runs Antonio
Quite through.
Jul. Oh, villain!
Bust. Quite through, between the arm
And the body, so that he had no hurt at that bout.
Jul. Goodness be prais'd!
Bust. But then, at next encounter,
He fetches me up Lisauro; Lisauro
Makes out a lunge at him, which he thinking
To be a passado, Antonio's foot
Slipping down—oh! down——
Jul. Oh, now thou art lost!
Bust. Oh, but the quality of the thing; both gentlemen,
Both Spanish Christians—yet one man to shed—
Jul. Say his enemy's blood.
Bust. His hair may come

By divers casualties, though he never go
Into the field with his foe; but a man
To lose nine ounces and two drams of blood
At one wound, thirteen and a scruple at another,
And to live till he die in cold blood; yet the surgeon
That cur'd him said, that if *pia mater* had not
Been perish'd, he had been a lives man
Till this day.

Jul. There he concludes—he is gone.

Bust. But all this is nothing,—now I come to the point.

Jul. Ay, the point—that's deadly; the ancient blow
Over the buckler ne'er went half so deep.

Bust. Yet pity bids me keep in my charity;
For me to pull an old man's ears from his head
With telling of a tale. Oh, foul tale! no, be silent, tale.
Furthermore, there is the charge of burial.
Every one will cry *blacks, blacks,* that had
But the least finger dipt in his blood, though ten
Degrees removed when 'twas done. Moreover,
The surgeons that made an end of him will be paid
Sugar-plums and sweet-breads; yet, say I,
The man may recover again, and die in his bed.

Jul. What motley stuff is this? Sirrah, speak truth.
What hath befallen my dear Antonio?
Restrain your pity in concealing it;
Tell me the danger full. Take off your care

Of my receiving it; kill me that way,
I'll forgive my death! What thou keep'st back from truth,
Thou shalt speak in pain: do not look to find
A limb in his right place, a bone unbroke,
Nor so much flesh unbroil'd of all that mountain,
As a worm might sup on—dispatch or be dispatch'd.

Bust. Alas, Sir, I know nothing but that Antonio
Is a man of God's making to this hour;
'Tis not two since I left him so.

Jul. Where didst thou leave him?

Bust. In the same cloaths he had on when he went from you.

Jul. Does he live?

Bust. I saw him drink.

Jul. Is he not wounded?

Bust. He may have a cut i' the leg by this time,
For don Martino and he were at whole slashes.

Jul. Met he not with Lisauro?

Bust. I do not know her.

Jul. Her! Lisauro is a man, as he is.

Bust. I saw ne'er a man like him.

Jul. Didst thou not discourse
A fight betwixt Antonio and Lisauro?

Bust. Ay, to myself:
I hope a man may give himself the lie
If it please him.

Jul. Didst thou lie then?

Bust. As sure as you live now.

Jul. I live the happier by it. When will he return?

Bust. That he sent me to tell you—within these
Ten days at farthest.

Jul. Ten days! he's not wont
To be absent two.

Bust. Nor I think he will not. He said he would be at home
To-morrow; but I love to speak within
My compass.

Jul. You shall speak within mine, Sir, now.
Within there! take this fellow into custody.
Keep him safe, I charge you. [*Enter Servants.*

Bust. Safe, do you hear; take notice
What plight you find me in. If there want but a collop,
Or a steak of me, look to 't.

Jul. If my nephew
Return not in his health to-morrow, thou goest
To the rack.

Bust. Let me go to the manger first,
I'd rather eat oats than hay.

EDITH PLEADING FOR THE LIFE OF HER FATHER.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF ROLLO DUKE OF NORMANDY. ACT IV.

Persons of the scene.—*Rollo, Duke of Normandy; Hamond, Captain of the Guard; Baldwin, Tutor of the Prince; Edith, Baldwin's Daughter.*

Rollo. Go, take this dotard here *(pointing to Baldwin)*, and take his head

Off with a sword.
Ham. Your schoolmaster?
Rollo. Even he.
Bald. For teaching thee no better: 'tis the best
Of all thy damned justices. Away!
Captain, I'll follow.
Edith. O stay there, Duke,
And, in the midst of all thy blood and fury,
Hear a poor maid's petition—hear a daughter,
The only daughter of a wretched father!
Oh! stay your haste, as I shall need your mercy.
Rollo. Away with this fond woman!
Edith. You must hear me,
If there be any spark of pity in you;
If sweet humanity and mercy rule you.
I do confess you are a prince—your anger
As great as you, your execution greater.
Rollo. Away with him!
Edith. Oh, Captain, by thy manhood,
By her soft soul that bare thee—I do confess, Sir,
Your doom of justice on your foes most righteous.
Good, noble Prince, look on me.
Rollo. Take her from me.
Edith. A curse upon his life that hinders me!
May father's blessing never fall upon him!
May heav'n ne'er hear his prayers! I beseech you—
O Sir, these tears beseech you—these chaste hands woo you,
That never yet were heav'd but to things holy,
Things like yourself. You are a god above us,

Be as a god, then, full of saving mercy.
Mercy! Oh, mercy! Sir—for his sake mercy,
That, when your stout heart weeps, shall give you pity.
Here I must grow.

Rollo. By heaven I'll strike thee, woman!

Edith. Most willingly—let all thy anger seize me,
All the most studied tortures, so this good man,
This old man, and this innocent escape thee.

Rollo. Carry him away, I say.

Edith. Now blessing on thee! Oh, sweet pity,
I see it in thine eyes. I charge you, soldiers,
Ev'n by the Prince's power, release my father!
The Prince is merciful—why do you hold him?
The Prince forgets his fury—why do you tug him?
He is old—why do you hurt him? Speak, oh speak, Sir!
Speak, as you are a man—a man's life hangs, Sir,
A friend's life, and a foster life, upon you.
'Tis but a word, but *mercy*—quickly spoke, Sir.
Oh speak, Prince, speak!

Rollo. Will no man here obey me?
Have I no rule yet? As I live, he dies
That does not execute my will, and suddenly.

Bald. All thou canst do takes but one short hour from me.

Rollo. Hew off her hands!

Ham. Lady, hold off.

Edith. No, hew 'em;
Hew off my innocent hands, as he commands you,

They'll hang the faster on for death's convulsion.
[*Exit* BALDWIN *with the guard.*
Thou seed of rocks, will nothing move thee then?
Are all my tears lost, all my righteous prayers
Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand up thus, then,
Thus boldly, bloody tyrant!
And to thy face, in heav'n's high name, defy thee;
And may sweet mercy, when thy soul sighs for it,
When under thy black mischiefs thy flesh trembles,
When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends, nor gold,
Can stay one hour; when thy most wretched conscience,
Waked from her dream of death, like fire shall melt thee;
When all thy mother's tears, thy brother's wounds,
Thy people's fears and curses, and my loss,
My aged father's loss, shall stand before thee:—
* * * * * * * *
May then that pity,—
That comfort thou expect'st from heav'n—that mercy
Be lock'd up from thee—fly thee! howlings find thee!
Despair! (Oh my sweet father!) Storms of terror!
Blood till thou burst again!
Rollo. Oh fair, sweet anger!

INSTALLATION OF THE KING OF THE BEGGARS.

FROM BEGGARS' BUSH, ACT II. SCENE I.

Persons.—*King Clause, Prigg, Ginks, Higgen, Ferret, and other Beggars.*

Ferret. WHAT is't I see? Snap has got it.
Snap. A good crown, marry.
Prigg. A crown of gold——
Ferret. For our new King—good luck.
Ginks. To the common treasury with it—if it be gold,
Thither it must.
Prigg. Spoke like a patriot, Ginks.
King Clause. I bid God save thee first; first Clause,
After this golden token of a crown——
Where's orator Higgen with his gratulating speech now,
In all our names?
Ferret. Here he is, pumping for it.
Ginks. H' has cough'd the second time, 'tis but once more,
And then it comes.
Ferret. So out with all! Expect now——
Hig. That thou art chosen, venerable Clause,
Our king, and sovereign monarch of the maunders,
Thus we throw up our *nab-cheats* first for joy,
And then our filches; last we clap our fambles—
Three subject signs—we do it without envy.

For who is he here, did not wish thee chosen?
Now thou art chosen, ask them—all will say so—
Nay, swear't—'tis for the King: but let that pass.
When last in conference at the bouzing ken[1],
This other day, we sat about our dead prince,
Of famous memory (rest go with his rags!),
And that I saw thee at the table's end,
Rise mov'd, and gravely leaning on one crutch,
Lift t'other, like a sceptre, at my head;
I then presag'd thou shortly wouldst be king.
And now thou art so—but what need presage
To us, that might have read it in thy beard,
As well as he that chose thee? By that beard,
Thou wert found out and mark'd for sovereignty!
Oh, happy beard! but happier Prince, whose beard
Was so remark'd, as marking out our Prince,
Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow,
And thick and fair, that who lives under it
May live as safe as under beggars' bush,
Of which this is the thing, that but the type.

Omnes. Excellent, excellent orator! Forward, good Higgen——
Give him leave to spit—the fine, well-spoken Higgen!

Hig. This is the beard, the bush, or bushy beard,
Under whose gold and silver reign 'twas said
So many ages since, we all should smile.
No impositions, taxes, grievances!
Knots in a state, and whips unto a subject,
Lie lurking in this beard, but all kemb'd[2] out.

[1] Alehouse.—[2] Combed.

If, now, the beard be such, what is the Prince
That owes the beard? A father? no—a grandfather?
Nay, the great-grandfather of you his people.
He will not force away your hens, your bacon,
When you have ventur'd hard for't; nor take from you
The fattest of your puddings. Under him
Each man shall eat his own stol'n eggs and butter,
In his own shade or sunshine, and enjoy
His own dear *doll doxy*, or mort at night
In his own straw, with his own shirt or sheet,
That he hath *filch'd* that day—ay, and possess
What he can purchase—*back* or *belly cheats*
To his own prop. He will have no purveyors
For pigs and poultry.

Clause. That we must have, my learned orator,
It is *our will*—and every man to keep
In his own path and circuit.

Hig. Do you hear?
You must hereafter maund on your own pads, he says.

Clause. And what they get there is their own; besides,
To give good words——

Hig. Do you mark, to cut *been whids*,
That is the second law.

DISTANT VIEW OF THE ROMAN ARMY ENGAGING THE BRITONS.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF BONDUCA, SCENE V. ACT III.

SEE that huge battle moving from the mountains,
Their gilt coats shine like dragon scales, their march
Like a rough tumbling storm; see 'em, * * *
And then see Rome no more. Say they fail; look,
Look where the armed carts stand, a new army!
Look how they hang like falling rocks, as murdering
Death rides in triumph, Drusius, fell Destruction
Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him
His many thousand ways to let out souls.
Move me again when they charge[1], when the mountain
Melts under their hot wheels, and from their ax-trees
Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before them,
Till then I'll dream what Rome was.

BONDUCA ATTACKED IN HER FORTRESS BY THE ROMANS.

FROM THE SAME, SCENE IV. ACT IV.

Persons.—*Suetonius, Junius, Decius, and other Romans. Bonduca and her daughters with Nennius above.*

Sueton. BRING up the catapults, and shake the wall,
We will not be outbrav'd thus.

[1] The Roman who makes this speech is supposed to be reclining, overcome with fatigue, and going to snatch a momentary repose.

Nennius. Shake the earth,
Ye cannot shake our souls. Bring up your rams,
And with their armed heads make the fort totter,
Ye do but rock us into death.
Junius. See, sir,
See the Icenian queen in all her glory
From the strong battlements proudly appearing,
As if she meant to give us lashes.
Decius. Yield, queen.
Bonduca. I'm unacquainted with that language, Roman.
Sueton. Yield, honour'd lady, and expect our mercy;
We love thy nobleness.
Bond. I thank ye, ye say well;
But mercy and love are sins in Rome and hell.
Sueton. You cannot 'scape our strength, you must yield, lady;
You must adore and fear the power of Rome.
Bond. If Rome be earthly, why should any knee
With bending adoration worship her?
She's vicious, and your partial selves confess
Aspires the height of all impiety.
Therefore 'tis fitter I should reverence
The thatched houses where the Britons dwell
In careless mirth; where the bless'd household gods
See nought but chaste and simple purity.
'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that the men from gods derive their line;
But sacred thoughts, in holy bosoms stor'd,
Make people noble, and the place ador'd.

Sucton. Beat the wall deeper.
Bond. Beat it to the centre,
We will not sink one thought.
Sueton. I'll make ye.
Bond. No.
Second Daughter. Oh, mother, these are fearful hours !—speak gently.

CARATACH, PRINCE OF THE BRITONS, WITH HIS NEPHEW HENGO ASLEEP.

FROM SCENE III. ACT V. OF THE SAME.

Car. SLEEP still, sleep sweetly, child ; 'tis all thou feed'st on :
No gentle Briton near, no valiant charity
To bring thee food. Poor knave, thou'rt sick, extreme sick,
Almost grown wild for meat, and yet thy goodness
Will not confess or shew it. All the woods
Are double lin'd with soldiers, no way left us
To make a noble 'scape. I'll sit down by thee,
And when thou wak'st either get meat to save thee,
Or lose my life i'the purchase. Good gods comfort thee!

Enter CARATACH *and* HENGO *on the rock.*

Car. Courage, my boy, I've found meat: look, Hengo,
Look, where some blessed Briton, to preserve thee,

Has hung a little food and drink. Cheer up. boy.
Do not forsake me now.
Hengo. Oh! uncle, uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long; yet I'll fetch it
To keep your noble life. Uncle, I'm heart whole,
And would live.
Car. Thou shalt, long, I hope.
Hengo. But—my head, uncle—
Methinks the rock goes round.

Enter MACER *and* JUDAS, *Romans.*

Macer. Mark 'em well, Judas.
Judas. Peace, as you love your life.
Hengo. Do not you hear
The noise of bells?
Car. Of bells, boy? 'tis thy fancy.
Alas! thy body's full of wind.
Hengo. Methinks, sir,
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near funeral of state. Nay, weep not.
Car. Oh! my poor chicken.
Hengo. Fye, faint-hearted uncle;
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.
Car. I'll go myself, boy.
Hengo. No; as you love me, uncle,
I will not eat it if I do not fetch it,
The danger only I desire; pray tie me.
Car. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee. Come, child,
My valiant child.
Hengo. Let me down apace, uncle,

And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it
From all their policies; for 'tis most certain
A Roman train. And you must hold me sure too,
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it, uncle,
We'll be as merry——

Car. Go i'the name of heav'n, boy.

Hengo. Quick, quick, uncle, I have it. Oh!

[JUDAS *shoots* HENGO.

Car. What ail'st thou?

Hengo. Oh! my best uncle, I am slain.

Car. I see you— [*Kills* JUDAS *with a stone.*
And heav'n direct my hand! Destruction
Go with thy coward soul! How dost thou, boy?
Oh! villain——

Hengo. Oh! uncle uncle!
Oh! how it pricks me; extremely pricks me.

Car. Coward rascal!
Dogs eat thy flesh!

Hengo. O, I bleed hard—I faint too—out upon't!
How sick I am—the lean rogue, uncle!

Car. Look, boy, I've laid him sure enough.

Hengo. Have you knock'd out his brains?

Car. I warrant thee, for stirring more. Cheer up, child.

Hengo. Hold my sides hard; stop, stop; oh! wretched fortune—
Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, uncle.

Car. Heav'n look upon this noble child.

Hengo. I once hop'd
I should have liv'd to have met these bloody Romans

At my sword's point, to have reveng'd my father,
To have beaten 'em.—Oh! hold me hard:—but, uncle——

Car. Thou shalt live still, I hope, boy. Shall I draw it?

Hengo. You draw away my soul then. I would live
A little longer (spare me, heav'n!) but only
To thank you for your tender love, good uncle.
Good, noble uncle, weep not.

Car. Oh! my chicken!
My dear boy! what shall I lose?

Hengo. Why, a child,
That must have died however, had this 'scap'd me,
Fever or famine. I was born to die, sir.

Car. But thus unblown, my boy—

Hengo. I go the straighter
My journey to the gods. Sure I shall know you
When you come, my uncle.

Car. Yes, boy.

Hengo. And I hope
We shall enjoy together that great blessedness
You told me of.

Car. Most certain, child.

Hengo. I grow cold;
Mine eyes are going.

Car. Lift 'em up.

Hengo. Pray for me.
And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes,
Think of your little nephew. Mercy!

Car. Mercy! You blessed angels take him.

Hengo. Kiss me! so—
Farewell! farewell! [*Dies.*
Car. Farewell the hopes of Britain!
Thou royal graft, farewell for ever! Time and Death,
You've done your worst.—Fortune, now see, now proudly
Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph. Look,
Look what th' hast brought this land to. Oh! fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins shew! how sweetly
Ev'n death embraces thee! The peace of heav'n—
The fellowship of all good souls be with thee!

NO RIVALSHIP OR TAINT OF FAITH ADMISSIBLE IN LOVE.

FROM THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

Zenocia to Arnoldo.

SHOULD you lay by the least part of that love
You've sworn is mine, your youth and faith have given me,
To entertain another, nay, a fairer,
And make the case thus desperate, she must die also.
D'ye think I would give way, or count this honest?
Be not deceiv'd; these eyes should never see you more,
This tongue forget to name you, and this heart
Hate you as if you were born my full antipathy:
Empire and more imperious love alone

Rule and admit no rivals. The pure springs,
When they are courted by lascivious land-floods,
Their maiden sweetness and their coolness perish;
And though they purge again to their first beauty,
The sweetness of their taste is clean departed.
I must have all or none; and am not worthy
Longer the noble name of wife, Arnoldo,
Than I can bring a whole heart pure and handsome.

ARNOLDO TEMPTED BY HYPOLITA.

FROM THE SAME.

Arn. Fy, stand off;
And give me leave more now than e'er to wonder
A building of so goodly a proportion,
Outwardly all exact, the frame of heaven,
Should hide within so base inhabitants.
You are as fair as if the morning bare you,
Imagination never made a sweeter
* * * * * * * *
Be excellent in all as you are outward:
The worthy mistress of those many blessings
Heav'n has bestowed, make 'em appear still nobler,
Because they're trusted to a weaker keeper.—
Would you have me love you?
Hip. Yes.
Arn. Not for your beauty;
Though I confess it blows the first fire in us;
Time as he passes by puts out that sparkle.

Nor for your wealth, although the world kneel to it,
And make it all addition to a woman;
Fortune, that ruins all, make that his conquest.
Be honest and be virtuous, I'll admire you;
At least be wise: and, where you lay these nets,
Strew over them a little modesty,
'Twill well become your cause, and catch more fools.

Hip. Could any one, that lov'd this wholesome counsel,
But love the giver more?—You make me fonder.
You have a virtuous mind—I want that ornament.
Is it a sin, I covet to enjoy you?—
If you imagine I'm too free a lover,
And act that part belongs to you, I'm silent.
Mine eyes shall speak, my blushes parley with you;
I will not touch your hand but with a tremble
Fitting a vestal nun; not long to kiss you,
But gently as the air, and undiscern'd too,
I'll steal it thus. I'll walk your shadow by you,
So still and silent, that it shall be equal
To put me off as that.

SCENE IN THE COMEDY OF MONSIEUR THOMAS.

Valentine having formed the noble resolution of giving up his mistress Cellide to preserve the life of his friend Francis, who is in love with her, is supposed to hear the following dialogue, unknown to Francis.

Francis. Bless me, what beams
Flew from those angel eyes! Oh, what a misery,

What a most studied torment 'tis to me now
To be an honest man! Dare you sit by me?
Cellide. Yes, and do more than that too—comfort you;
I see you've need.
Francis. You are a fair physician;
You bring no bitterness, gilt o'er, to gull us,
No danger in your looks; yet there my death lies!
Cellide. I would be sorry, sir, my charity,
And my good wishes for your health, should merit
So stubborn a construction. Will it please you
To taste a little of this cordial?
[*Enter* VALENTINE *privately.*
For this I think must cure you.
Francis. Of which, lady?—
Sure she has found my grief.—Why do you blush so?
Cellide. Do you not understand? of this,—this cordial.
Valentine. Oh, my afflicted heart! she's gone for ever[1].
Fran. What heaven you have brought me, lady!
Cel. Do not wonder:
For 'tis not impudence, nor want of honour,
Makes me do this; but love to save your life, sir,
Your life, too excellent to lose in wishes—
Love, virtuous love!
Fran. A virtuous blessing crown you!
Oh, goodly sweet! can there be so much charity,

[1] Valentine is supposed to remain undiscovered, and his speeches not to be heard by Francis and Cellide.

So noble a compassion in that heart,
That's fill'd up with another's fair affections?
Can mercy drop from those eyes?
Can miracles be wrought upon a dead man,
When all the power you have, and perfect object,
Lies in another's light, and his deserves it?

Cel. Do not despair; nor do not think too boldly
I dare abuse my promise; 'twas your friend's,
And so fast tied, I thought no time could ruin;
But so much has your danger, and that spell,
The powerful name of friend, prevail'd above him,
To whom I ever owe obedience,
That here I am, by his command, to cure ye;
Nay more, for ever, by his full resignment;
And willingly I ratify it.

Fran. Hold, for heaven sake!
Must my friend's misery make me a triumph?
Bear I that noble name to be a traitor?
Oh, virtuous goodness! keep thyself untainted:
You have no power to yield, nor he to render,
Nor I to take—I am resolv'd to die first!

Val. Ha! say'st thou so?—Nay, then thou shalt not perish!

Fran. And tho' I love ye above the light shines on me;
Beyond the wealth of kingdoms; free content
Sooner would snatch at such a blessing offer'd,
Than at my pardon'd life, by the law forfeited.
Yet—yet, oh, noble beauty!—yet, oh, paradise!

(For you are all the wonder reveal'd of it);
Yet is a gratitude to be preserv'd,
A worthy gratitude, to one most worthy
The name and nobleness of friends!

Cel. Pray tell me,
If I had never known that gentleman,
Would you not willingly embrace my offer?

Fran. D'you make a doubt?

Cel. And can you be unwilling,
He being old and impotent?—his aim, too,
Levell'd at you, for your good; not constrain'd,
But out of cure, and counsel?—Alas! consider;
Play but the woman with me, and consider,
As he himself does, and I now dare see it—
Truly consider, sir, what misery——

Fran. For virtue's sake, take heed!

Cel. What loss of youth,
What everlasting banishment from that
Our years do only covet to arrive at,
Equal affections, born and shot together!
What living name can dead age leave behind him?
What act of memory, but fruitless doting?

Fran. This cannot be.

Cel. To you, unless you apply it
With more and firmer faith, and so digest it:
I speak but of things possible, not done,
Nor like to be; a posset cures your sickness,
And yet I know you grieve this; and howsoever
The worthiness of friend may make you stagger,
(Which is a fair thing in you), yet, my patient,

My gentle patient, I would fain say more,
If you would understand.
Val. Oh! cruel woman!
Cel. Yet, sure your sickness is not so forgetful,
Nor you so willing to be lost?
Fran. Pray stay there:
Methinks you are not fair now; methinks more,
That modest virtue, men deliver'd of you,
Shews but like shadow to me, thin and fading!
Val. Excellent friend!
Fran. You have no share in goodness;
You are belied; you are not Cellide,
The modest, the immaculate!—Who are you?
For I will know——What devil, to do mischief
Unto my virtuous friend, hath shifted shapes
With that unblemish'd beauty?
Cel. Do not rave, sir,
Nor let the violence of thoughts distract you;
You shall enjoy me; I am yours; I pity,
By those fair eyes, I do.
Fran. Oh, double hearted!
Oh, woman! perfect woman! what distraction
Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a devil!
What an inviting hell invented!—Tell me,
And, if you yet remember what is goodness,
Tell me by that, and truth, can one so cherish'd,
So sainted in the soul of him, whose service
Is almost turn'd to superstition,
Whose every day endeavours and desires

Offer themselves like incense on your altar,
Whose heart holds no intelligence, but holy
And most religious with his love, whose life
(And let it ever be remember'd, lady!)
Is drawn out only for your ends——

Val. Oh! miracle!

Fran. Whose all and every part of man, (pray mark me!)
Like ready pages, wait upon your pleasures,
Whose breath is but your bubble—can you, dare you,
Must you, cast off this man, (tho' he were willing,
Tho', in a nobleness to cross my danger,
His friendship durst confirm it), without baseness,
Without the stain of honour?—Shall not people
Say liberally hereafter, "There's the lady
"That lost her father, friend, herself, her faith too,
"To fawn upon a stranger," for aught you know,
As faithless as yourself—in love, as fruitless?

Val. Take her, with all my heart!—Thou art so honest,
That 'tis most necessary I be undone.
With all my soul possess her!

Cel. Till this minute
I scorn'd and hated you, and came to cozen you;
Utter'd those things might draw a wonder on me,
To make you mad.

Fran. Good heaven! what is this woman?

Cel. Nor did your danger, but in charity,

Move me a whit; nor you appear unto me
More than a common object: yet now, truly,
Truly, and nobly, I do love you dearly,
And from this hour you are the man I honour;
You are the man, the excellence, the honesty,
The only friend:—and I am glad your sickness
Fell so most happily at this time on you,
To make this truth the world's.

Fran. Whither d'you drive me?

Cel. Back to your honesty; make that good ever;
'Tis like a strong built castle, seated high,
That draws on all ambitions; still repair it,
Still fortify it; there are thousand foes,
Besides the tyrant Beauty, will assail it:
Look to your centinels, that watch it hourly,
Your eyes—let them not wander!

Fran. Is this serious,
Or does she play still with me?

Cel. Keep your ears,
The two main ports that may betray you, strongly
From light belief first, then from flattery,
Especially where woman beats the parley;
The body of your strength, your noble heart,
From ever yielding to dishonest ends,
Ridg'd round about with virtue, that no breaches,
No subtle mines, may meet you!

Fran. How like the sun
Labouring in his eclipse, dark and prodigious,

She shew'd till now! When, having won his way,
How full of wonder he breaks out again,
And sheds his virtuous beams! Excellent angel!
(For no less can that heav'nly mind proclaim thee,)
Honour of all thy sex! let it be lawful
(And like a pilgrim thus I kneel to beg it,
Not with profane lips now, nor burnt affections,
But, reconcil'd to faith, with holy wishes,)
To kiss that virgin hand!

Cel. Take your desire, sir,
And in a nobler way, for I dare trust you;
No other fruit my love must ever yield you,
I fear, no more!—Yet, your most constant memory
(So much I'm wedded to that worthiness)
Shall ever be my friend, companion, husband!
Farewell! and fairly govern your affections;
Stand, and deceive me not!—Oh, noble young man!
I love thee with my soul, but dare not say it!
Once more, farewell, and prosper!——

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

BORN 1570.—DIED 1626.

Sir John Davies wrote, at twenty-five years of age, a poem on the immortality of the soul; and at fifty-two, when he was a judge and a statesman, another on "*the art of dancing*." Well might the teacher of that noble accomplishment, in Moliere's comedy, exclaim, *La philosophie est quelque chose—mais la danse!*

Sir John was the son of a practising lawyer at Tisbury, in Wiltshire. He was expelled from the Temple for beating Richard Martyn[1], who was afterwards recorder of London; but his talents redeemed the disgrace. He was restored to the Temple, and elected to parliament, where, although he had flattered Queen Elizabeth in his poetry, he distinguished himself by supporting the privileges of the house, and by opposing royal monopolies. On the accession of King James he went to Scotland with Lord Hunsdon, and was received by the new sovereign with flattering cordiality, as author of the poem *Nosce teipsum.* In Ireland he was successively nominated

[1] A respectable man, to whom Ben Jonson dedicated his Poetaster.

solicitor and attorney-general, was knighted, and chosen speaker of the Irish House of Commons, in opposition to the Catholic interest. Two works which he published as the fruits of his observation in that kingdom, have attached considerable importance to his name in the legal and political history of Ireland[1]. On his return to England he sat in parliament for Newcastle-under-Lyne, and had assurances of being appointed chief justice of England, when his death was suddenly occasioned by apoplexy. He married, while in Ireland, Eleanor, a daughter of Lord Audley, by whom he had a daughter, who was married to Ferdinand Lord Hastings, afterwards Earl of Huntingdon. Sir John's widow turned out an enthusiast and a prophetess. A volume of her ravings was published in 1649, for which the revolutionary government sent her to the Tower, and to Bethlehem hospital.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

FROM NOSCE TEIPSUM, OR A POEM ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Why did my parents send me to the schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?
Since the desire to know first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind.
* * * * * * * *

[1] The works are, "A discovery of the causes why Ireland was never subdued till the beginning of his majesty's reign," and "Reports of cases adjudged in the king's courts in Ireland."

What is this knowledge but the sky-stol'n fire,
For which the thief[1] still chain'd in ice doth sit?
And which the poor rude satyr did admire,
And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it.
* * * * * * * *

In fine, what is it but the fiery coach
Which the youth[2] sought, and sought his death withal,
Or the boy's wings[3] which, when he did approach
The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet, alas! when all our lamps are burn'd,
Our bodies wasted and our spirits spent;
When we have all the learned volumes turn'd,
Which yield men's wits both strength and ornament,

What can we know, or what can we discern,
When error chokes the windows of the mind?
The divers forms of things how can we learn,
That have been ever from our birth-day blind?

When reason's lamp, that, like the sun in sky,
Throughout man's little world her beams did spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
Under the ashes, half extinct and dead.

How can we hope, that through the eye and ear,
This dying sparkle, in this cloudy space,
Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear,
Which were infus'd in the first minds by grace?

[1] Prometheus.—[2] Phaeton.—[3] Icarus.

So might the heir whose father hath in play
Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earning of one groat a day
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that div'd most deep and soar'd most high,
Seeking man's powers, have found his weakness
such;
Skill comes so slow, and time so fast doth fly,
We learn so little and forget so much.

For this the wisest of all moral men
Said, "he knew nought but that he did not know."
And the great mocking master mock'd not then,
When he said truth was buried deep below.

* * * * * *

As spiders, touch'd, seek their web's inmost part;
As bees, in storms, back to their hives return;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart;
As men seek towns when foes the country burn:

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks
(Making us pry into ourselves so near),
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go:
Myself am centre of my circling thought:
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill;
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all;
I know I'm one of nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span;
I know my sense is mock'd in every thing:
And, to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause of th' ebbs and floods of Nile;
But of that clock within our breasts we bear,
The subtle motions we forget the while.

For this few know themselves; for merchants broke
View their estate with discontent and pain;
And as the seas troubl'd, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport and carry out the mind,
That with herself the mind can never meet.

Yet if affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feebler sense with sword and fire,
The mind contracts herself and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire.

THAT THE SOUL IS MORE THAN A PERFECTION OR REFLEXION OF THE SENSE.

Are they not senseless, then, that think the soul
Nought but a fine perfection of the sense,
Or of the forms which fancy doth enrol,
A quick resulting and a consequence?

What is it, then, that doth the sense accuse
Both of false judgments and fond appetites?
What makes us do what sense doth most refuse,
Which oft in torment of the sense delights?
* * * * * * * *

Could any pow'rs of sense the Roman move,
To burn his own right hand with courage stout?
Could sense make Marius sit unbound, and prove
The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?
* * * * * * * *

Sense outsides knows—the soul through all things sees;
Sense, circumstance; she doth the substance view:
Sense sees the bark, but she the life of trees;
Sense hears the sounds, but she the concord true.
* * * * * * * *

Then is the soul a nature which contains
The power of sense within a greater power,
Which doth employ and use the sense's pains,
But sits and rules within her private bower.

THAT THE SOUL IS MORE THAN THE TEMPERATURE OF THE HUMOURS OF THE BODY.

If she doth, then, the subtle sense excel,
How gross are they that drown her in the blood,
Or in the body's humours temper'd well?
As if in them such high perfection stood.

As if most skill in that musician were,
Which had the best, and best tun'd, instrument;
As if the pencil neat, and colours clear,
Had pow'r to make the painter excellent.

Why doth not beauty, then, refine the wit,
And good complexion rectify the will?
Why doth not health bring wisdom still with it?
Why doth not sickness make men brutish still?

Who can in memory, or wit, or will,
Or air, or fire, or earth, or water, find;
What alchymist can draw, with all his skill,
The quintessences of these from out the mind?

If th' elements, which have nor life nor sense,
Can breed in us so great a power as this,

Why give they not themselves like excellence,
Or other things wherein their mixture is?

If she were but the body's quality,
Then we should be with it sick, maim'd, and blind;
But we perceive, where these privations be,
An healthy, perfect, and sharp-sighted mind.
* * * * * * * *

IN WHAT MANNER THE SOUL IS UNITED TO THE BODY.

But how shall we this union well express?
Nought lies the soul, her subtlety is such,
She moves the body which she doth possess,
Yet no part toucheth but by virtue's touch.

Then dwells she not therein as in a tent,
Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit,
Nor as the spider in his web is pent,
Nor as the wax retains the print in it.

Nor as a vessel water doth contain,
Nor as one liquor in another shed,
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain,
Nor as the voice throughout the air is spread;

But as the fair and cheerful morning light
Doth here and there her silver beams impart,
And in an instant doth herself unite
To the transparent air, in all and every part.

* * * * * * * *

So doth the piercing soul the body fill,
Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd;
Indìvisible, incòrruptible still,
Nor forc'd, encounter'd, troubled, nor confus'd.

And as the sun above the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the air below,
So from the Eternal light the soul doth spring,
Though in the body she her powers do shew.

ASONS FOR THE SOUL'S IMMORTA

Again, how can she but immortal be,
When, with the motions of both will and wit,
She still aspireth to eternity,
And never rests till she attain to it?
* * * * * * * *

All moving things to other things do move
Of the same kind, which shews their nature such;
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a lymph along the grassy plains.

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land
From whose soft side she first did issue make;
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake.

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the sea doth marry,
Within whose wat'ry bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which, in this earthly mould,
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views.

At first her mother earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings:

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heav'nly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had health,
Or, having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

Then, as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flow'rs, with lustre fresh and gay,
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all,
But, pleas'd with none, doth rise and soar away.

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

THOMAS GOFFE.

BORN 1592.—DIED 1627.

This writer left four or five dramatic pieces of very ordinary merit. He was bred at Christ's Church, Oxford. He held the living of East Clandon, in Essex, but unfortunately succeeded not only to the living, but to the widow of his predecessor, who, being a Xantippe, contributed, according to Langbaine, to shorten his days by the "*violence of her provoking tongue.*" He had the reputation of an eloquent preacher, and some of his sermons appeared in print.

SCENE FROM GOFFE'S TRAGEDY OF AMURATH, OR THE COURAGEOUS TURK.

Aladin, husband to the daughter of Amurath, having rebelled against his father-in-law, is brought captive before him.

Enter at one door, Amurath with attendants; at the other door, Aladin, his wife, two children, in white—they kneel to Amurath.

Amur. OUR hate must not part thus. I'll tell thee, prince,
That thou hast kindled Ætna in our breast!
And such a flame is quench'd with nought but blood—
His blood whose hasty and rebellious blast
Gave life unto the fire! * * *
* * * * * * * *

Alad. Why then, I'll, like the Roman Pompey, hide
My dying sight, scorning imperious looks
Should grace so base a stroke with sad aspèct.
Thus will I muffle up, and choke my groans,
Lest a griev'd tear should quite put out the name
Of lasting courage in Carmania's fame!

Amur. What, still stiff-neck'd? Is this the truce you beg?
Sprinkled before thy face, those rebel brats
Shall have their brains—and their dissected limbs
Hurl'd for a prey to kites!—for, lords, 'tis fit
No spark of such a mountain-threat'ning fire
Be left as unextinct, lest it devour,

And prove more hot unto the Turkish Empery
Than the Promethean blaze did trouble Jove!—
First sacrifice those brats!

Alad. wife. Dear father, let thy fury rush on me!
Within these entrails sheath thine insate sword!
And let this ominous and too fruitful womb
Be torn in sunder! for from thence those babes
Took all their crimes; error (hath) made them guilty—
'Twas nature's fault, not theirs. O if affection
Can work then!—now shew a true father's love:
If not, appease those murdering thoughts with me;
For as Focasta pleaded with her sons
For their dear father, so to a father I
For my dear babes and husband—husband!—
father!—
Which shall I first embrace? Victorious father!
Be blunt those now sharp thoughts; lay down those
threats;
Unclasp that impious helmet; fix to earth
That monumental spear—look on thy child
With pardoning looks, not with a warrior's eye,
Else shall my breast cover my husband's breast,
And serve as buckler to receive thy wounds—
Why dost thou doubt?—fear'st thou thy daughter's
faith?

Amur. I fear; for after daughter's perjury,
All laws of nature shall distasteful be,
Nor will I trust thy children or thyself.

Alad. wife. * * *
* * * * * * * *
O let me kiss, kind father! first the earth

On which you tread, then kiss mine husband's cheek.
Great king, embrace those babes—you are the stock
On which these grafts were planted——

Amur. True; and when sprouts do rob the tree of sap,
They must be prun'd.

Alad. wife. Dear father! leave such harsh similitudes.
By my deceased mother, to whose womb
I was a ten months' burthen—by yourself,
To whom I was a pleasing infant once,
Pity my husband and these tender infants!

Amur. Yes; to have them collect a manly strength,
And their first lesson that their dad shall teach them,
Shall be to read my misery.

Alad. Stern conqueror! but that thy daughter shews
There once dwelt good in that obdurate breast,
I would not spend a tear to soften thee.
Thou see'st my countries turn'd into a grave!
My cities scare the sun with fiercer flames,
Which turn them into ashes!—all myself
So sleckt and carv'd, that my amazed blood
Knows not through which wound first to take its way!
If not on me, have mercy on my babes,
Which with thy mercy thou may'st turn to love.

Amur. No, Sir, we must root out malicious seed;
Nothing sprouts faster than an envious weed.
We see a little bullock 'mongst an herd,
Whose horns are yet scarce crept from out his front,

Grows on a sudden tall, and in the fields
Frolics so much, he makes his father yield.
A little twig left budding on an elm,
Ungratefully bars his mother's sight from heaven—
I love not future Aladins.

Alad. wife. * * * * * *

Alas, these infants!—these weak-sinew'd hands
Can be no terror to these Hector's arms.
Beg, infants—beg, and teach these tender joints
To ask for mercy—learn your lisping tongues
To give due accent to each syllable;
Nothing that fortune urgeth to is base.
Put from your thoughts all memory of descent;
Forget the princely titles of your father.
If your own misery you can feel,
Thus learn of me to weep—of me to kneel.

* * * * * * * *

1*st Child.* Good grandsire, see—see how my father cries!

Wife. Good father, hear—hear how thy daughter prays.
Thou that know'st how to use stern warrior's arms,
Learn how to use mild warrior's pity too.

* * * * * * * *

Amur. Rise, my dear child! as marble against rain,
So I at these obedient showers melt.
Thus I do raise thy husband—thus thy babes,
Freely admitting you to former state.

* * * * * * * *

Be thou our son and friend.

SIR FULK GREVILLE,

WHO ordered this inscription for his own grave: "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sydney;" was created knight of the bath at James's coronation, afterwards appointed sub-treasurer, chancellor of the exchequer, and made a peer, by the title of Baron Brook, in 1621. He died by the stab of a revengeful servant, in 1628.

STANZAS FROM HIS TREATISE ON HUMAN LEARNING.

KNOWLEDGE.

A CLIMBING height it is, without a head,
Depth without bottom, way without an end;
A circle with no line environed,
Not comprehended, all it comprehends;
Worth infinite, yet satisfies no mind
Till it that infinite of the God-head find.

For our defects in nature who sees not?
We enter first, *things present* not conceiving,
Not knowing future, what is past forgot;
All other creatures instant power receiving
To help themselves: man only bringeth sense
To feel and wail his native impotence.

IMAGINATION.

*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *

Knowledge's next organ is imagination,
A glass wherein the object of our sense
Ought to respect true height or declination,
For understanding's clear intelligence;
But this power also hath her variation
Fixed in some, in some with difference—
In all so shadow'd with self-application,
As makes her pictures still too foul or fair,
Not like the life in lineament or air.

*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *

REASON.

The last chief oracle of what man knows
Is understanding, which, though it contain
Some ruinous notions which our nature shews
Of general truths, yet they have such a stain
From our corruption, as all light they lose;
Save to convince of ignorance or sin,
Which, where they reign, let no perfection in.

*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *

Nor in a right line can her eyes ascend,
To view the things that immaterial are;
For as the sun doth, while his beams descend,
Lighten the earth but shadow every star,
So reason, stooping to attend the sense,
Darkens the spirit's clear intelligence.

*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *

INSUFFICIENCY OF PHILOSOPHY.

Then what is our high-prais'd philosophy,
But books of poesy in prose compil'd,
Far more delightful than they fruitful be,
Witty appearance, guile that is beguil'd;
Corrupting minds much rather than directing,
Th' allay of duty, and our pride's erecting.

For, as among physicians, what they call
Word magic, never helpeth the disease
Which drugs and diet ought to deal withal,
And by their real working give us ease;
So these word-sellers have no power to cure
The passions which corrupted lives endure.

SONNET FROM LORD BROOK'S CAELICA.

MERLIN, they say, an English prophet born,
When he was young, and govern'd by his mother,
Took great delight to laugh such fools to scorn,
As thought by nature we might know a brother.

His mother chid him oft, till on a day
They stood and saw a corpse to burial carried:
The father tears his beard, doth weep and pray,
The mother was the woman he had married.

Merlin laughs out aloud, instead of crying;
His mother chides him for that childish fashion,

Says men must mourn the dead, themselves are
dying;
Good manners doth make answer unto passion.

The child (for children see what should be hidden)
Replies unto his mother by and by:
Mother, if you did know, and were forbidden,
Yet you would laugh as heartily as I.

This man no part hath in the child he sorrows,
His father was the monk, that sings before him:
See then how nature of adoption borrows,
Truth covets in me that I should restore him.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

BORN 1582.—DIED 1628.

Sir John Beaumont, brother of the celebrated dramatic poet, was born at Grace Dieu, the seat of the family in Leicestershire. He studied at Oxford, and at the inns of court; but, forsaking the law, married and retired to his native seat. Two years before his death he was knighted by Charles the First.

He wrote the Crown of Thorns, a poem, of which no copy is known to be extant; Bosworth Field;

and a variety of small original and translated pieces. Bosworth Field may be compared with Addison's Campaign, without a high compliment to either. Sir John has no fancy, but there is force and dignity in some of his passages; and he deserves notice as one of the earliest polishers of what is called the heroic couplet.

RICHARD BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH.

THE duke's stout presence, and courageous looks,
Were to the king as falls of sliding brooks;
Which bring a gentle and delightful rest
To weary eyes, with grievous care opprest.
He bids that Norfolk, and his hopeful son,
Whose rising fame in arms this day begun,
Should lead the vanguard—for so great command
He dares not trust in any other hand—
The rest he to his own advice refers,
And as the spirit in that body stirs.
Then, putting on his crown, a fatal sign!
So offer'd beasts near death in garlands shine—
He rides about the ranks, and strives t'inspire
Each breast with part of his unwearied fire.
* * "My fellow soldiers! though your swords
Are sharp, and need not whetting by my words,
Yet call to mind the many glorious days
In which we treasured up immortal praise.
If, when I serv'd, I ever fled from foe,
Fly ye from mine—let me be punish'd so!

But if my father, when at first he tried
How all his sons could shining blades abide,
Found me an eagle, whose undazzled eyes
Affront the beams that from the steel arise,
And if I now in action teach the same,
Know then, ye have but changed your general's
name.
Be still yourselves! Ye fight against the dross
Of those who oft have run from you with loss.
How many Somersets (dissension's brands)
Have felt the force of our revengeful hands?—
From whom this youth, as from a princely flood,
Derives his best, but not untainted blood—
Have our assaults made Lancaster to droop?
And shall this Welshman, with his ragged troop,
Subdue the Norman and the Saxon line,
That only Merlin may be thought divine?—
See what a guide these fugitives have chose!
Who, bred among the French, our ancient foes,
Forgets the English language and the ground,
And knows not what our drums and trumpets sound!"

END OF VOL. I.

T. DAVISON, Lombard street.
Whitefriars, London.